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THE NEW YORKER

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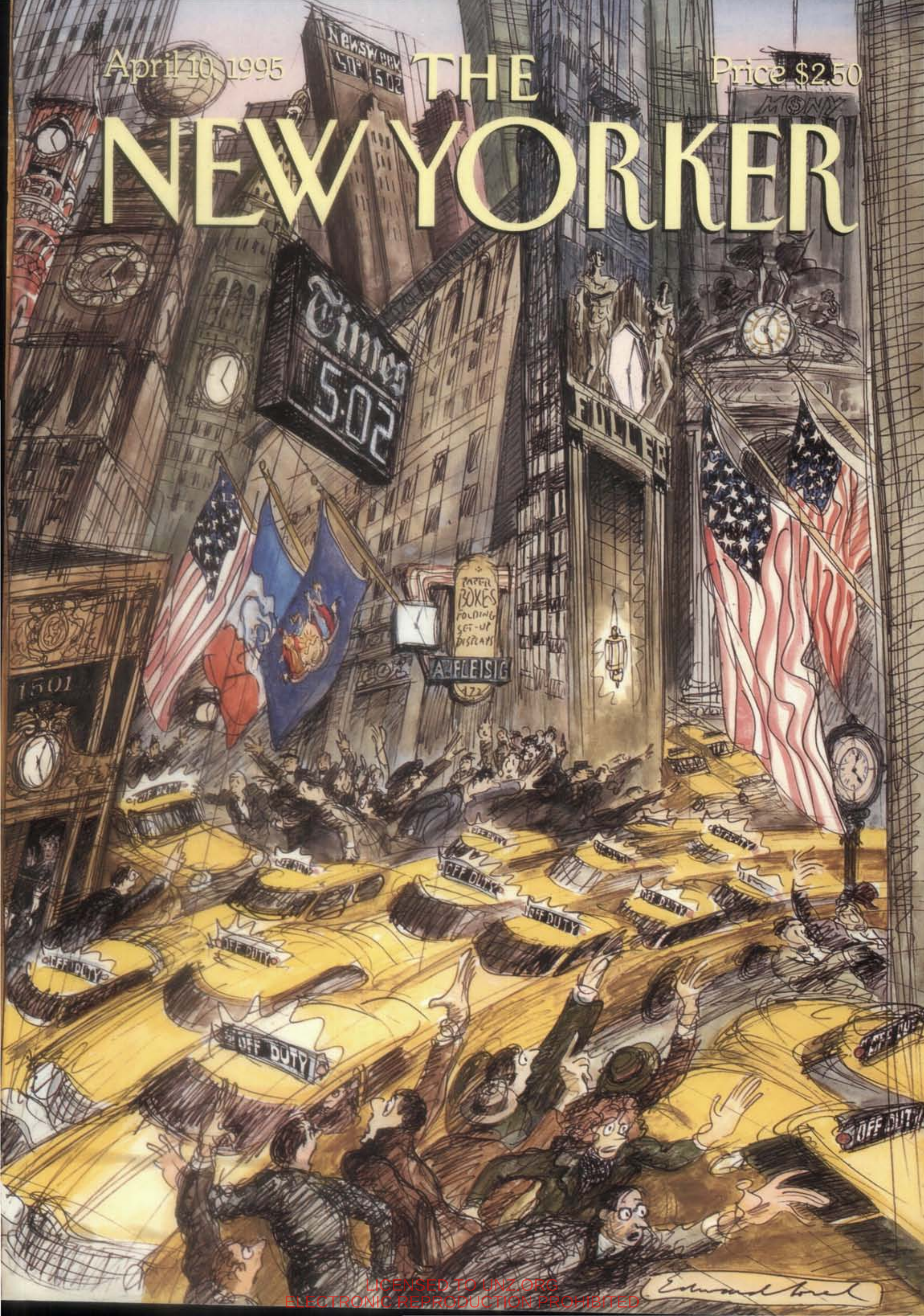
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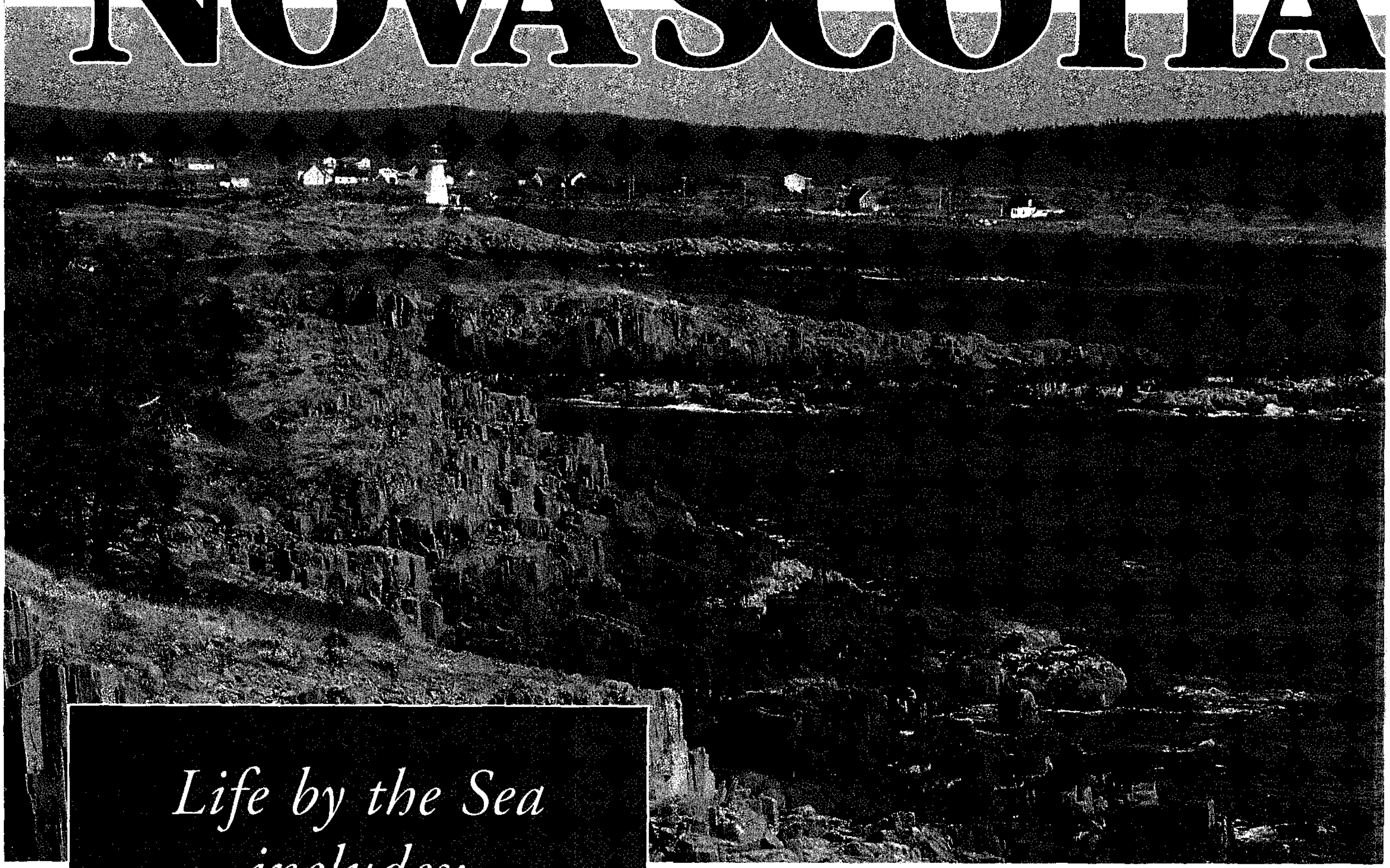

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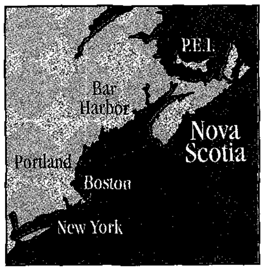

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COMMENT

MIND GAME

Remember baseball—the real thing, with real ballplayers?

IT has been two hundred and thirty-three days since major-league baseball was last played in our land, and, even though this is printed on what is nominally Opening Day, many more days will pass before the next sighting of anything worthy of the name. The thought occurs that none of the distracted principals in the sport's prolonged and bitter labor struggle—players, owners, mediators, reporters, fans—can have more than a hazy memory of what actual baseball is like: how the games look and how it feels watching them, at home or in the stands. At this writing, nobody knows whether the last-ditch injunction issued by U.S. District Court Judge Sonia Sotomayor against the obdurate owners will help force them and the striking, out-of-shape players to get serious about reaching an agreement, or whether strikebreaking "replacements" (bumbling press-gangs of has-been or never-were irregulars wearing high-number uniforms) will be allowed to take the field after all—which would mean we'd be in for more of the odious standoff that we've become so weary of: more position papers; more clenched-teeth citations of high-scale player salaries and big-market club revenues; more TV footage of ashen negotiators emerging from squalid hotel conference rooms. All we do know is that Opening Day will come and go without big-league ballplayers playing big-league ball in big-league ballparks.

Baseball in the abstract tends to go gooey in the mind, like a birthday cake or Kevin Costner left out in the sun, so while we're all trying to decide what to do about the pastime and our shifting or eroding attachment to it we should perhaps try to firm up what we're actually talking about. As a public service, then, here are some innings chosen almost at random from last summer—a Tuesday-night meeting at Yankee Stadium on July 5th between the Yanks and the Oakland Athletics, with details plucked from notebook, scorecard, and memory. What with the slumping Yankees still holding on to first place in their division (they'd been there since early May) and the A's, second in the feeble American League West, still struggling to recover from a horrific swoon (four wins and twenty-seven losses) back in April and

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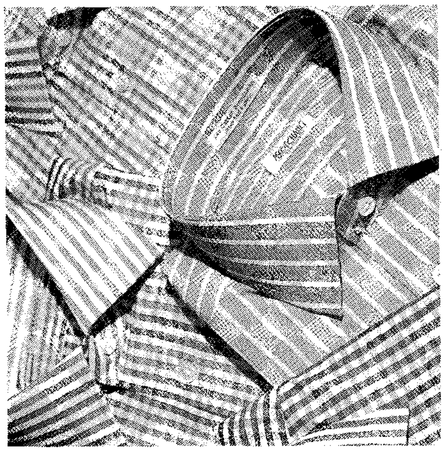

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May, nothing of huge import weighed upon the outcome, and many fans in the modest (23,967) crowd that evening may have been thinking ahead to the All-Star Game, just a week away, or, more gloomily, about the lowering weather on the baseball labor front. We were cheered, then, by a brusque rattle of base hits from both sides in the early action, which included a home run by Yankee first baseman Matt Nokes in the second. After four innings, we were tied at 4–4, with thirteen hits on the board, and with the recollection of some other low entertainments (an infield pop mangled by the Yanks' second baseman Randy Velarde; a madcap Oakland baserunner doubled off first base by that once-in-a-decade 7-4-3 relay) to keep us happy. No taut, character-building pitching classic tonight, folks!

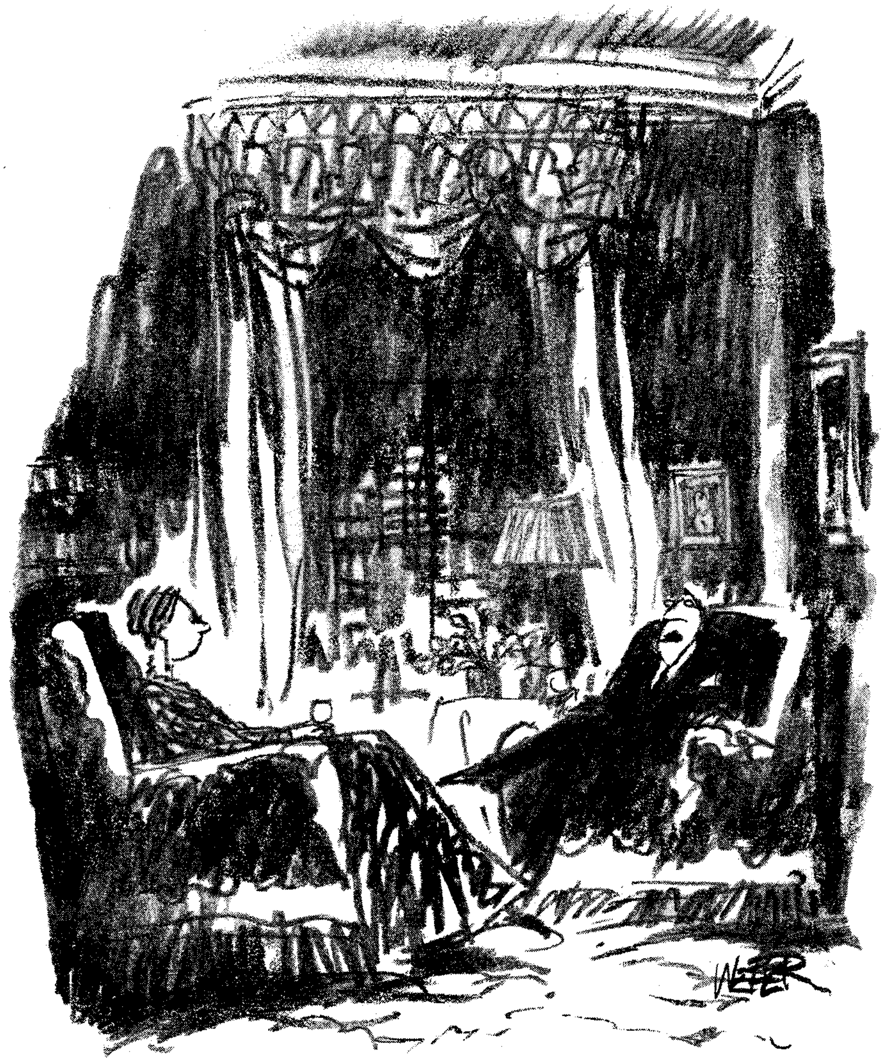
Oakland's cleanup batter, Ruben Sierra, now dinged a two-run homer to left against the tottering Yankee starter, Terry Mulholland, but in the bottom half of the fifth Danny Tartabull, his amazing forearms gleaming like champion dachshunds out for a stroll, came on to pinch-hit for the Yanks, with a runner aboard, against left-handed reliever Ed Vosberg, and launched a bazooka shot far into the unoccupied sector in dead center field, four hundred and thirty-three feet away. Moments later, Nokes placed his second home run of the evening in his favorite depository—Section 33 of the reserved seats, in right—and put the good guys ahead by 7–6. The Yankee fans were deep into the game by now, yowling and baying in chorus with the scoreboard sound effects and the crypt-music chords from the organ. None of them, however, could have been entirely startled when the Athletics' Geronimo Berroa, coming up to bat in the seventh with a mate aboard, sailed the ball into the Yankee bullpen, in faraway left center, to put the visitors in front again, 8–7. Yankee Stadium, never a homey sort of park, has seen some lonely-making crowds and innings in recent years, but during exuberant frolics like this one poor attendance suddenly feels like a privilege: bonding becomes intense and each empty seat in the upper and outer reaches of the joint a tribute to great fans like us, who were smart enough to make the scene.

That sort of game, except that Dennis Eckersley, on in relief for the Oaklands in the eighth, with two Yankees on base, swiftly disposed of Wade Boggs and now faced the glowering Yankee nonpareil, Paul O'Neill, who had started the game batting .365 and had so far managed four singles in four trips to the plate. Wall-to-wall noise. The Eck, in those skintight frog pants, with his lovelocks flying and his pitching hand lolling, as usual, in mid-windup, ran the count full, O'Neill surviving the latest pitch with a barely ticked foul. Eckersley wheeled once again and threw a fastball just off the plate, which O'Neill took—only to be thumbed out, on a very bad call, by home-plate ump Ed Hickox. Eckersley yelled and pumped his fist, and O'Neill, his bat and helmet in the dirt and his face contorted with anger, was ejected from the proceedings, to enormous booing. That was the game, it turned out—more than enough action, in fact. All the same, Eckersley struck out Tartabull in the ninth, just for fun. He hadn't had much out there, to tell the truth, and in the clubhouse after the game he exclaimed, "Now, that's a save!"

Tony La Russa, manager of the A's, was still alight with the evening's doings. "Both these clubs have the same attitude," he said, "which is play as hard as you can, every game." He praised Berroa and some others, but saved his best for his closer: "He's the favorite player I've ever managed—I make no secret about that."

That game is long gone, a million miles away, but its familiar yet unique adventures, the ingredients of big-time ball everywhere, are what we fans might try to keep hold of for a little longer now. As Virgil put it during a similar hard voyage, "*Forsan et haec olim meminisse juvabit*"—or, as Yogi might have rendered it, "Someday it wouldn't hurt to remember stuff like this."

—ROGER ANGELL



"Oh, the usual. Lunch at Le Cirque and then the abyss."

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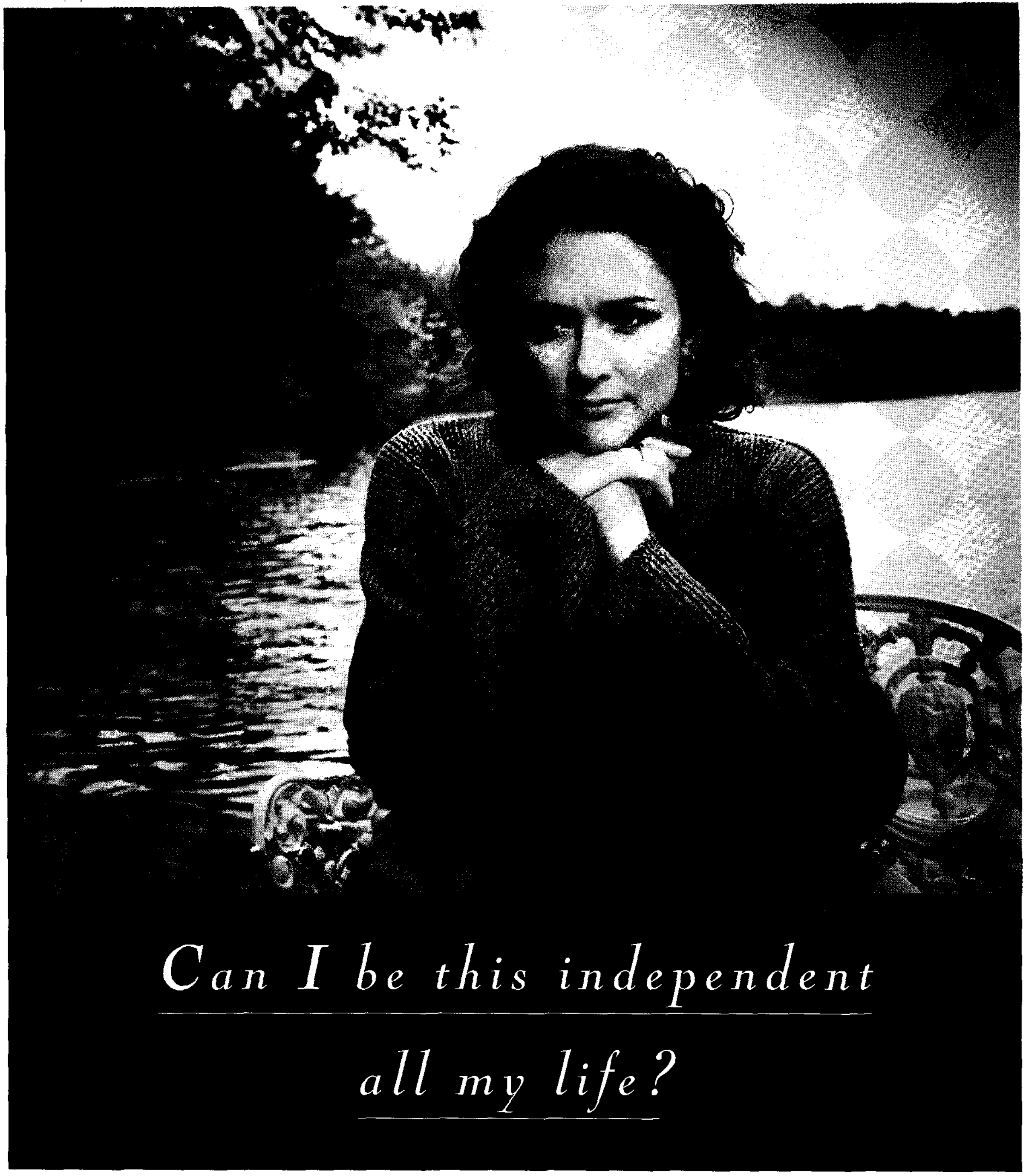
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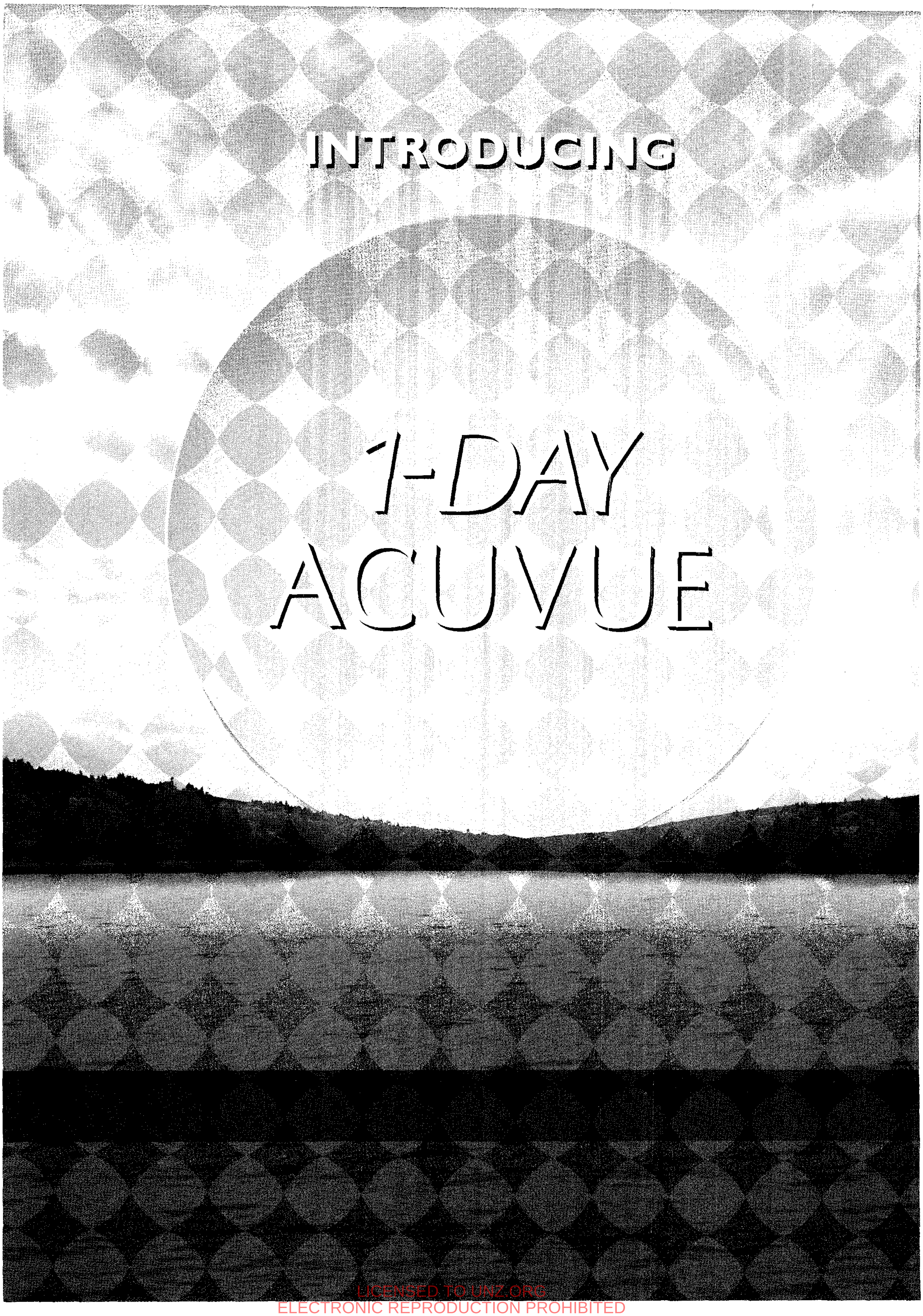
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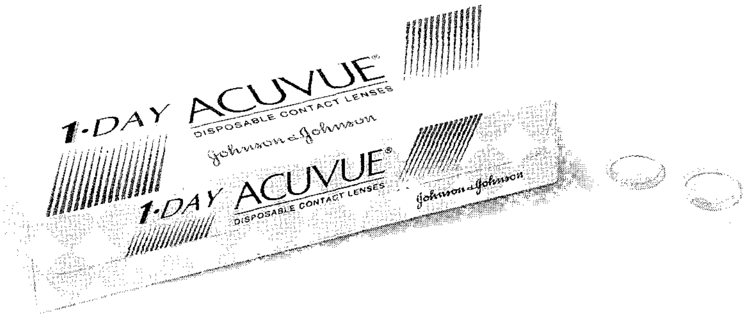
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SPINACH IS GOOD

John Seabrook's "The Spinach King" (Personal History, February 20th and 27th) stirred up a lot of memories for me. I grew up two miles from Seabrook, one of the eighth generation to live on the same farm. When I was nine or ten, my father joined Seabrook as one of the many contract farmers. What that meant in practical terms was that we had nothing but field after field of hard little lima beans that nobody except city folk would eat. At that time, my father admired C. F. Seabrook and thought him a visionary. As a kid, I was disgusted by the whole business.

My opinion of the Seabrooks changed with the arrival of Japanese Americans. Like John Seabrook's relatives, my parents sought to insure that the newcomers would be accepted without incident. As it turned out, I felt privileged to be accepted by them. It's difficult to put into words what knowing the nisei meant to me, because it's a feeling that comes from my heart. I can say that those experiences helped form many of my personal values and beliefs relating to country and government.

C. F. Seabrook's motive for bringing in Japanese Americans and other ethnic groups may have been cheap labor, but I think some good came out of it for a lot of people. And I guess most ended up knowing that C.F. really was an S.O.B. If they didn't then, they sure do now. It takes courage to write about one's family, and I thank John Seabrook for this, and for his other articles.

JODY WOODRUFF GLIDDEN
Talent, Ore.

CAUGHT IN THE NET?

Jonathan Franzen ("The Reader in Exile," Books, March 6th) related enough of the thinking of Sven Birkerts to prompt me to buy his book "The Gutenberg Elegies." As a high-school teacher, I, too, worry about the reluctance of so many youngsters to read novels, and I worry about the anti-fiction sentiment gaining momentum in education. The popular notion is that reading stories is a leisure activity that has little to do with what employers require and, as such, it should give way in our curriculum to more technical writing and to work with computers. Overlooked is the fact that without stories it is practically impossible to contemplate the human condition in any sustained, meaningful way.

When I met one small class of juniors last September, I knew almost immediately that the four guys in the back would be trouble. Yet in the course of the few weeks we spent with Holden Caulfield every one of those boys changed. The turning point for one or two was probably the day we considered Holden's thoughts as he walked forty-one blocks from a New York night club back to his hotel. Holden imagines confronting the boy who stole his gloves. The I'd-say-and-then-he'd-say fantasy depresses Holden, and he concludes that his "funny kind of yellowness" would keep him from punching the thief. The passage is so like the fretting of teen-age boys that the effect on the class was palpable. That day, in place of the usual chatter during lapses in discussion, there was an uneasy quiet. By the time we finished "The Catcher in the Rye," many of my students—the tough guys as well as some of the worried self-doubters—seemed to have relaxed.

I have seen a preoccupation with TV and computers turn many young people away from reading, and these young people put themselves at risk. Many will never discover what reading great literature so convincingly reveals: just how frequent and elaborate are the perfor-

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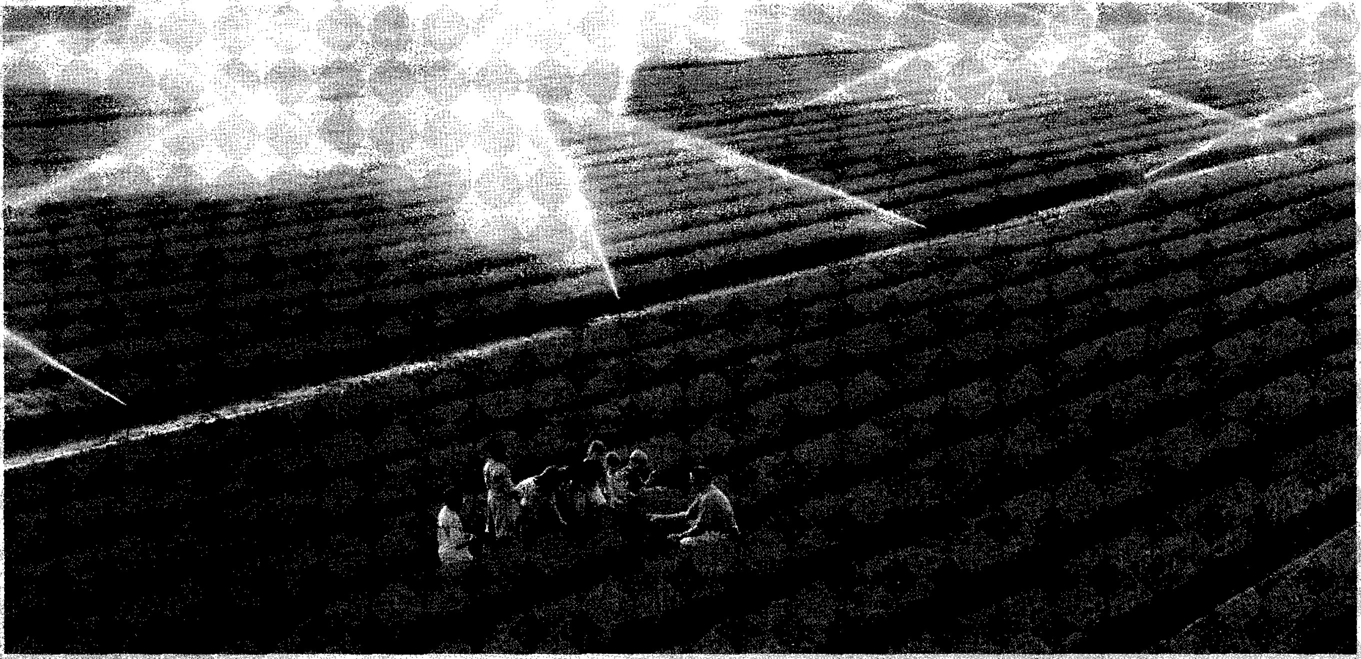

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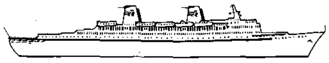

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mances we stage and just how ordinary are the sources of our shame.

JOSEPH W. MCKEOWN
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Franzen on Birkerts makes good reading, and his lament would be worth the pages and the time away from either my computer or Shakespeare if only the question raised were the correct one. Let us worry about the passing of the novel in the proper context: the novel is being replaced by the movie in video form, not by the Internet. The question for Birkerts and Franzen is: What of the video? Is Woody Allen as good as Balzac? How do you rate Coppola in relation to Puzo? How will the child hooked on "Wayne's World" be different from the loner child hooked on "The Catcher in the Rye"? There are answers, and they are worth discussing. Let's compare apples with something like apples.

NINA WALKER
Woburn, Mass.

SOMETIMES YOU FEEL LIKE A . . .

Regarding your article on the politics of Nutella ("From Italy: Guilt, Politics, and Eros in a Jar," The Talk of the Town, March 6th), notorious hard-liners of the ultraconservative ilk may feel that "Nutella is definitely right wing." True individualists (perhaps libertarians) long for the good old days when Nerita, made by the Ferrero company, was available. This, too, was a hazelnut-and-chocolate concoction, but the hazelnut spread and the chocolate spread were kept separate within the same jar, which enabled the user to create his own ratio of hazelnut to chocolate. (I preferred about two-thirds hazelnut.) The political implications of separation are apparent: one wasn't constrained by a preordained ratio of ingredients. Individuality could be expressed. Let's bring back Nerita, the unregulated hazelnut-chocolate spread.

ARNOLD KNEPFER
Kentfield, Calif.

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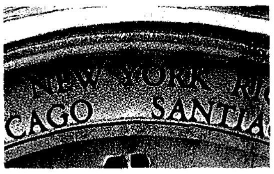

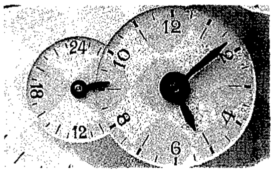

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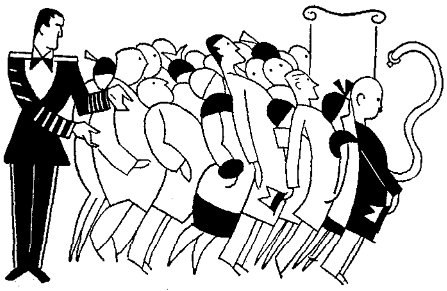

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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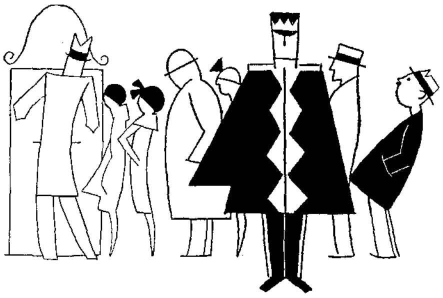


THE THEATRE

OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for timetables and ticket information.)

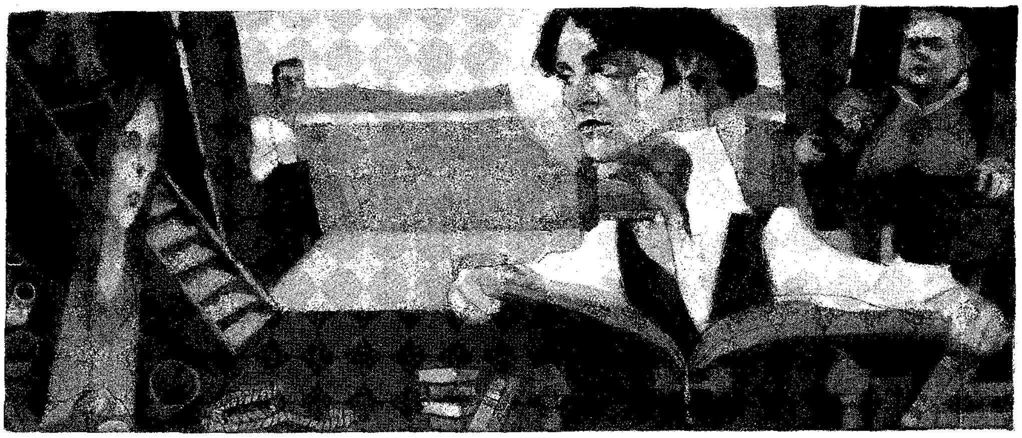
Anyone Can Whistle—Madeline Kahn, Bernadette Peters, and Scott Bakula head the cast of a one-night-only concert performance of the 1964 musical by Stephen Sondheim and Arthur Laurents. Angela Lansbury is the narrator. A benefit for G.M.H.C. (Carnegie Hall. April 8 at 7:30. For tickets, call 337-1913.)

The Cryptogram—A new play by David Mamet, with Ed Begley, Jr., Felicity Huffman, and Shelton Dane. In previews. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 307-4100.)

Dancing on Moonlight—Keith Glover's play, set in Harlem in the early sixties, stars Anna Maria Horsford and André De Shields. In previews. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 260-2400.)

Gentlemen Prefer Blondes—KT Sullivan is Lorelei Lee in a revival of the 1949 musical. Presented by the National Actors Theatre. Previews through April 9. Opens April 10 at 7. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 239-6280.)

Goose and Tomtom—The Willow Cabin Theatre Company offers David Rabe's play. Previews April 7-9. Opens April 10 at 7. (28th Street Theatre, 120 W. 28th St. 886-1889.)



Dana Delany, Michael Cumpsty, Rufus Sewell, Donal Donnelly, and Brian Dennehy, in "Translations," at the Plymouth Theatre.

Having Our Say—Mary Alice and Gloria Foster star in an adaptation of Sarah Louise and Anne Elizabeth Delany's best-selling book. Two previews on April 5. Opens April 6 at 6:30. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Indiscretions—The first Broadway staging of "Les Parents Terribles," the 1938 play by Jean Cocteau. Kathleen Turner, Eileen Atkins, Roger Rees, Jude Law, and Cynthia Nixon make up the cast. In previews. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200.)

A Language of Their Own—A drama by Chay Yew. The central characters are four gay men, played by B. D. Wong, Alec Mapa, Francis Jue, and David Drake. In previews. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 260-2400.)

London Suite—A new comedy by Neil Simon, with Carole Shelley, Paxton Whitehead, Kate Burton, and Jeffrey Jones. Previews through April 8. Opens April 9 at 6:45. (Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. 307-4100.)

Memories of an Unknown Celebrity—Michael Mindlin's monologue about his famous friends. Preview on April 5. Opens April 6 at 8:30. (William Redfield, 354 W. 45th St. 279-4200.)

A Month in the Country—The English actress Helen Mirren makes her Broadway début in the Roundabout's production of Turgenev's play. In previews. (Roundabout, Broadway at 45th St. 869-8400.)

Night and Her Stars—A play by Richard Greenberg, about the quiz-show scandals of the fifties. Presented by Manhattan Theatre Club. In previews. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 239-6200.)

Travels with My Aunt—Jim Dale and Brian Murray in Giles Havergal's adaptation of the Graham Greene novel. In previews. (Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane. 307-4100.)

OPENED RECENTLY

Arcadia—The American première of Tom Stoppard's 1993 play, set in 1809 and the present. With Blair Brown and Victor Garber. (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

Camping with Henry & Tom—Henry Ford (John Cunningham), Thomas Edison (Robert Prosky), and Warren Harding (Ken Howard) are out camping one day. . . . So begins Mark St. Germain's fictional account of an actual woodland episode from 1921. History comes alive here, but it doesn't go much beyond the bickering and joshing of these three flawed titans. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 239-6200.)

Carmen—Ridiculous Theatrical Company playwrights Everett Quinton and Eureka have borrowed liberally from classic camp movies (especially "Caged") to come up with a suitably Ridiculous take on Prosper Mérimée's tragic tale. Quinton is in top form as the hot-blooded, coldhearted gypsy. (Charles Ludlam Theatre, 1 Sheridan Sq. 691-2271.)

The Compleat Works of Wllm Shkspr (Abridged)—This slapstick hour and a half romp through the Bard's œuvre, carried out by three fine young gentlemen in high-tops, is utterly sophomoric and a complete waste of time—like some of the best things in life. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 307-4100.)

Damn Yankees—There's just no stopping Jerry Lewis. The King of Comedy and the King of France is now, in his Broadway début, the Prince of Darkness—the Devil himself. Theatregoers hoping to see him bring some of his clownish, cross-eyed shtick to the role will not be disappointed: the old pro delivers the goods. And Charlotte d'Amboise is a sensational Lola—she delivers the goods and then some. (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 307-4100.)

Death Defying Acts—Three subpar one-act comedies, by David Mamet, Elaine May, and Woody Allen, that have the words "Written to Order" stamped all over them. Despite a couple of good, sly performances by Linda Lavin and Gerry Becker, the evening is a big downer—pushy and full of undigested viciousness. (Reviewed in our issue of 3/20/95.) (Variety Arts, Third Ave. at 14th St. 239-6200.)

Don Juan in Chicago—David Ives's latest creation is a leaden comedy that never gets off the ground, despite the efforts of the fine cast, which features Peter Bartlett, the nineties' answer to Eric Blore, as Mephistopheles, and Nancy Opel, J. Smith Cameron, and Simon Brooking. The play, which does display Ives's terrific ear for crackpot coinages and off-key rhymes, covers Don Juan's amorous adventures over four hundred years, and it seems to take place in real time. Directed by Robert Stanton. (4/3/95) (Primary Stages, 354 W. 45th St. 333-4052. Closes April 9.)

The Family Business—Ain Gordon and David Gordon wrote, directed, and appear in this comedy about a family of plumbers. Valda Setterfield (mother of Ain, wife of David) rounds out the cast. (New York Theatre Workshop, 79 E. 4th St. 302-6989.)

The Heiress—A revival of Ruth and Augustus Goetz's 1947 adaptation of Henry James' "Washington Square," directed by Gerald Gutierrez, that is emotionally brimming and, thanks to several memorable performances, alive with tension. Cherry Jones, who plays the heiress of the title, is exquisitely—almost unbearably—vulnerable; Philip Bosco brings a terrible authority to the role of her dutiful but soul-crushing father. And the wonderful Frances Sternhagen is, not surprisingly, touching and funny as a widowed aunt. (3/20/95) (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 239-6200.)

Henry VI—This distillation of Shakespeare's three plays into two long, fairly independent parts lays bare the machinations surrounding the Wars of the Roses—so bare, unfortunately, that there's little sense of character left and you don't care who wins. (St. Clement's, 423 W. 46th St. 279-4200. Closes April 8.)

Holiday Heart—Cheryl L. West's thoughtful and thought-provoking play, which takes place in inner-city Chicago, is named after its central character—an out-there, over-the-top drag queen (if that's not a tautology) who is the Rock of Gibraltar to a troubled next-door neighbor and her young daughter, and who is played with great vitality by Keith Randolph Smith. (Man-

N. ASCENCIOS

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The Nature Conservancy

People and nature can live in harmony, according to John Sawhill, President of The Nature Conservancy. For instance, bison at the Conservancy's Tallgrass Prairie Preserve in Oklahoma share miles of pristine grassland with tourists and scientists. To protect and preserve the land, The Nature Conservancy gets corporations, landowners and private citizens to work together to help. The goal: safeguarding the environment without destroying jobs or businesses. That's a goal General Motors shares. So we're supplying funds, talent and even the GMC Trucks used to maintain Tallgrass. John says, "The Conservancy gets results you can walk around on." And the results are truly spectacular.

hattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-1212. Closes April 9.)

How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying—Matthew Broderick is the ambitious window-washer J. Pierrepont Finch in this revival of the 1961 musical. The score and lyrics are by Frank Loesser. (Richard Rodgers, 226 W. 46th St. 307-4100.)

Incommunicado—Tom Dulack's drama about Ezra Pound's confinement on an American military base in Italy at the end of the Second World War. Tom Aldredge portrays the poet. (Judith Anderson, 422 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Closes April 9.)

I've Got the Shakes—Richard Foreman's latest piece of metaphysical mischief. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. 533-4650. Closes April 9.)

Jean Cocteau Repertory—"Hamlet" runs in repertory with a production of the Italian playwright Eduardo De Filippo's "Napoli Milionaria" (1945), in a translation by Tori Haring-Smith. (Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery, at Bond St. 677-0060.)

Jelly Roll!—The snakily elegant Vernel Bagneris plays Jelly Roll Morton, in a terrific show that traces the musician's transformation from New Orleans dandy into jazz legend. Morten Gunnar Larsen provides the thrilling piano accompaniment. (Kaufman, 534 W. 42nd St. 307-4100.)

Juilliard Drama Division—Tomorrow's stars today: the graduating ensemble of actors presents four plays this spring, beginning with "All's Well That Ends Well," April 7-10. (Juilliard Drama Theatre, 60 Lincoln Center Plaza, fourth floor. 769-7406.)

Laura Dennis—Horton Foote's beautiful new play, set in 1938, follows the interwoven lives of three families in Harrison, Texas, a small town where, as Hallie Foote's character cries, "Nothing is all right." While the action—a seduction, a murder, a death, a business deal, a marriage, and a dance—takes place offstage, what happens onstage is often funny, always potent, and finally devastating. The fluid direction is by James Houghton. (Kampo Cultural Center, 31 Bond St. 279-4200. Closes April 9.)

Love! Valour! Compassion!—The eight gay men in Terrence McNally's beautifully written drama connect in ways that almost any nuclear family would envy. Under the nimble direction of Joe Mantello, seven actors (including Stephen Bogardus, and John Glover doing double duty as identical twins) present humbling evidence of what love is and can be. (11/14/94) (Walter Kerr, 219 W. 48th St. 239-6200.)

Luck, Pluck & Virtue—Neil Patrick Harris leads the cast of a new play by James Lapine, which is based on the 1934 Nathanael West novel, "A Cool Million." (Atlantic, 336 W. 20th St. 239-6200.)

The Man Who—Peter Brook's adaptation of "The Man Who Mistook His Wife for a Hat," Oliver Sacks' collection of essays. (BAM's Majestic Theatre, 651 Fulton St., Brooklyn. 1-718 636-4100. Closes April 9.)

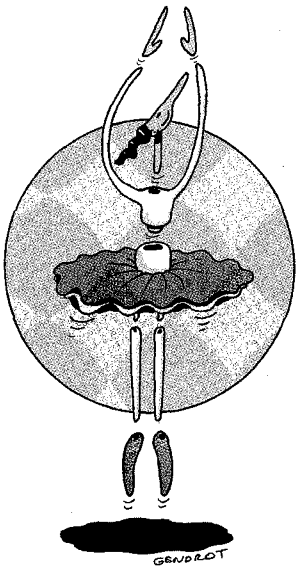
Mrs. Warren's Profession—The Pearl Theatre Company wraps up its season with Shaw's drama. (80 St. Mark's Pl. 598-9802.)

The Only Thing Worse You Could Have Told Me . . .—Dan Butler, in his one-man show, takes a look at contemporary gay culture. (Actors' Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S. 307-4100.)

The Pirates of Penzance—The Blue Hill Troupe's production of the Gilbert and Sullivan classic. (John Jay Theatre, Tenth Ave. at 58th St. Closes April 8. For reservations, call 988-2012.)

Rob Becker's Defending the Caveman—A hundred-minute stand-up routine, with some audiovisual effects thrown in, by a guy who's tired of hearing women say that all men are jerks. Some of Becker's examples of discontent between the sexes are very funny (a lot of vigorous nodding goes on in the theatre—never by men and women at the same time), but a fair amount of them are shopworn. By now, there ought to be a law against trying to get yucks out of the fact that men won't stop to ask for directions. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 307-4100.)

Rush Limbaugh in Night School—A comic tour de force in which Rush Limbaugh, to boost his show's ratings, decides to learn Spanish secretly at the liberal New School (where no one will recognize him). Charlie Varon, who plays all twenty-one roles, is not only very funny but also somehow believable, even as an Israeli "somatic feminist" who commands a New School audience to "feel your genitalia—*now*!" Developed with David Ford and directed by Martin Higgins. (Second Stage, Broadway at 76th St. 239-6200.)



PAUL GENDROT

St. Mark's Gospel—Alec McCowen reprises his solo recitation of the entire King James version of the New Testament book. (Lamb's, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780.)

Show Boat—Harold Prince's bighearted production of the 1927 Jerome Kern–Oscar Hammerstein II musical is epic-size, full of life and full of vision. (10/17/94) (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 307-4100.)

Smokey Joe's Café—The Songs of Leiber and Stoller—A feast of music by those cool cats Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller, performed by a cast with Grade A lungs and legs. The songs themselves—"Hound Dog," "Yakety Yak," "On Broadway," "Stand by Me," and a few dozen more—are a blissful pop marriage of black and white. But the accompanying band has about as much soul as a run-of-the-mill combo at a wedding reception. (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 239-6200.)

Sunset Boulevard—Glenn Close has taken the monumental role of Norma Desmond and made it something all her own, in Andrew Lloyd Webber's homage to Billy Wilder and Charles Brackett's 1950 fable of Hollywood corruption and dementia. (12/5/94) (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 307-4007.)

Swingtime Canteen—A re-creation of a 1944 U.S.O. concert, performed in a night club. Extraneous bits of plot threaten to derail the show, but the lovely songs, done with verve and charm, carry the day. (Blue Angel, 321 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

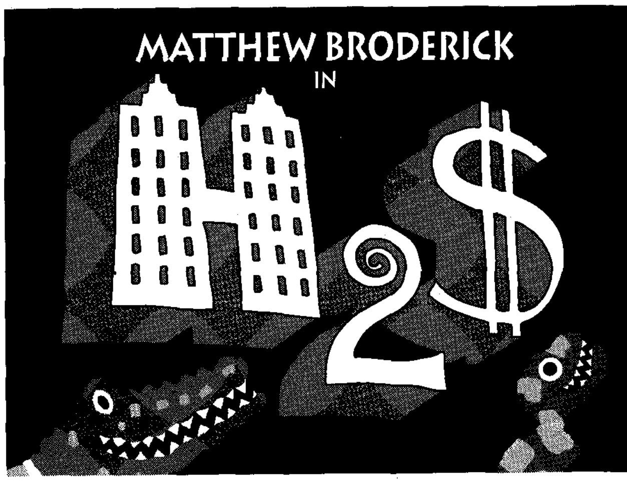
Three Viewings—Jeffrey Hatcher's play, which is set in a funeral home, consists of three monologues, delivered by Buck Henry, Penny Fuller, and Margaret Whitton. Mary Robinson directed. (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-1212.)

Too Jewish?—Avi Hoffman's "one-mensch" show is a musical revival of sorts: he wants to revive Yiddish—with music. His revue, a mixture of songs and stories, features the audience favorite "I'm a Litvak—She's a Galitz" and the lesser-known "I'm Dreaming of a White Hanukkah," by Israel Baline (Irving Berlin to you). It should go without saying that a show that tenderly recalls the Yiddish theatre and invokes a world watched over by Jewish mothers is schmalzy, but is it too Jewish? Yeah—so sue him. Musical arrangement and accompaniment by pianist Ben Schaechter. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 239-6200.)

Translations—A new production of Brian Friel's 1980 play, which is set in Ireland in 1833. Starring Brian Dennehy, Donal Donnelly, Rufus Sewell, and Dana Delany. (4/3/95) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Uncle Bob—Austin Pendleton's new two-man play, which takes place in a Manhattan apartment, is an intense, claustrophobic, and sometimes very funny two-day encounter between a dying middle-aged man and his nihilistic college-dropout nephew. Both George Morfogen and the young Adam Stein give riveting, discomfiting performances. (Mint Theatre Company, 311 W. 43rd St., fifth floor. 315-9434. Closes April 9.)

Watbanaland—A play about a woman (Lisa Emery), who wants to have a baby, and her husband (David Chandler), who doesn't. Written by Doug Wright. (WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. 206-0523. Closes April 16.)



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-VINCENT CANBY, THE NEW YORK TIMES

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DANCE

FELD BALLETS/NY—Final performances of the season. April 5 at 8: "Aurora II," "Love Song Waltzes," and "Doo Dah Day." . . . ¶ April 6 at 8: "Consort," "Kore," "Ogive," and "Doghead & Godcatchers." . . . ¶ April 7 at 8: "A Footstep of Air," "Gnossiennes," and "Doghead & Godcatchers." . . . ¶ April 8-9 at 2, a family matinée: "Sleep Study," three commedia-dell'arte dances, "Excursions," "Kore," and selections from "The Jig Is Up." . . . ¶ April 8 at 8: "Fauna," "Ion," "Over the Pavement," and "Ludwig Gambits." . . . ¶ April 9 at 7:30: "Chi," "Gnossiennes," "Ogive," and "Ludwig Gambits." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800.)

BALLET CONCIERTO DE PUERTO RICO—The San Juan-based company, in "Carmen," "Valses y Variaciones Alegres," and "Gateway to El Yunque." Opening performance on April 11 at 8. (Joyce Theatre. Through April 16.)

DOUG ELKINS DANCE COMPANY—The nine-member company, in "The Narcoleptic Lovers" (première), "More Wine for Polyphemus," and "Accumulating Gauguin." (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. April 6-8 at 8 and April 9 at 3. Through April 16.)

DECADANCE—The French choreographer Daniel Tinazzi's thirteen-member company, in a program of short works, including "Afternoon Death," "Runaway Highway," and "The Calling." (Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. 355-6160. April 8 at 8, and April 9 at 3 and 8.)

"FROM PLAINS, PUEBLOS & TUNDRA"—Native American music and dance performed by Zunis from New Mexico, Lakotas from the Great Plains, and a Yupik Eskimo from the village of Eek, on the Bering Sea. Gayle Ross, a great-great-great-granddaughter of Chief John Ross (who helped the Cherokee survive the Trail of Tears), introduces each section with traditional legends and animal stories. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. April 7 at 8.)

"OLYMPICS"—Members of the Taipei Dance Circle, oiled, nearly nude, and shaved like swimmers, dance on transparent plastic, in a full-length work whose formal movements recall the rigorous sports of the original Olympics. (Taipei Theatre, 1221 Sixth Ave., at 48th St. 373-1850. April 7-8 at 7:30 and April 9 at 2.)

MOVEMENT RESEARCH—The downtown dance tank presents two works in progress, by artist-in-residence DD Dorvillier and by Roko Kawai. (Judson Memorial Church, 55 Washington Sq. S. April 10 at 8. For reservations for the performance, which is free, call 477-6854.)

NIGHT LIFE

Addicted

A LITTLE Morphine goes a long way. The three-man combo from Boston gets by without guitar or keyboards—it's just drums, saxophone, and bass (and the bass player uses only two strings). But the band turns this skeletal instrumentation into an advantage, creating a distinctive sound out of vast open spaces. They're one of the few groups since the Police to address what *isn't* played as much as what is.

When Morphine first came to national attention back in 1993, with a superb Rykodisc album called "Cure for Pain," some skeptics thought that their limited palette might be a nonrenewable resource. But a quick listen to the band's new disk, "Yes," verifies that they're growing in skill and in sheer sonic muscle. Most of the songs blossom from a monolithic sax riff and segue into Mark Sandman's eerily sardonic vocals. (His name suits his dry, sleepy delivery.) "We're still surprising ourselves," Sandman says. "I don't feel limited—though I might next week." The band's other secret weapon is its saxophonist, Dana Colley. According to Sandman, "People think of the guitar as an aggressive thickening agent. But we have Dana—he's a devotee of Coltrane *and* Hendrix." You can get your fix on April 11, when Morphine plays Irving Plaza.

CONCERTS

MERLE HAGGARD AND TAMMY WYNETTE—Westbury Music Fair. 1-516 334-0800. April 6 at 8.

CARNEGIE HALL JAZZ BAND—The impressive repertory ensemble salutes its own ranks, with compositions by some of the group's key members, including Slide Hampton, Jon Faddis, Renee Rosnes, and Steve Turre. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. April 6 at 8.)

LAURIE ANDERSON—Having found love (with Lou Reed, no less), survived a near-death experience (in the Himalayas), and made her début on CD-ROM (which is where she always belonged anyway), the Buckminster Fuller of performance art brings her Nerve Bible tour—her first major solo show in five years—to Broadway. So what if you can't dance to it. (Neil Simon Theatre, 250 W. 52nd St. 307-4100. April 6-9 at 8.)

KEN ZUCKERMAN AND SWAPAN CHAUDHURI—In a concert of North Indian classical music. (Washington Square Church, 135 W. 4th St. April 8 at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

GARY LUCAS—The guitarist plays solo, then collaborates with former Bongos vocalist Richard Barone. (Roulette, 228 West Broadway. 219-8242. April 8 at 9.)

LESA TERRY—The violinist, her cousin the flugelhornist-trumpeter Clark Terry, pianist Roland Hanna, and others play Ms. Terry's arrangements of Ellington. (Davis Hall, City College, Convent Ave. at 134th St. 650-7100. April 9 at 3.)

LYRICS & LYRICISTS—The series salutes Burton Lane. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 996-1100. April 9 at 2:30 and 8 and April 10 at 2 and 8.)

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ode to lust titled "Shut Up and Kiss Me." The Mavericks' second album, last year's "What a Crying Shame," was equal parts Nashville and cool rock and roll, and a triumph from start to finish. (Westbury Music Fair. April 11 at 8.)

CLUBS

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which boldface type indicates some of the more notable performers in town. Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives; it is advisable to call ahead to confirm engagements.)

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—April 5: **JOHN MAYALL.** Mayall is best known (somewhat unfairly) as the man who introduced Eric Clapton to the world. His Bluesbreakers were among the first British bands to mix Delta blues with loud electric guitars, a notion that later produced the Yardbirds, Cream, the Faces, and innumerable others. The dozen or so records Mayall has released since the sixties have been uneven, but this rare performance will be something of a master class. April 6: Acoustic survivor **DAN HICKS,** whose cynicism, after all this time, still doesn't outweigh his lyricism. With the **HUMPHRIES.** April 7: **FROM GOOD HOMES,** a delightful, country-tinged rock band. April 8: **BUSTER POINDEXTER.** April 10-11: **JOAN BAEZ.** Though she's in her fifties, her soprano is still as pure and clear as springwater. For these shows (which are being recorded for a live album due out next fall), the folk legend will perform solo and with a few of her progeny—Mary Chapin Carpenter and the McGarrigle sisters, on April 10, and Janis Ian and Mary Black, on April 11.

Chicago B.L.U.E.S., 73 Eighth Ave., at 13th St. (924-9755)—**OTIS CLAY** (in on April 7-8), one of the great overlooked soul-and-blues men, is a Mississippi-born singer whose voice suggests early Otis Redding.

Fez, 380 Lafayette St. (533-7000)—April 5: A night of old-time doo-wop with **JIMMY KEYES AND THE CHORDS,** best remembered for "Life Is But a Dream." April 7: **KATE JACOBS, THE SCHRAMMS,** and **GEORGE USHER.** April 8: **SUSAN MC KEOWN AND THE CHANTING HOUSE.** April 11: **FRANCIS DUNNERY** and the **CANDY BUTCHERS.** The **MINGUS BIG BAND** still packs them in every Thursday. Dining.

Irving Plaza, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. (777-6800)—This sprawling two-floor establishment has been all things to all people: meeting hall, rock club, jazz club, Off Broadway theatre. April 5: **FUGAZI.** April 7: **WIDESPREAD PANIC.** April 11 belongs to **MORPHINE** . . . . ¶ Soul Kitchen, the original seventies funk and R. & B. party, goes down every Tuesday. The Swing Dance Society gathers here every Sunday. The dancers share a passion for the Lindy Hop, a dance that involves a lot of whirling and the occasional display of underwear. Sets from eight until midnight. For information on the society, call 696-9737.

Kaptain Banana, 101 Greene St. (343-9000)—French cabaret *en travesti* in SoHo. Three drag queens and eight dancers re-create the Court of Versailles, a carnival in Rio, Marlene Dietrich, and the Andrews Sisters. There's also a singing gorilla. Open Wednesday through Saturday. Dining.

Knitting Factory, 74 Leonard St., between Broadway and Church St. (219-3055)—April 6-8, in the spirit of cultural exchange, the Knit presents "Tokyonoisecore," three nights of the best in Japanese underground noise. April 6: Guitarist/d.j. **OTOMO YOSHIHIDE** (a megastar in Japan) and his ferocious band, **GROUND ZERO.** April 7: Guitar terrorist **KEIJI HAINO,** whose fans include Sonic Youth's Thurston Moore. April 8: **FUSHITSUSHA,** a power trio featuring Keiji Haino, with computer soundscapes by **IKUE MORI.**

Limelight, Sixth Ave. at 20th St. (807-7850)—A church turned eighties hot spot, this unholy venue currently plays host to a variety of techno and alternative acts. Wednesday night is Disco 2000.

Markham, 59 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (647-9391)—April 6: An evening of cabaret with **LINDA GIBBS** and **PAT MC KEARN,** two mainstays from Fez's long-running "Loser's Lounge."

Maxwell's, 1039 Washington St., Hoboken (1-201 798-4064)—April 8: Rock with **HELIUM.** April 9: **GIRLS AGAINST BOYS.**

Mercury Lounge, 217 E. Houston St. (260-4700)—April 5: **SHUDDER TO THINK.** April 7-8: **DEL AMITRI.** April 9: **PULL MY DAISY.** April 10: The return of the thrash-funk combo **24-7 SPYZ.**

Monkey Bar, 60 E. 54th St. (838-2600)—Beyond the monkey murals, there's a bright see-and-be-seen dining arena that's perfect for committing high-profile indiscretions in a strapless gown. But the place to be is the dark and crowded bar up front, by the grand piano, where the bar stools look like plump olives. You perch on the pimiento. Dining.

Roseland, 239 W. 52nd St. (247-0200)—Ballroom dancing on Thursdays and Sundays. The rest of the week it's another dark, sweaty rock club, with flannel-clad stage divers and the occasional whirling mosh pit. April 8: **BELLY.** Don't hate singer Tanya Donnelly because she's cute and popular and has another hit record. "King," Belly's follow-up to "Star," is another jet-puffed marshmallow sure to satisfy your sweet tooth. With **SUPERCHUNK.**

S.O.B.'s, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—April 5-6: **ANGELA BOFILL.** Though she's primarily a jazz vocalist, Bofill was brought up on Latin rhythms (by her Cuban father) and Motown soul (by her Puerto Rican mother); both influences are apparent in the singer's repertoire. She's got a sensuous way with a romantic ballad. Tuesday nights, S.O.B.'s presents Flipping the Script, a set of rap and poetry. Thursday nights belong to Giant Step, a roving collective of musicians, rappers, and d.j.s who mix jazz, funk, and hip-hop. Dining.

Tramps, 51 W. 21st St. (727-7788)—April 5: **BETTIE SERVEERT.** This quartet from Amsterdam (the name is Dutch for "Betty serves," a reference to some long-forgotten tennis legend) plays deeply satisfying garage rock with a lean, let's-make-a-record-in-a-day sound. It's a sunny alternative to a lot of overproduced American grunge. "Lamprey," their new album, is a keeper: a fine mess of ragged guitars, lurching dynamics, and the pleading, impish voice of Carol van Dijk. April 6: **CATHERINE** and **LETTERS TO CLEO.** April 7: **JASON & THE SCORCHERS.** April 8: The **JAYHAWKS.**

L'Udo, 432 Lafayette St. (388-0978)—Former Kid Creole & the Coconuts singer-vibraphonist **COATI MUNDI** presents "The Vegetable Hanging in the House of J," a campy musical comedy, on April 6-8. Dining.

Webster Hall, 125 E. 11th St. (353-1600)—A byzantine disco wonderland with four floors, a coffee shop, and a wig boutique. Wednesday is drag night. Psychedelic Thursdays feature grunge acts and cheap beer.

Wetlands, 161 Hudson St. (966-4225)—April 6: **LOVE SPIT LOVE,** the new band of former Psychedelic Furs lead singer Richard Butler. Boston hunk-oddity **JONATHAN RICHMAN** will preach to the converted on April 7. His songs, his stories, and his bare chest—should he deign to dispense with his shirt—are proud and fascinating assets, and no other rocker around can reap such enchantment from the mundane.

JAZZ AND STANDARDS

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—Vocalist **JULIE WILSON** continues through late April. Dining.

Birdland, 2745 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-2228)—An airy two-tiered space with pastel walls and potted greenery. **DWAYNE BURNO** (in on April 7-8) spent the better part of last year building a reputation as a skillful and adaptable bassist. He performs with his own quintet. Dining.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—Jazz, mirrors, and a gift shop. April 4-9: Jazz vocalist **NANCY WILSON.** Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—On any given night, and well into the morning, one or another of New York's many formidable pianists can be found here. Through April 8: a trio featuring vocalist **KEVIN MAHOGANY.** Dining.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**BARBARA COOK** is in command of this urbane dinner-and-music room through late April. Her voice remains almost defiantly that of the nineteen-fifties Broadway ingénue, and her material, particularly her homage to Mabel Mercer, is as supple as a fresh corsage. She's backed up by her longtime pianist and arranger **WALLY HARPER.**

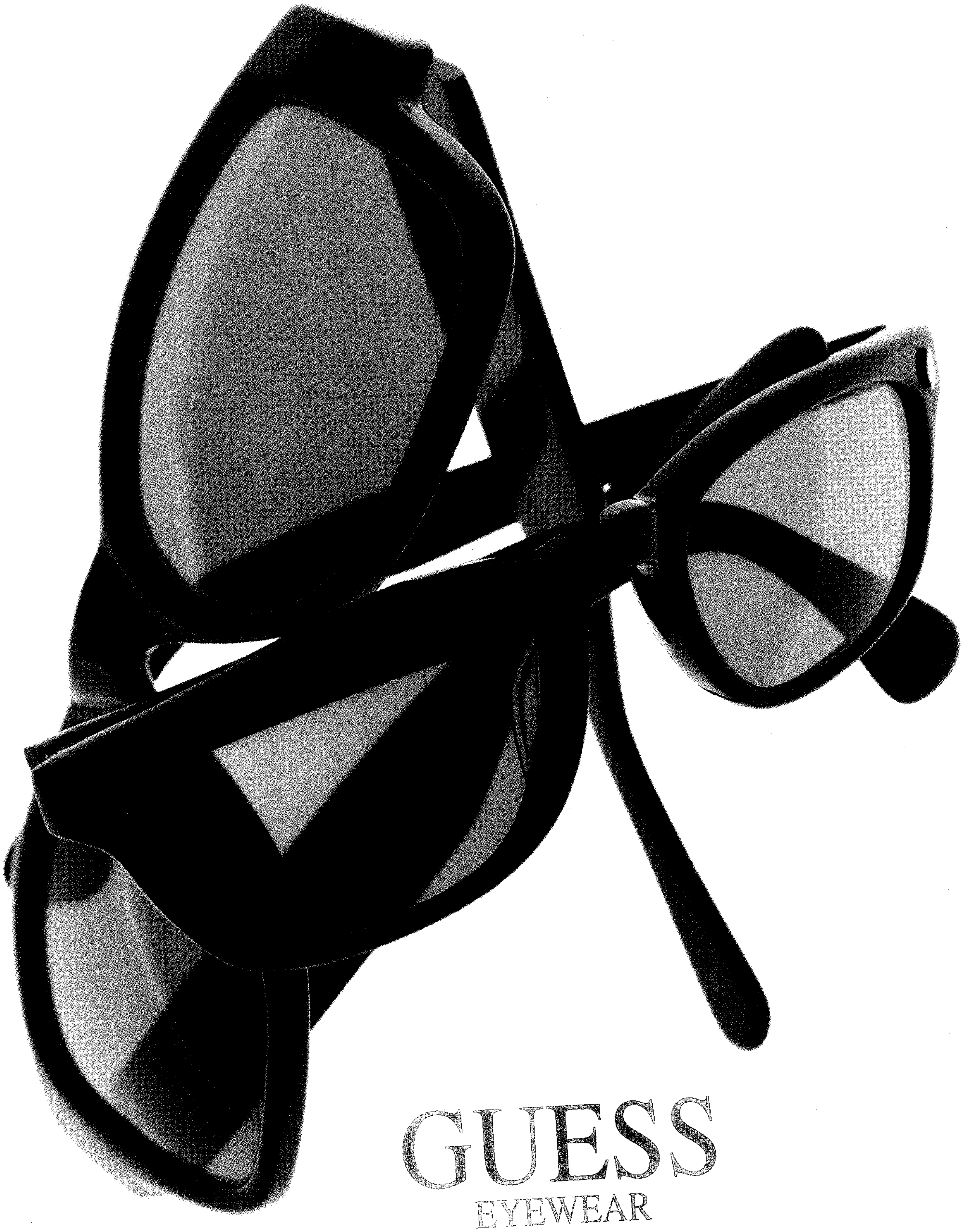
Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7900)—April 4-9: **GEORGE COLEMAN.** The man is a marvel: there isn't a sax player who feels as compelled to impart so much knowledge in every marathon solo. On Mondays, guitarist-inventor **LES PAUL** leads a trio. Dining.

Fifty Seven Fifty Seven, 57 E. 57th St. (758-5757)—A cool, sumptuous piano-and-bass room in the Four Seasons Hotel. Wednesdays through Saturdays, **DONALD JOHNSTON** is the featured pianist; on weekends he performs with a trio. Dining.

Iridium, 44 W. 63rd St. (582-2121)—Through April 9: the **LOU DONALDSON** quartet. With one foot in bop and the other in R. & B., Donaldson, an alto saxophonist, pledges allegiance to both virtuosity and entertainment. He's got the credentials (he was a

"Tokyonoisecore," three nights of cross-cultural din at the Knitting Factory.

TAKESHI TADATSU



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first-edition member of Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers, playing alongside Clifford Brown), and his timing—as a bop soloist and as a comic—has never been better. **MILT HINTON** swings by for three nights starting April 11.

KNITTING FACTORY, 74 Leonard St., between Broadway and Church St. (219-3055)—April 5: **JOHN ZORN** presents his latest "game piece," Xu Feng. April 9: **MARK DRESSER** accompanies the film "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari." The dark burr and twisted slant of Dresser's work is a perfect match for this great expressionist masterpiece. April 10: The **DAVID MURRAY** big band. April 11: **BOBBY PREVITE** and the **DAVID TRONZO** trio.

RAINBOW & STARS, 30 Rockefeller Plaza (632-5000)—A plush, old-fashioned night club, sixty-five floors above it all, complete with Art Deco fixtures, intimate glitter, and a panoramic view as dizzying as the tab. Through late April: **LILIANE MONTEVECCHI** and **DAVID STALLER,** in a cabaret program called "April in Paris." . . . ¶ Across the hall, in the Rainbow Room, there's a revolving dance floor, plus swinging big-band music courtesy of the Rainbow Room Orchestra, featuring vocalists Michael Andrew and Claudette Sierra. Closed Mondays.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Through April 9: the **DEWEY REDMAN** quartet. His son Joshua may be basking in the spotlight, but Dewey is no slouch himself. Having apprenticed alongside Ornette Coleman, the tenor saxophonist moves easily through the outer boundaries, but he's equally comfortable wrapping his broad tone around a sturdy standard or a bebop jaunt. An electrified big band belonging to trumpeter **MILES EVANS** is in action on Mondays. Dining.

TAVERN ON THE GREEN, Central Park W. at 67th St. (873-3200)—The **DIVA BIG BAND** is in the midst of a two-week run.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Through April 9: the **JOE LOVANO** quartet. Lovano's fortieth birthday is history, but despite this unfashionable circumstance, there isn't a more satisfying saxophonist on the scene. He knows his history but has no need for the shackles of self-imposed conservatism: in his world, it's possible to love Ornette Coleman as much as you do Stan Getz. Lovano has found a middle ground—he revels in openhearted swing, yet he's willing to bust open tone and harmony when passion dictates. His intensity on up-tempo numbers turns into an equally powerful romantic density on ballads. The **VANGUARD JAZZ ORCHESTRA** holds sway on Mondays.

Morphine, at Irving Plaza.

JONATHAN PODWIL

VISIONES, 125 Macdougal St., at W. 3rd St. (673-5576)—April: 5-8: The **VICTOR LEWIS** quintet. Lewis can usually be found charting the rhythmic waters with his meticulous drumming as a member of Bobby Watson's Horizon band. A peerless team player and a refined composer, he has shown considerable smarts as a leader on his own recordings. Dining.

ART

Song (Sung) Blue

CHINA has been producing ceramics longer than any other civilization. The styles best known in the West, the blue-and-white designs favored by the imperial court during the Ming dynasty, were produced primarily for export, but the greatest masterpieces of the potter's art came from pre-Ming ceramists, few of whom were in the exclusive employ of the court. "New Finds, Old Treasures," at the Asia Society (Park Avenue at 70th Street; through June 18), brings renowned pieces dating from the Neolithic period through the Song dynasty together with recent and surprising archeological discoveries.

The golden age of Chinese ceramics coincided with the Song dynasty (960-1279), and examples of its five great wares—Ding, Ru, Jun, Guan, and Ge—are the loveliest pieces on view. Ru ware, the rarest—represented here by a glazed-stoneware brush washer—has a cracked surface pattern called crazing and a blue-green color known in the West as celadon. Song ceramics are stunning for their apparent modernity: the interior of one teacup is adorned with a splash of electric purple that Morris Louis and Kenneth Noland might envy.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The Costume Institute has come up with a fresh take on the old spring flower show: in "Bloom: Fashion's Spring Gardens," one wanders among stands of gowns, bodices, and waistcoats adorned with tropical exotica, blue-blood roses, black fleurs du mal, and a host of other flora. . . . ¶ "R. B. Kitaj," a retrospective of more than seventy paintings by the American expatriate who for nearly four decades has lived and worked in London. Through May 14. . . . ¶ "I Tell My Heart: The Art of Horace Pippin," a selection of paintings by a self-taught black artist from Pennsylvania (1888-1946). (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective of video installations, sculptural objects, walk-in environments, and sound pieces by Bruce Nauman. Through May 23. . . . ¶ "Kandinsky: Compositions." Through April 25. . . . ¶ A selection of drawings from the sixties by such sculptors as Eva Hesse, Robert Smithson, Dan Flavin, Kenneth Snelson, and Sol LeWitt. . . . ¶ Recent photographic acquisitions, including works by Rudy Burckhardt, Hans Bellmer, Jan Groover, Gilles Peress, and Mariana Yampolsky. Through April 11. . . . ¶ "Max Beckmann Prints" includes lithographs, drypoints, and woodcuts from throughout the German Expressionist's career. (Open Saturdays through Tuesdays, 11 to 6; Thursdays and Fridays, noon to 8:30.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A Ross Bleckner retrospective treats us to liberal helpings of the painter's familiar stew of sublimity and kitsch—the work of a soul profoundly divided between the raptures of a mystic and the whimsies of an interior decorator. Much of it is sickly gorgeous; some of it betrays a deep spiritual longing. Through May 14. . . . ¶ A ten-year survey of the work of Felix Gonzalez-Torres. This Cuban-born Neo-Conceptualist supplements his typically sparse or abstract imagery (stacks of paper, sometimes bearing cryptic messages; spills of hard candies and of bubble gum) with parenthetical subtitles that allude to AIDS, politics, and more personal themes. Through May 10. (Open Sundays through Wednesdays, 10 to 6, and Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 8.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—All the floors of the Biennial exhibition are now open. (Open Wednesdays, and Fridays through Sundays, 11 to 6; Thursdays, 1 to 8.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"Spiders!" Are you ready for this arachnorama? Twelve live tarantulas are at the center of the web. You can also get caught up in anatomical diagrams, habitat dioramas (who knew?), exoskeleton models, and courtship videos (yecch). . . . ¶ A large show of paintings made for Margaret Mead and Gregory Bateson during their study in Bali from 1936 to 1938. (Open daily, 10 to 5:45, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—The African galleries have reopened, greatly expanded, and now contain more than two hundred and fifty works. . . . ¶ Two other displays are new: the Arts of the Pacific gallery, showing works from Melanesia, and the Arts of the Andes, on view in the Great Hall. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

ASIA SOCIETY, Park Ave. at 70th St.—"New Finds, Old Treasures." Through June 18. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 8; Sundays, noon to 5.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—Books, catalogues, signs, and stationery, mostly from the fifties and sixties, by the graphic designer Elaine Lustig Cohen. Through May 23. . . . ¶ "The Structure of Style: Dutch Modernism in the Applied Arts 1880-1930." . . . ¶ A display of jewelry and accessories from the museum's collection, including Egyptian mummy beads and gold snuff boxes. (Open Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"Camille Pissarro: Impressionist Innovator" includes many of the artist's landscapes, figure paintings, family portraits, and Japonism-inspired design experiments. (Open Sundays through Thursdays, 11 to 5:45; Tuesday evenings until 8.)

MUSEUM FOR AFRICAN ART, 593 Broadway—Antelope, leopards, hyenas, snakes, chameleons, buffalo, pangolins, and warthogs—they can all be seen in "Animals in African Art: From the Familiar to the Marvelous." (Open Tuesdays through Fridays, 10:30 to 5:30; Saturdays, noon to 8; Sundays, noon to 6.)

MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—"Curating New York: The Legacy of Grace M. Mayer" is a tribute to the museum's first curator of prints and photographs. The fifty works on view include photographs by Berenice Abbott and the Wurts brothers, prints by Currier and Ives, political cartoons by Rollin Kirby, and cityscapes by Reginald Marsh. . . . ¶ "A Century Apart: Images of Struggle & Spirit, Jacob Riis and Five Contemporary Photographers." Documents of the city's poor by the nation's first photojournalist, alongside work on similar themes by Martine Barrat, Mary Ellen Mark, Margaret Morton, Jeffrey Henson Scales, and Fred R. Conrad. . . . ¶ "All the Frills Upon It: New York Bonnets on Parade," a spring blossoming of

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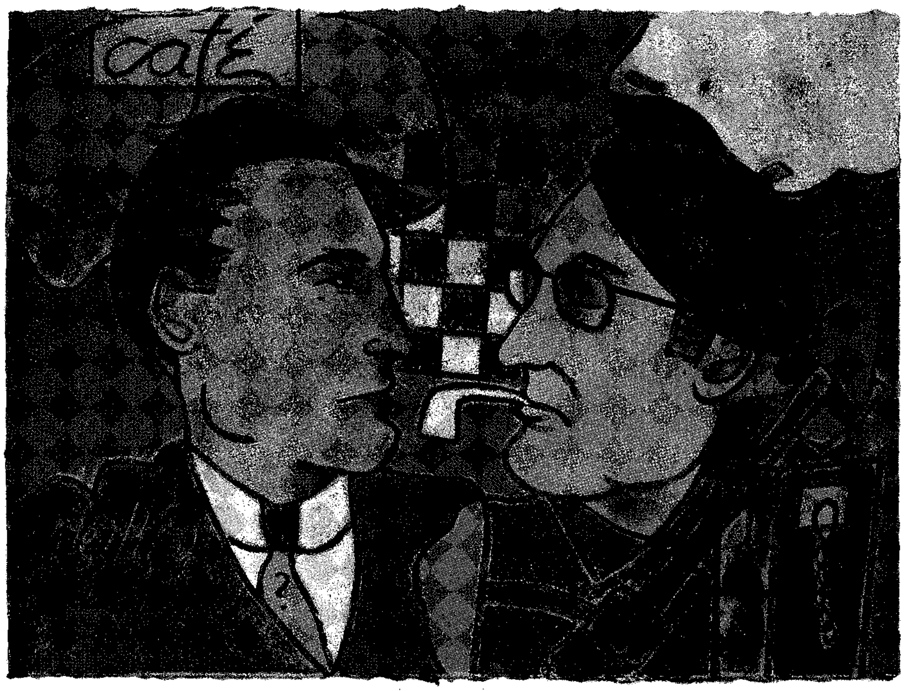
silk, satin, chenille, and velvet, trimmed with lilacs, wisteria, and morning glories. Through May 14. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—All forty of Lawrence Weiner's artist books, along with posters, matchbooks, plates, and other objects, are gathered in the peculiarly titled "Learn to Read Art The Books: Lawrence Weiner." Through April 8. . . . ¶ An exhibition on the works of the French fabulist Jean de La Fontaine (1621-95) is in the Solomon Room. Seventeenth-century music sets the tone for the display of rare books, drawings, scores, and other objects. Through April 15. . . . ¶ "e. e. cummings @ 100: An Anniversary Exhibition." Through April 15. (Open Mondays, and Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Tuesdays and Wednesdays, 11 to 6.)



Marcel Duchamp and Man Ray: "Conspiratorial Laughter," at Zabriskie.

RICHARD MERKIN

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays, from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. The following lists lead off with new shows.)

Dozier Bell—Large paintings and several photocollages with titles like "Lodestar," "Bearing," and "Coriolis," containing sea-and-sky imagery and navigational symbols. Opens April 5. Through April 29. (Schmidt Bingham, 41 E. 57th St.)

Nell Blaine—Two concurrent shows of work by the second-generation New York School colorist. At Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St.: Recent paintings and drawings of bouquets, landscapes, and cityscapes. Opens April 6. Through May 6. . . . At De Nagy, 41 W. 57th St.: Works from the late forties through the mid-eighties. Opens April 8. Through May 6.

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Joe Andoe—These seven monumental paintings of horses, by an Oklahoma artist, have the hyperreal impact of early photography. The gray-and-umber palette creates a spooky, twilit realm of phosphorescence. Through April 15. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

Peter Cain—Two paintings, two manipulated photos, and several drawings that continue this young artist's slice-and-reassemble treatment of automobile imagery. Through April 25. (Marks, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Susan Crile—Vivid black, orange, and yellow canvases from the "Fires of War" series, inspired by the burning oil fields in Kuwait. Through April 22. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Andy Goldsworthy—Two installations: a cone of green Vermont slate, and a group of rocks from Scotland with natural indentations that hold pools of red water. Also on view are large color photographs of other works made in Scotland. Through April 22. (Galerie Lelong, 20 W. 57th St.)

Valerie Hird—A recent visit to Turkey inspired the New England artist to create landscapes with the bold geometry and dazzling colors of Anatolian kilims. The works on paper, in particular, beguile the eye with enamel-like surfaces of a coppery brilliance. Through April 8. (Haime, 41 E. 57th St.)

Barbara Novak—Forty-nine watercolors of flowers, all modestly scaled and all painted between 1984 and 1994, which have the subdued glow of a garden on a misty morning. Through April 29. (Jensen, 48 E. 73rd St. Open Mondays.)

Giuseppe Penone / Dan Graham—New works in wood and glass, the fruit of arboreal inspirations, by an Arte Povera master. Penone, it seems, shall never see a sculpture lovely as a tree. / A re-creation of this Conceptualist's 1974 installation "Opposing Mirrors and Video Monitors on Time Delay," which creates an illusion of infinite recession in which viewers can not only watch themselves but also watch themselves watching themselves. Through April 22. (Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Joel Shapiro—Recent drawings and painted-wood sculptures. Through April 22. (Pace Wildenstein, 32 E. 57th St.)

"Conspiratorial Laughter"—The friendship of Marcel Duchamp and Man Ray is among the most famous in the history of art, and this well-chosen exhibition comprises many of their best collaborations. More than a dozen of Ray's portraits of Duchamp are on view, including a hilarious shot of the great man wearing a headdress of Turkish coins (purportedly for his initiation into a society devoted to the memory of Alfred Jarry). There is also a photograph of the two artists by Cartier-Bresson. Through April 15. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Short List—**Polly Apfelbaum,** Hirschl & Adler Modern, 21 E. 70th St. Through April 22 . . . . **Sidney Goodman,** Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St. Through April 29 . . . . **Duane Hanson,** Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St. Through May 6 . . . . **Paul Jenkins,** Associated American Artists, 20 W. 57th St. Through April 8 . . . . **George Negroponte,** McCoy, 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays; through April 22 . . . . **Martin Puryear,** McKee, 745 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Through April 15 . . . . **George Segal,** Janis, 110 W. 57th St. Through April 29.

GALLERIES—DOWNTOWN

Ron Baron / Carter Kustera—In "Daddy-Magnetism," the artist has layered the physical stuff of the suburban masculine experience—old sports equipment, pipes, briefcases, yearbooks—into six towering trophies that evoke the lost days of "Father Knows Best." / Cutouts of faceless people with tabloid-worthy histories—"Bill used to be a woman"; "Nancy is interested in cybersex"—line the gallery walls, in a perverse twist on the tradition of silhouette portraiture. Through April 8. (Chassie Post, 129 Greene St.)

Dinos and Jake Chapman—Naughty sculptures reminiscent of Charles Ray's, by two young British brothers who have taken ordinary department-store mannequins and . . . *altered* them. The results suggest some of the more outré acts on "The Robin Byrd Show." Through April 29. (Gavin Brown's Enterprise, 558 Broome St. Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, noon to 7.)

Deborah Kass—In "My Andy: A Retrospective," the artist embraces her Warhol obsession, with caustically funny results: her response to "Empire" (1964), Warhol's eight-hour single-shot movie of the Empire State Building, is "Tunnel," an unblinking sixty-minute video gaze into the Brooklyn-Battery Tunnel. Through April 8. (Freire, 130 Prince St.)

Mary Lucier—"Last Rites (Positano)," an interactive sound-and-video-based installation about the life of the artist's mother, Margaret Glosser. Through April 22. (Lennon, Weinberg, 580 Broadway.)

Frank Stella—Enormous new paintings that recall the wonderful era when bigger sometimes really was better. The artist seems to have flattened out his relief paintings of the seventies and eighties, restoring the two-dimensionality of his sixties work while still exploiting a virtually trompe-l'oeil illusionism. A tour de force. Through April 15. (Gagosian, 136 Wooster St.)

Kazumi Tanaka—The thirty-three-year-old artist's new installation, "An Intimate Room," is an evocative group of autobiographical sculptures beautifully crafted from wood, wire, collected objects, and family possessions. Through April 22. (Kent, 67 Prince St.)

Richard Tuttle—Tuttle gained renown in the late sixties and early seventies for his fragile, sometimes virtually invisible works. These recent wall-mounted sculptures—decorative works in latex, plastic foam, cloth, and chicken wire—seem almost rococo by comparison. Through April 29. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

Michel Verjux—The artist's first United States exhibition consists of projected-light-form installations, two of which can be seen on the façades of the buildings housing the Guggenheim SoHo and the New Museum. Through April 22. (Protetch, 560 Broadway.)

Andrea Zittel—"Platform Bed" and "Pit Bed," furniture sculptures by a young artist intent on making practical art. Her previous works were coldly Bauhausian; now she has taken a psychedelic-sixties turn. Through April 8. (Rosen, 130 Prince St.)

"Endurance"—"It must give pleasure," Wallace Stevens said of art. More often for the artists represented in this indispensable historical show, it gave pain. In the early seventies, Chris Burden got a friend to shoot him in the arm with a rifle, crawled across fifty feet of broken glass, and had himself crucified on the back end of a Volkswagen Beetle. In a more poetic vein, Marina Abramovic and her former partner, the artist Ulay, walked from opposite ends of the Great Wall of China, taking ninety days to meet in the middle ("The Lovers," 1989). The exhibition also includes photo-documentation of important performances by Vito Acconci, Joseph Beuys, Yoko Ono, and many lesser-known yet fascinating figures. Through April 22. (Exit Art, 548 Broadway. Open Friday and Saturday evenings until 8.)

Group Show—Photo-documentation and relics of performance pieces and body works from the early sixties to the present. Among the highlights are Charles Ray's "All My Clothes" (1973), sixteen color photographs in which the artist models the whole of his incredibly dweeby wardrobe, and Carolee Schneemann's "Eye Body" (1963), black-and-white photos that meld performance art and Abstract Expressionism. Through April 15. (Karg, 100 Greene St.)

Short List—**carolyn brady,** Hoffman, 429 West Broadway. Through April 19 . . . . **stan douglas,** Zwirner, 43 Greene St. Through April 29 . . . . **sam durant,** Merians, 76 Greene St. Closed Tuesdays; through April 8 . . . . **maureen gallace,** Klagsbrun, 51 Greene St. Through April 22 . . . . **kevin larmon,** Marcus, 578 Broadway. Through April 22 . . . . **leslie lerner,** Rosenberg + Kaufman, 115 Wooster St. Through April 15 . . . . **frank moore,** Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St. Through April 22 . . . . **maurizio pellegrin,** Shainman, 560 Broadway. Through April 8 . . . . **jessica stockholder,** Gorney, 100 Greene St. Through April 29 . . . . **linda stojak,** Haller, 560 Broadway. Through April 12 . . . . **robert whitman,** Pace Wildenstein, 142 Greene St. Through May 6.

AUCTIONS AND ANTIQUES

Under the Hammer—New York's principal auction houses hold photography sales this week. April 5-6: Christie's (Park Ave. at 59th St. 546-1000). . . . ¶ April 7-8: Sotheby's (York Ave. at 72nd St. 606-7000).

PHOTOGRAPHY

John Baldessari—A display of the California Conceptualist's artist books, which in many cases are based on his larger photographic works. Through April 28. (Printed Matter, 77 Wooster St. Open Saturday evenings until 7.)

Lois Conner—Single- and multi-panel platinum contact prints of landscapes in Vietnam and Cambodia, which exhibit a startling tonal range and a richness of detail reminiscent of nineteenth-century photography. Through April 15. (Laurence Miller, 138 Spring St.)

Nan Goldin—The artist's reworked "Ballad of Sexual Dependency" (1982), a forty-five-minute color-slide-with-soundtrack presentation, is being screened three times a day, at 1, 3, and 5. Through April 16. (Marks, 522 W. 22nd St. Open Thursdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

Dorothea Lange (1895-1965)—"American Photographs" covers Lange's documentary work from the thirties through the fifties: pictures of the poor, the forgotten, the abandoned, and the racially stigmatized that are neither sloppy nor sentimental nor contrived. Her respect for her subjects comes across as clearly as her instinct for expressive gesture and her skill at eliminating distractions. The show includes plenty of lesser-known images and offers new perspectives on the classics. Through April 30. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 8.)

Floris Neusüss / Marcel Broodthaers (1924-76)—Life-size photograms from 1960 to the present, made with human figures, flowers, and found objects. / Photoworks incorporating drawing and collage, by the Belgian Conceptualist. Through April 29. (Sander, 19 E. 76th St.)

Sebastião Salgado—A collection of two hundred and fifty photographs, titled "Workers: An Archaeology of the Industrial Age." Through May 26. (International Center of Photography Midtown, Sixth Ave. at 43rd St. Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 8.)

Aaron Siskind (1903-91)—The artist's last series of photographs is the "Tar Pictures"—close-up views of streaks of tar on the asphalt roads of New England. Through April 29. (Mann, 42 E. 76th St.)

Brett Weston (1911-93)—Selections from three portfolios: "Portraits of My Father," "Alaska," and "Oregon." Through May 13. (Witkin, 415 West Broadway.)

"Still/Life: The Body as Object in Contemporary Photography"—A broad exploration of ideas ranging from geometric studies to family relationships to Santeria, by six artists from Cuba, Jamaica, Mexico, Chile, and Puerto Rico. Through April 9. (Americas Society, Park Ave. at 68th St. Open Tuesdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

"1936"—Photos taken in that year, by such masters as Weston, Lange, Cartier-Bresson, Abbott, and Rodchenko. Through April 8. (Danziger, 130 Prince St.)

"Circa 1956"—Photos taken in and around *that* year, by such masters as Klein, Frank, Callahan, and Siskind. Through April 8. (Gallery 292, 120 Wooster St.)

Short List—**david armstrong,** Marks, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Through April 25 . . . . **bernd and hilla becher,** Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway. Through April 15 . . . . **james casebere,** Klein, 40 Wooster St. Through April 22 . . . . **ted croner,** Greenberg, 120 Wooster St. Through April 8 . . . . **lynn davis,** Houk Friedman, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St. Through May 13 . . . . **danny lyon,** Lowinsky, 578 Broadway. Through April 8 . . . . **joel meyerowitz,** Benrubi, 52 E. 76th St. Through April 8 . . . . **doug and mike starn,** Pace-MacGill, 32 E. 57th St. Through April 29.

(See the museum listings for photography exhibitions at the Museum of Modern Art and the Museum of the City of New York.)

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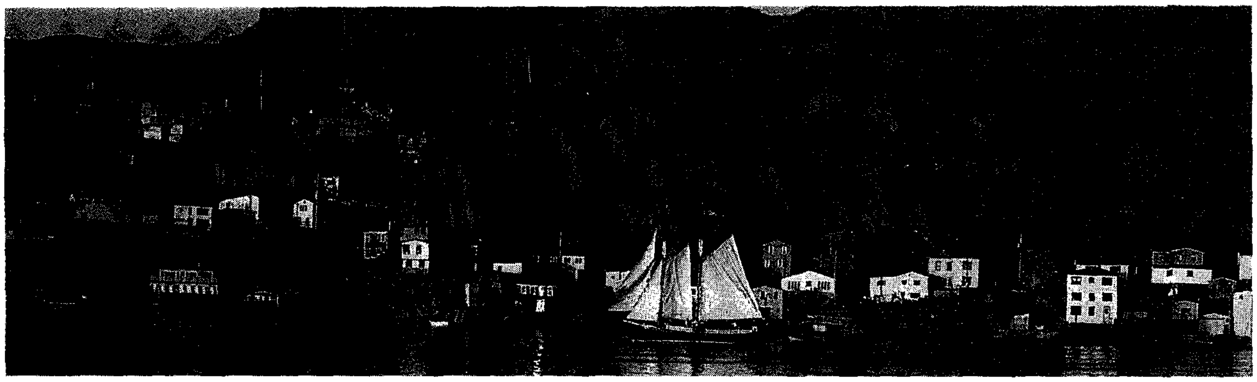

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CLASSICAL MUSIC

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OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—LA TRAVIATA, with Ainhoa Arteta, Francisco Araiza, and Juan Pons; conducted by John Fiore. (April 5 at 8.) . . . With Veronica Villarroel as Violetta. (April 8 at 8.) . . . With Ms. Villarroel, Mr. Araiza, and Kim Josephson; Mr. Fiore. (April 11 at 8:30.) . . . MADAMA BUTTERFLY, with Diana Soviero, Yun Deng, Michael Sylvester, and Richard Stilwell; Plácido Domingo. (April 6 at 8.) . . . With Samuel Cristler conducting. (April 10 at 8.) . . . THE GHOSTS OF VERSAILLES, by John Corigliano, with Teresa Stratas, Marilyn Horne, Allan Glassman, Gino Quilico, and Hector Vasquez; James Levine. (April 7 at 8.) . . . PELLÉAS ET MÉLISANDE, with Frederica von Stade, Ms. Horne, Dwayne Croft, Victor Braun, and Robert Lloyd; Mr. Levine. (April 8 at 1:30.) (Metropolitan Opera House.)

JUILLIARD OPERA CENTER—Presenting Massenet's "Werther." (Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St. 769-7406. April 5 and April 7 at 8, and April 9 at 2.)

NEW YORK CITY OPERA—LA TRAVIATA. (April 6 and April 8 at 8.) . . . THE MERRY WIDOW. (April 7 at 8 and April 8 at 1:30.) . . . LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR. (April 9 at 1:30.) (New York State Theatre. 870-5570.)

ENSEMBLE FOR EARLY MUSIC—Presenting "The Raising of Lazarus / The Conversion of St. Paul," a composite staging derived from two twelfth-century liturgical dramas. (The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park. April 8-9 at 3. For information about tickets, call 749-6600.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—Kurt Masur conducts Beethoven's Piano Concerto No. 2 (with Mitsuko Uchida) and Shostakovich's Symphony No. 5. (Avery Fisher Hall. April 5-8 at 8 and April 11 at 7:30.)

CHOIR AND ORCHESTRA OF ST. IGNATIUS LOYOLA—Kent Tritle directs the ne plus ultra of Lenten masterpieces, Bach's "St. Matthew Passion." (Church of St. Ignatius Loyola, Park Ave. at 84th St. 288-2520. April 5 at 8.)

VIRGIN CONSORT—During the century that followed the Counter-Reformation, composers of Roman Catholic liturgical music expanded their creations into ever-grander conceptions. The Vatican boasted enormous musical resources, and composers fortunate enough to write for papal religious celebrations often revelled in the scope the opportunity offered. Kyler Brown directs the chorus, period-instrument orchestra, and soloists in three such works written for performances during seventeenth-century Lenten services at the Vatican: Giacomo Carissimi's oratorio "Jephte," Domenico Scarlatti's ten-voice Stabat Mater, and Gregorio Allegri's nine-voice Miserere. The Allegri work was so cherished and so closely guarded by the popes that for more than a century they promised to excommunicate anyone who dared to publish it. (One of the first to flout the ban was Mozart, who wrote it out from memory in 1770—after hearing it sung twice. Apparently, the strictures had eased sufficiently for the fourteen-year-old composer's infraction to go unpunished; he remained a Catholic, though not a particularly devout one.) (Church of St. Mary the Virgin, 145 W. 46th St. 921-2939. April 6 and April 11 at 8.)

BBC PHILHARMONIC—The Manchester-based orchestra's first American tour showcases the work of Peter Maxwell Davies, a distinguished native son of that city. Since 1970, Maxwell Davies has lived on the isolated Orkney Island of Hoy—"because," he has explained, "I work better in silence"—producing an outpouring of works in many genres, reflecting an unusual breadth of inspiration. The three concerts span the composer's career, from the brash nineteen-sixties outrageousness of "St. Thomas Wake" to the complex but luminous detail of his recent works. The tour's pinnacle is his latest full-scale symphony (his Fifth), which was premièred to acclaim last summer and which has just been issued on a highly recommendable Collins Classics recording. Yan Pascal Tortelier conducts the orchestra, with Mr. Maxwell Davies mounting the podium to lead his own compositions. April 7 at 8: Maxwell Davies' "Beltane Fire" and "Cross Lane Fair," as well as Haydn's Trumpet Concerto (with Håkan Hardenberger) and Mussorgsky's "Pictures at an Exhibition" (in Ravel's orchestration). (Lehman College Concert Hall, the Bronx. 1-718 960-8833.) . . . ¶ April 8 at 8: Tchaikovsky's "Romeo and Juliet" Fantasy-Overture, Haydn's Trumpet Concerto (with Mr. Hardenberger), Maxwell Davies' "St. Thomas Wake," and the Mussorgsky/Ravel "Pictures at an Exhibition." (Whitman Hall, Brooklyn Center for the Performing Arts, Brooklyn College. 1-718 951-4500.) . . . ¶ April 9 at 7:30: Maxwell Davies' Trumpet Concerto (with Mr. Hardenberger) and Symphony No. 5 (in its United States première), as well as Ravel's "Rapsodie Espagnole" and Debussy's "La Mer." (Avery Fisher Hall.)

CHOROVAYA AKADEMIA—The Russian men's choir sings a-cappella liturgical works. (Alice Tully Hall. April 9 at 7.)

RECITALS

SCHUBERTIADE—Concluding concerts of the 92nd Street Y's annual Schubert festival, which this year focusses on works by the composer that were somewhat known in his own lifetime. April 5 at 8: The Kalichstein-Laredo-Robinson Trio plays chamber works. . . . ¶ April 8 at 8: A lieder recital with baritone Hermann Prey. (Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 996-1100.)

TABEA ZIMMERMANN—In her United States-début recital, the violist performs sonatas by Schubert (his "Arpeggione") and Hindemith, Schumann's "Märchenbilder," and Ligeti's Sonata for Solo Viola. Pianist Hartmut Höll assists. (Weill Recital Hall. April 7 at 8.)

GUARNERI QUARTET—Playing string quartets by Bartók (his Fourth) and Debussy, as well as Mozart's E-Flat Major Quintet (K. 614, with violist Ida Kavafian). (Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. April 8 at 8.)

ELLY AMELING—In her New York farewell recital, the soprano performs Schumann's "Frauenliebe und Leben," Poulenc's "Fiançailles pour rire," Mussorgsky's "The Nursery," and songs by Wolf. Pianist Rudolf Jansen assists. (Alice Tully Hall. April 9 at 3.)

PINCHAS ZUKERMAN—In recital with pianist Marc Neikrug, playing violin and viola works by Mozart, Brahms, and Mr. Neikrug. (Avery Fisher Hall. April 9 at 3.)

ENDELLION STRING QUARTET—The British foursome performs quartets by Haydn (in D Major, Op. 71, No. 2), Britten (his Third), and Schumann (in A Major). (Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St. 288-0700. April 9 at 5.)

CÉCILE OUSSET—The French pianist's program includes Chopin's Sonata No. 2, Liszt's "Sonetto 104 del Petrarca," and Ravel's "Valses Nobles et Sentimentales." (Walter Reade Theatre, Lincoln Center, 165 W. 65th St., plaza level. April 10 at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 875-5050.)

ALFRED BRENDEL—Two seasons ago, the eminent Viennese pianist embarked on a traversal of Beethoven's thirty-two piano sonatas. He now returns to finish the job, beginning with a recital rich in middle-period Beethoven: the Sonatas in G Major (Op. 79), F-Sharp Minor (Op. 78), D Major (Op. 28), E Minor (Op. 90), and E-Flat Major (Op. 7). (Carnegie Hall. April 10 at 8.)

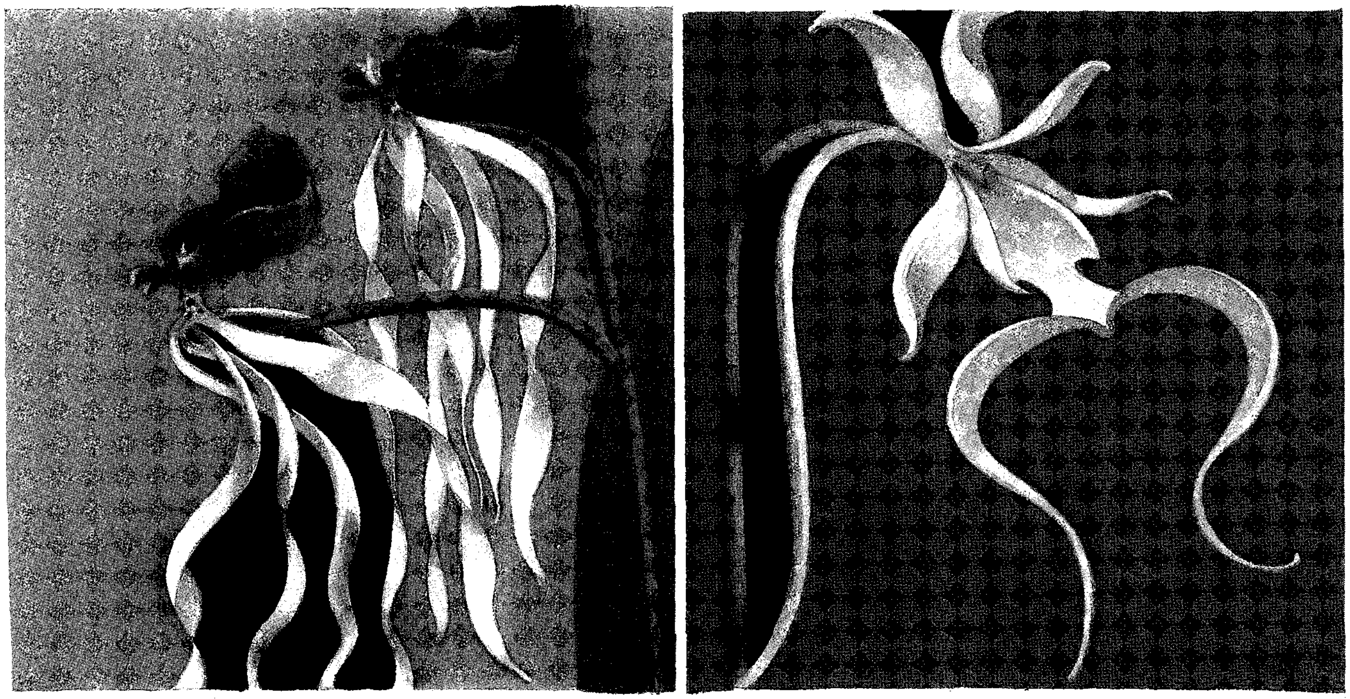
GRIFFES COMMEMORATION—Though his compositions are still widely ignored seventy-five years after his premature death, Charles Tomlinson Griffes (1884-1920) left behind one of the most intriguing and original legacies in American music. His style evolved from a Germanic late Romanticism, acquired during study in Berlin, into a Gallic

Impressionism, rich in whole-tone scales and parallel chords, and finally into a scarcely tonal abstraction. Notable chamber-music players will perform a variety of Griffes's works, placing special emphasis on such late pieces as the Piano Sonata, "Three Sketches on Indian Themes," and "The Kairn of Koridwen: A Druid Legend" (a dance drama employing an imaginative instrumentation for eight musicians). (St. Paul's Chapel, Columbia University; enter at Broadway and 116th St. 854-1540. April 11 at 8.)

Pamela Frank—The violinist plays sonatas by Brahms (his First), Janáček, and Beethoven (his Seventh), as well as Takemitsu's "Hika"; with pianist Stephen Prutsman. (Carnegie Hall. April 11 at 8.)

ALSO OF INTEREST

BARGEMUSIC: Mozart, Schubert, Beethoven, and Fauré. (Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn. 1-718 624-4061. April 6 at 7:30 and April 9 at 4.) . . . **BACHANALIA FESTIVAL ORCHESTRA:** Including works composed in the Terezin concentration camp. (Alice Tully Hall. April 6 at 8.) . . . **RUTH LAREDO AND NATHANIEL ROSEN:** Pianist and cellist, in a lecture-concert. (Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. April 7 at 7.) . . . **NEW YORK POPS:** Skitch Henderson conducting, with pianist Roger Williams. (Carnegie Hall. April 7 at 8.) . . . **BROOKLYN PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA:** Weill ("The Seven Deadly Sins," with Marianne Faithfull), Hindemith, and Mahler. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100. April 7-8 at 8. On April 9 at 2, lecture-performances will explore Hindemith and cabaret.) . . . **CONTINUUM:** Works by Toshiro Mayuzumi and Toru Takemitsu. (Alice Tully Hall. April 8 at 7:30.) . . . **TSUYOSHI TSUTSUMI:** Cellist, playing Bach, Schnittke, and Martinů. (Miller Theatre, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. 854-7799. April 9 at 3.) . . . **JUPITER SYMPHONY:** Jens Nygaard conducts Handel, Haydn, and Mozart. (Good Shepherd Presbyterian Church, 152 W. 66th St. 799-1259. April 10 at 2 and 7 and April 11 at 8.) . . . **CLARION CONCERTS:** String quartets by Dittersdorf, Mendelssohn, and Niels Gade, played on period instruments. (Kaye Playhouse, Hunter College, Park Ave. at 68th St. 772-4448. April 10 at 3.) . . . **MERIDIAN STRING QUARTET:** Schumann, Chausson, and others. (Weill Recital Hall. April 10 at 8.)



The clamshell and the ghost, two of the stars of the New York Orchid Show.

LORENZO MATTOTTI

ABOVE AND BEYOND

New York Orchid Show—This week the Winter Garden of the World Financial Center turns into a nursery for the largest family of flowering plants on earth. The gathering brings in New Guinea mountain orchids, Mexican bucket orchids, Brazilian *laelias* (ancestors of Sophie Tucker-style corsage orchids), British hothouse cultivars from the Oscar Wilde era, and hardy, homegrown specimens, like the *dracula vampira*, from the five boroughs. Set your camera for extreme closeup. (Battery Park City. April 6-8, from 10 to 7, and April 9 from 10 to 5. No tickets necessary.)

"In the Company of Animals"—A three-day conference at the New School presents scientific and moral viewpoints on animal-human relations and their effect on public-policy debates about animal rights, biomedical research, economic development, and species conservation. On April 6 at 6, evolutionary biologist Stephen Jay Gould gives the keynote speech. (66 W. 12th St. 229-5755. The conference takes place on April 6, from 9 to 7:30, and April 7-8, from 9 to 4:30.) . . . ¶ On April 7 at 8, poets Rachel Hadas, Vicki Hearne, Anthony Hecht, John Hollander, and Richard Howard will participate in "Adam's Task: A Reading of Animal Poems," a program of their own and others' work. (65 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. For information, call the Academy of American Poets, at 274-0343.)

Can You Top This?—Forget about hat hair when members of Broadway casts compete in the Easter Bonnet Competition, at the Palace Theatre. Last year, Blue Man Group won: their remote-controlled blue bonnet rolled onstage, alone in its own spotlight, and exploded. A disco ball rose from the ashes. (Broadway at 47th St. 730-8200. April 10-11 at 4.)

Spin Doctors—The American Swing Dance Championship lopes into local ballrooms with beginner lessons, brushup workshops, general throwdowns into the wee hours—and serious nightly competitions for the twenty-thousand-dollar purse. Learn the basic steps before brunch, then watch the pros turn their practiced combinations in a swirl of sequins. (April 6, from 7 to 1 A.M.; April 7-8, from 9 A.M. to 3 A.M.; and April 9, from 9 A.M. to 9 P.M. For registration and schedule information, call 1-800 647-9464.)

Readings—April 6 at 8: Novelists Binnie Kirshenbaum ("On Mermaid Avenue") and Edith Konecky ("Allegra Maud Goldman") and poet Gail Schilke ("From the Margin") read from their work. (Dixon Place, 258 Bowery, near Houston St. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.) . . . ¶ April 10 at 7: Michael Cunningham reads from his new novel, "Flesh and Blood." (Three Lives & Company, 154 W. 10th St., at Waverly Pl. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ April 10 at 7:30: Charles Simic introduces poets Joseph Brodsky and Mark Strand, who will read from their work. (Dia Center for the Arts, 155 Mercer St. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.) . . . ¶ April 11 at 1: Larry Feldman reads from his collection of short stories, "I Want You to Meet Some Friends of Mine," and Jeannine Hamburg reads from her treatise on learning to play an instrument, "Where Is That Music Coming From?" (Small Press Center, 20 W. 44th St. No tickets necessary.)

Talks—April 5 at 6: Damian Woetzel, a principal dancer with the New York City Ballet, discusses his roles as performer, teacher, and choreographer. (Kaplan Penthouse, Lincoln Center. 721-6500.) . . . ¶ April 6 at 8:30 A.M.: Random House will host a breakfast chat about Colette, with panelists Joan Juliet Buck, Françoise Gilot, Malcolm McLaren, and Judith Thurman, among others. (mad.61, 10 E. 61st St. 691-8543.) . . . ¶ April 8 at 4: *New Yorker* editors Deborah Garrison and Alice Quinn read and discuss the poetry of Dorothy Parker and Stevie Smith. (Poets House, 72 Spring St. 431-7920.) . . . ¶ April 10 at 7: For an ongoing series on Sicily as the crossroads of Europe, Carmen Biucchi-Arnold, curator of the Greek-coin collection of the American Numismatic Society, traces the island's history from the Greek-settlement era through the early Roman conquest, using evidence left on its ornately engraved and highly valued coins. (Mercantile Library, 17 E. 47th St. For more information, call 996-0704.)

Walks—April 7, from 8:30 to 4:30: Illustrator Anne Walsh leads a daylong field trip, beginning at the Brooklyn Botanic Garden and travelling by van to the Cloisters, for a garden-and-gallery tour focussing on the flora of the unicorn tapestries. The afternoon is devoted to botanical drawing. For more information, call 1-718 622-4433 ext. 223. . . . ¶ April 8 at 7: Van Cortlandt Park Rangers lead a search through the park's Northeast Forest for spring peepers, the inch-long frogs with the mile-wide calls. For more information, call 1-718 383-6363.

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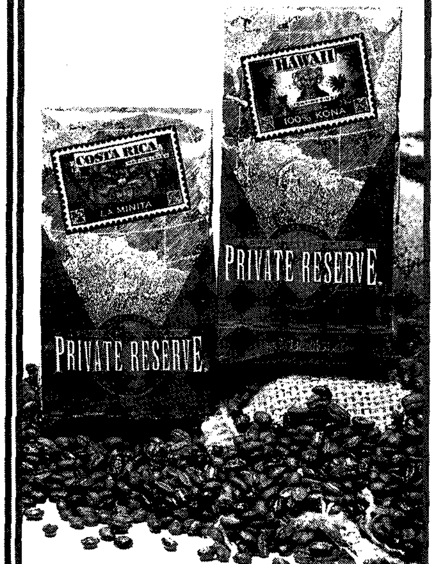

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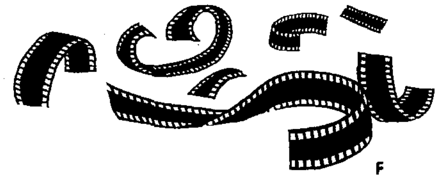


THE MOVIES

FILMS OPENING THIS WEEK

Amateur—An amnesiac with a criminal record (Martin Donovan), his insolvent porno-queen wife (Elina Lowensohn), and a former nun who writes erotica (Isabelle Huppert) are the principal characters in a tale written and directed by Hal Hartley. Opening April 7. (Angelika Film Center and Lincoln Square.)

Bad Boys—An action comedy in which Martin Lawrence and Will Smith play two Miami detectives who switch identities in order to track down a cache of missing police-confiscated heroin. Directed by Michael Bay. Written by Michael Barrie, Jim Mulholland, and Doug Richardson, from a story by George Gallo. Opening April 7. (Village Theatre VII, 19th Street East 6, Gemini, Orpheum VII, 84th Street Sixplex, and National Twin.)

Bar Girls—A seriocomic look at a love affair between two women (Nancy Allison Wolfe and Liza D'Agostino) who frequent the same neighborhood bar. Directed by Marita Giovanni. Adapted by Lauran Hoffman from her 1993 drama. Opening April 7. (Quad Cinema and Carnegie Hall Cinema.)

Bulletproof Heart—Anthony LaPaglia stars as a hit man who, between dusk and sunrise, falls in love with the woman he has been assigned to kill (Mimi Rogers). With Matt Craven and Peter Boyle. Directed by Mark Malone. Opening April 7. (Cinema Village.)

Don Juan DeMarco—Johnny Depp, Marlon Brando, and Faye Dunaway, in a romantic comedy written and directed by Jeremy Leven. (Reviewed this week in The Current Cinema.) Opening April 7. (Village Theatre VII, 19th Street East 6, Murray Hill Cinemas, Cinema I, Orpheum VII, and Lincoln Square.)

A Goofy Movie—Disney's long-eared dog gets his own animated feature. Directed by Kevin Lima. Opening April 7. (Village East Cinemas, Sutton, 86th Street East Twin, 23rd St. West Triplex, Guild, and 84th Street Sixplex.)

The Last Good Time—A retired violinist (Armin Mueller-Stahl) provides shelter for a young woman who has been thrown out of her boyfriend's apartment (Olivia d'Abo). With Maureen Stapleton and Lionel Stander (in his last screen role). The director, Bob Balaban ("Parents"), co-wrote the screenplay with John McLaughlin, from Richard Bausch's 1984 novel. Opening April 7. (68th St. Playhouse.)

Metal and Melancholy—A documentary about taxi drivers in Lima, by the Dutch director Heddy Honigmann, who was raised in Peru. In Spanish. April 5-11. (Film Forum.)

Rob Roy—Liam Neeson stars as the eighteenth-century Highland warrior Robert Roy MacGregor, in an adventure movie directed by Michael Caton-Jones. Also starring Jessica Lange as his wife, and John Hurt, Tim Roth, and Eric Stolz as a nobleman, a swordsman, and a clansman, respectively. Written by Alan Sharp. Opening April 7. (Village Theatre VII, Beekman, Orpheum VII, Chelsea Cinemas, Ziegfeld, and Lincoln Square.)

CURRENT FILMS

(The signed notes are by Whitney Balliett, Bruce Diones, Anthony Lane, and Terrence Rafferty. If a movie has been reviewed in The Current Cinema, the date of its review is given. Theatre addresses and phone numbers are listed on page 29.)

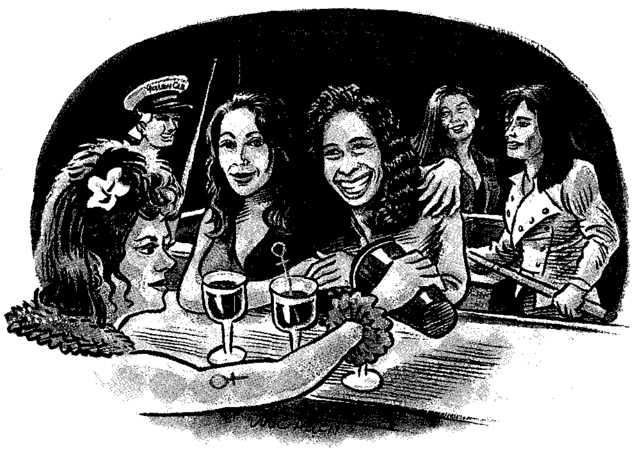
Blue Sky—The last movie directed by Tony Richardson—he died shortly after completing it, in 1991—is a fitting end to his long, erratically brilliant career. The picture is set in the early sixties. Tommy Lee Jones plays a quiet Army scientist assigned to a nuclear-testing project; Jessica Lange plays his volatile wife, to whom he is utterly, incomprehensibly devoted. Both actors are extraordinary; Lange's performance might be her best. The action feels contrived and a little fuzzy in the last half hour, but the movie is so strong that its flaws don't seem to matter. Richardson frames his stars' work with a mysterious tenderness, as if to reward them for vindicating his lifelong faith in the actor's art. His direction is a touching embodiment of the movie's theme: the rigors and the joys of constancy. Also with Amy Locane, Powers Boothe, Carrie Snodgress, Chris O'Donnell, and Anna Klemp. Screenplay by Rama Laurie Stagner, Arlene Sarner, and Jerry Leichtling.—T.R. (10/3/94) (Village Theatre VII and Tower East.)

Born to Be Wild—The story of a fourteen-year-old boy (Wil Horneff) who befriends a three-year-old captive gorilla. With Helen Shaver and Peter Boyle. Directed by John Gray. (Village East Cinemas, Gemini, Orpheum VII, 23rd St. West Triplex, Lincoln Square, and Criterion Center.)

Bye Bye, Love—Matthew Modine, Paul Reiser, and Randy Quaid, in a comedy about three single fathers who have weekend custody of their children. Directed by Sam Weisman. (Murray Hill Cinemas, Gotham Cinema, Orpheum VII, 23rd St. West Triplex, 62nd & Broadway, and Criterion Center.)

Circle of Friends—Although there isn't anything startlingly original in this tale of three Catholic girls falling in love in late-fifties Ireland, it gets a sweet telling in Pat O'Connor's pretty film. The first half, in particular, is amiable and well acted, especially by Minnie Driver, as the big, soft girl who lands the cute boy (Chris O'Donnell), and by Alan Cumming, who gives a funny, slithering performance as the opportunist who competes for her affections. The second half piles on the drama and gets mired in low-key intrigues. Still, there's a nice lilt to the proceedings. Adapted by Andrew Davies from Maeve Binchy's 1990 novel.—B.D. (19th Street East 6, Coronet, Waverly, and 84th Street Sixplex.)

Dolores Claiborne—The title character of Taylor Hackford's film is a middle-aged Maine housekeeper (Kathy Bates) who is suspected of having killed her boss and—years ago—her husband. The screenplay, by Tony Gilroy, reinforces the structure of Stephen King's



Opening April 7, Nancy Allison Wolfe and Liza D'Agostino in "Bar Girls."

DOUG ALLEN

rambling novel to make it a sturdier vehicle for conventional dramatic tension. The story moves forward smoothly, but the pace is too even and the course is predictable. And Jennifer Jason Leigh, as the heroine's sullen, petulant daughter, plays her scenes with a morose intensity that seems to suck the energy out of the picture. Bates is superb, and the dark-toned cinematography (by Gabriel Beristain) is evocative, but by the end you feel about the movie the way Dolores feels about her life: that it looked good for a while and then somehow went terribly wrong. Also with Christopher Plummer, Judy Parfitt, David Strathairn, and Ellen Muth.—T.R. (4/3/95) (Village Theatre VII, 34th St. East, Baronet, Orpheum VII, Chelsea Cinemas, Lincoln Square, and Criterion Center.)

Farinelli—This saga of a famous eighteenth-century castrato and his dependent brother, a minor composer, is meant to have a tawdry kick, but the story wanders into a dark corner only intermittently—mostly when it's time for sex. Farinelli has the skill to get a woman going, but he needs his brother to finish the job. There's no tension to these scenes: the women seem fine with Farinelli alone, and besides, everyone appears to enjoy the ménages à trois. The bulk of the film is really concerned with the fact that this genius has to sing his brother's crummy operas. Since the two of them dress so flamboyantly, live like aristocrats, and behave like spoiled children, it's hard to take their problems seriously. The director, Gérard Corbiau, delivers a sumptuously photographed film, and Stefano Dionisi's androgynous looks are just right for the title character, but his singing voice (borrowed and electronically enhanced) sounds too disembodied, and his lip-synching doesn't help. In French.—B.D. (Village East Cinemas and Lincoln Square.)

Forrest Gump—As all the world now knows, Tom Hanks plays Forrest Gump, a simple Alabama soul who serves his country without hurting a fly; he saves his comrades in Vietnam, woos the dippy Jenny (Robin Wright), and runs back and forth across the continent. Hanks does his best to convince us that Gump is, in fact, a character and not merely a bulging sack of virtues, but the movie takes the fight out of him. With Sally Field and Gary Sinise. Directed by Robert Zemeckis.—A.L. (7/25/94) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, East 85th Street, Chelsea Cinemas, and Lincoln Square. . . . ¶ Gemini and Guild; through April 6. . . . ¶ Embassy; starting April 7.)

Funny Bones—Peter Chelsom's second film is a comedy about comedy, which picks up where his first, "Hear My Song" (1991), left off. This is not good news. The earlier picture pushed the gentle, lyrical style of Bill Forsyth right to the edge of bearable whimsy; in the new movie Chelsom sails over the brink, like Thelma and Louise, and his free fall seems to take an eternity. This film features rueful mimes, slick Las Vegas comedians, decrepit English music-hall performers, a French chanteuse of a certain age, and cute foreign-accented smugglers who traffic in a powder that confers eternal youth; most of the action takes place in Blackpool, a garishly seedy English resort town. The characters and the setting may suggest a Fellini version of "The Entertainer," but the movie is worse than that. Its air of carnival poignance is excruciating; if anyone ever decides to remake "King of Hearts," Chelsom is clearly the man for the job. With Oliver Platt, Jerry Lewis, Lee Evans, and Leslie Caron.—T.R. (Village East Cinemas, 19th Street East 6, Cinema II, and Lincoln Square.)

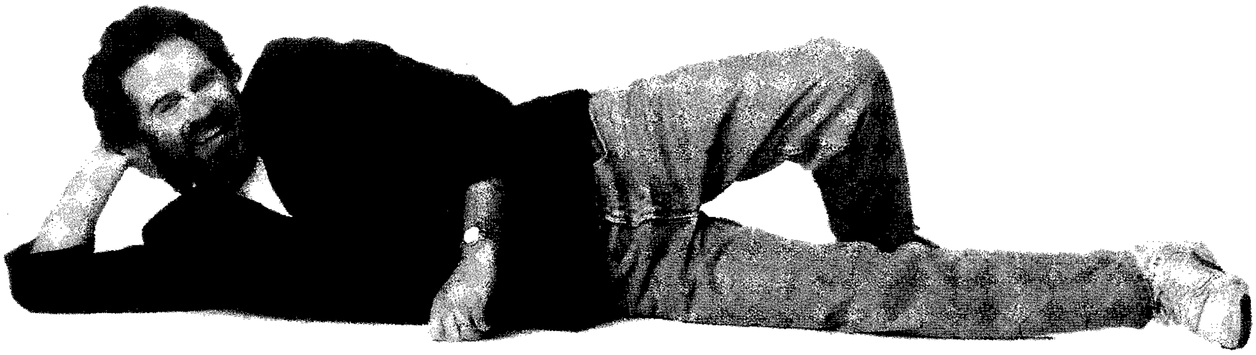
Gorilla Bathes at Noon—Writer-director Dusan Makavejev's 1993 comedy about a Russian army officer (Svetozar Cvetokiv) in post-Cold War Berlin. In German and Russian. (Little Theatre; through April 11.)

A Great Day in Harlem—A funny, moving, altogether miraculous documentary about how fifty-eight famous, near-famous, and not yet famous jazz musicians came to be photographed by Art Kane for *Esquire* in front of a brownstone on East 126th Street one morning in August of 1958. The movie, just under an hour long, is a mercurial mix of brief interviews with Kane (who died in February) and with musicians and bystanders who were at the shoot (only a dozen or so survive); alternate exposures (Kane took a hundred and twenty); various stills; an 8-mm. movie taken by Milt Hinton's wife, Mona; and sequences from the brilliant "Sound of Jazz" television special, which had aired just six months earlier and included many of the same musicians. On the same bill is Gjon Mili's classic—and pardonably arty—1944 jazz short, "Jammin' the Blues."—W.B. (Reviewed in the Jazz column, 1/23/95.) (Quad Cinema.)

I Am Cuba—Mikhail Kalatozov's 1964 propaganda epic, just now getting its American theatrical première, is an amazing artifact: the director and his cinematographer, Sergei Urusevsky, bombard the audience with one deliriously inventive shot after another. Yevgeny Yevtushenko and Enrique Pineda Barnet's screenplay, which consists of four folktales from the bad old days of the Batista regime linked by picturesque montages and ripe prose poetry read in voice-over, is essentially a paean to Fidel Castro. Despite the solemnity, the movie feels as silly as a Vegas illusionist's act; you gape and giggle as Kalatozov makes history disappear. In Spanish, Russian, and English.—T.R. (3/20/95) (Film Forum 3.)

Jefferson in Paris—Nick Nolte stars as the widowed statesman during his ambassadorship to France in the seventeen-eighties. With Greta Scacchi and Thandie Newton. Directed by James Ivory, produced by Ismail Merchant, and written by Ruth Prawer Jhabvala. (Paris.)

Raging at bull.



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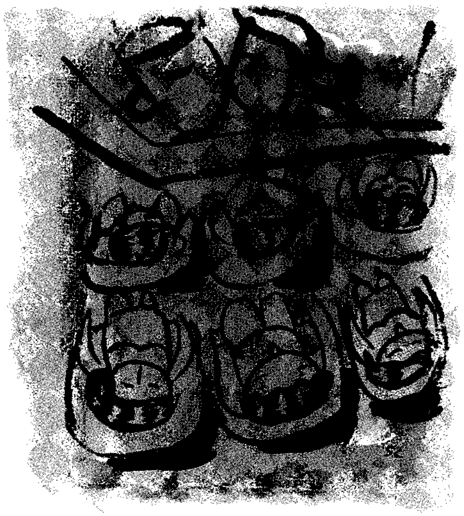
Losing Isaiah—Stanley Kramer-style drool about a black crack addict (Halle Berry) who leaves her baby in a cardboard box, and a white social worker (Jessica Lange) who adopts him. Several years later, the biological mother, now reformed, wants her child back, and it's off to the courtroom for a deadly can-a-white-family-raise-a-black-child disputation. The performances, at least, rise above the paint-by-numbers screenplay; David Strathairn is especially good as Lange's husband. Earnestly directed by Stephen Gyllenhaal, from Naomi Foner's script.—B.D. (Village Theatre VII, 34th Street Showplace, Manhattan Twin, East 85th Street, Chelsea Cinemas, Lincoln Square, and Embassy 1.)

Major Payne—Damon Wayans plays an officer in charge of a group of rowdy military-school cadets, in a comedy directed by Nick Castle. (First & 62nd Cinemas, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, Art Greenwich Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, Regency, and National Twin.)

Martha and I—Jiří Weiss, an octogenarian Czech filmmaker who has lived in the United States since 1969, tells a story that's based on his own memories of the dark years leading up to the Second World War, and his leisurely, sensual, tragicomic style evokes Czech cinema in the brief period of freedom that preceded the Soviet crackdown in 1968. The movie focusses on the unusual, doomed marriage of an educated Czech Jew (Michel Piccoli) and his German housekeeper (Marianne Sägebrecht). Weiss's manner is graceful and resolutely unsentimental. And Piccoli gives an extraordinarily touching performance. He's the soul of the movie: the gleam of lechery in his eyes seems to express everything the director has stubbornly continued to believe in—the remembered sweetness of life before catastrophe. Also with Václav Chalupa and Ondřej Vetchý. In German.—T.R. (4/3/95) (Quad Cinema.)



Muriel's Wedding—Toni Collette plays Muriel, the shyest member of a bored and bulbous family living in Porpoise Spit, Australia. Her only resource is old Abba tapes, her only dream to marry; the identity of the bridegroom is immaterial. P. J. Hogan's directorial début is being sold as a feel-good picture in the same groove as "Strictly Ballroom," but there's a major difference: Hogan's movie doesn't feel good for long. The loud and lurid comedy, verging on caricature, soon grows bleak with bad news—divorce, cancer, suicide—none of which deepens the film; they just turn it into a downer. But the fine, edgy performances by Collette and Rachel Griffiths, as her best friend, keep things afloat.—A.L. (Village East Cinemas, 19th Street East 6, Murray Hill Cinemas, Beekman, and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

Outbreak—Wolfgang Petersen's biohazard thriller is a textbook example of Hollywood's ability to make something new look very old and very familiar. The screenplay invents a rain-forest virus called Motaba, which migrates from Zaire and runs amok in a Northern California town. But the filmmakers keep it contained—locked into an action-movie structure that reduces an unsettling subject to a predictable this-time-it's-personal conflict between a good-guy scientist (Dustin Hoffman) and a bad-guy general (Donald Sutherland). Also with Rene Russo, Morgan Freeman, Kevin Spacey, and Cuba Goodings, Jr.—T.R. (3/20/95) (Village Theatre VII, 19th Street East 6, 34th Street Showplace, New York Twin, Orpheum VII, Lincoln Square, Metro Cinema, and Criterion Center.)

Priest—Young Father Greg (Linus Roache) arrives in Liverpool ready to spread the word, but there are serious obstacles to his zeal: a laid-back, liberal colleague (Tom Wilkinson); a Catholic population that doesn't want to hear about original sin; and his own furtive homosexuality. Just when it seems that his troubles can't get worse, a young girl who is being abused by her father comes to him, and, forbidden to break the confidence of the confessional, he feels powerless to help her. The movie, written by Jimmy McGovern and directed by Antonia Bird, is almost comically determined to pile on the big issues and ethical wranglings that face the modern clergy; angry and unfair, it wants to expose the hypocrisy of the Church without bothering to show how the institution really works. But it's warmed into life by the smart little jokes that McGovern keeps sneaking in, and by strong playing from the leads: Wilkinson makes a shaggy, charitable Hardy to Roache's high-minded Laurel. Bird's direction, like the musical score, tends toward hysteria, but the emotional punch of the ending is enough to lay

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you flat.—A.L. (3/27/95) (Angelika Film Center, Cinema I, Chelsea Cinemas, and Lincoln Square.)

The Sum of Us—It's supposed to be the story of a father who's proud and accepting of his gay son, but it plays more strangely than that. This dad goes to gay bars with his son, makes sure the young man's dates know the safe-sex rules, and even buys him porn magazines. Jack Thompson plays the father all too broadly, with winks and nudges toward the audience, and comes uncomfortably close to a parody of a dirty old man. Russell Crowe, however, delivers a strong and sexy performance as the son; he takes the old man's clowning deferentially and almost saves the picture. An Australian film, directed by Kevin Dowling and Geoff Burton and adapted by David Stevens from his play.—B.D. (Carnegie Hall Cinema.)

Tall Tale: The Unbelievable Adventures of Pecos Bill—A comic Western set at the turn of the century, in which a young boy (Nick Stahl) rescues the family farm with the help of some legendary friends—Pecos Bill, Paul Bunyan, and John Henry (Patrick Swayze, Oliver Platt, and Roger Aaron Brown, respectively). Directed by Jeremiah Chechik. Written by Steven L. Bloom and Robert Rodat. (Village East Cinemas, Sutton, 86th Street East, Chelsea Cinemas, and Olympia. . . . ¶ Embassy; through April 6.)

Tank Girl—Lori Petty is the eponymous mohawk-topped heroine, in an action film set in a postapocalyptic twenty-first century. With Malcolm McDowell, Naomi Watts, and Ice-T. Directed by Rachel Talalay. Written by Tedi Sarafian, from the British comic-book series by Jamie Hewlett and Alan Martin. (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 19th Street East 6, First & 62nd Cinemas, Orpheum VII, 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center.)

Tommy Boy—The slow but earnest heir to a small-town Ohio auto-parts business (Chris Farley) wrestles with his new stepmother (Bo Derek) and her son (Rob Lowe) for control of the family business, in a comedy directed by Peter Segal and written by Bonnie Turner, Terry Turner, and Fred Wolf. Also with David Spade, Julie Warner, and Brian Dennehy. (19th Street East 6, 34th Street Showplace, New York Twin, Orpheum VII, Art Greenwich Twin, 84th Street Sixplex, and Astor Plaza.)

ALSO PLAYING

BEFORE THE RAIN (reviewed in our issue of 3/13/95): Village Theatre VII and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas. . . . **BILLY MADISON**: Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **THE BRADY BUNCH MOVIE**: Manhattan Twin and Embassy. . . . **BULLETS OVER BROADWAY** (10/24/94): Murray Hill Cinemas, First & 62nd Cinemas, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 86th Street East Twin, Waverly, and Metro Cinema. . . . **CANDYMAN: FAREWELL TO THE FLESH**: Movieland 8th Street Triplex and Olympia. . . . **DISCLOSURE** (12/19/94): Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **DUMB AND DUMBER**: Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **EXOTICA**: Angelika Film Center, Murray Hill Cinemas, 68th Street Playhouse, and 84th Street Sixplex. . . . **HEAVENLY CREATURES** (11/21/94): Village East Cinemas. . . . **HIDEAWAY**: Criterion Center. . . . **HOOP DREAMS** (10/17/94): Plaza and 23rd St. West Triplex. . . . **INTERVIEW WITH THE VAMPIRE** (11/21/94): Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **JUST CAUSE**: Village East Cinemas, Lincoln Square, and Criterion Center. . . . **THE LAST SEDUCTION** (10/24/94): Village Theatre VII, Sutton, and 84th Street Sixplex. . . . **LEGENDS OF THE FALL** (1/9/95): 59th Street East Cinema. . . . **LITTLE WOMEN** (1/9/95): Cinema 3. . . . **THE MADNESS OF KING GEORGE** (1/16/94): Angelika Film Center, First & 62nd Cinemas, and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas. . . . **MAN OF THE HOUSE**: Embassy. . . . **MINA TANNENBAUM**: Lincoln Plaza Cinemas. . . . **MRS. PARKER AND THE VICIOUS CIRCLE** (12/12/94): Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **ONCE WERE WARRIORS**: Angelika Film Center and Lincoln Square. . . . **PULP FICTION** (10/10/94): Village East Cinemas, Murray Hill Cinemas, First & 62nd Cinemas, 86th Street East Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, 57th Street Playhouse, 84th Street Sixplex, and Embassy. . . . **QUEEN MARGOT**: Village East Cinemas. . . . **THE QUICK AND THE DEAD** (3/13/95): National Twin. . . . **RED** (11/28/94): Quad Cinema and Carnegie Hall Cinemas. . . . **ROOMMATES**: Sutton. . . . **SANKOFA**: Thalia; through April 6. . . . **THE SECRET OF ROAN INISH**: Angelika Film Center, Eastside Cinema, and Lincoln Square. . . . **SHALLOW GRAVE** (2/13/95): Village Theatre VII. . . . **THE SHAWSHANK REDEMPTION** (9/26/94): (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, First & 62nd Cinemas, Orpheum VII, Chelsea Cinemas, Ziegfeld, and Olympia. . . . **STAR TREK GENERATIONS**: Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **STRAWBERRY AND CHOCOLATE**: Angelika Film Center and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas. . . . **TOM AND VIV** (12/12/94): Cinema 3rd Avenue. . . . **THE WALKING DEAD**: Criterion Center.

THEATRE ADDRESSES

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EAST SIDE

Angelika Film Center, 18 W. Houston St. (995-2000).
Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171).
Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th (477-6600).
Village Theatre VII, 3rd Ave. at 11th (982-0400).
Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th (924-3363).
Village East Cinemas, 2nd Ave. at 12th (529-6799).
19th Street East 6, B'way at 19th (260-8000).
Murray Hill Cinemas, 160 E. 34th (689-6548).
34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th (532-5544).
34th St. East, 241 E. 34th (683-0255).
Eastside Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 55th (755-3020).
Sutton I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 57th (759-1411).
Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th (759-2262).
Plaza, 42 E. 58th (355-3320).
Manhattan Twin, 3rd Ave. at 59th (935-6420).
59th Street East Cinema, 239 E. 59th (759-4630).
Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th (355-1663).
Cinema I, Cinema II, and Cinema 3rd Avenue, 3rd Ave. at 60th (753-6022).
First & 62nd Cinemas, 400 E. 62nd (513-5408).
Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th (832-1670).
Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th (737-2622).
New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th (744-7339).
68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th (734-0302).
Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st (879-1313).
East 85th Street, 1st Ave. at 85th (249-5100).
Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 125 E. 86th (534-1880).
Orpheum VII, 3rd Ave. at 86th (876-2400).
86th Street East Twin, 3rd Ave. at 86th (249-1144).

WEST SIDE

Film Forum, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110).
Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd (929-8037).
Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th (929-3350).
Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th (255-8800).
Chelsea Cinemas, 260 W. 23rd (513-5402).
23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd (989-0060).
Guild, 33 W. 50th (757-2406).
Worldwide Cinemas, 50th St., between 8th and 9th Aves. (246-1583).
Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th (765-7600).
57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th (581-7360).
Carnegie Hall Cinemas, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th (265-2520).
Angelika 57, 225 W. 57th (586-1900).
Paris, 4 W. 58th (980-5656).
Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th (752-5959).
62nd & Broadway, 62 W. 62nd (265-7466).
Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, B'way at 63rd (757-2280).
Regency, B'way at 67th (724-3700).
Lincoln Square, B'way at 68th (336-5000).
84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th (877-3600).
Thalia, B'way at 95th (316-4962).
Metro Cinema I and 2, B'way at 99th (222-1200).
Olympia I and II, B'way at 107th (865-8128).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th (354-0900).
Embassy I, B'way at 46th (302-0494).
Embassy 2, 3, and 4, 7th Ave. at 47th (730-7262).
Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way (869-8340).
National Twin, B'way at 44th (869-0950).

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REVIVALS

(The following notes are by Pauline Kael and Terrence Rafferty. Theatre addresses and phone numbers appear with the listings following these notes.)

The Browning Version (1951)—The cuckolded schoolmaster of Terence Rattigan's play requires a virtuoso actor, and in this British film version, directed by Anthony Asquith, it got one. If the sustained anguish of the role does not allow Michael Redgrave a great deal of room to move around in, it does give him a chance to show what he can do in tight quarters, and that, it turns out, is considerable. He is superb. With Jean Kent as his wife, Nigel Patrick as her love.—P.K. (Museum of Modern Art; April 7.)

At Film Forum 2, Roger Livesey and Wendy Hiller in "I Know Where I'm Going."

KOBAL COLLECTION

Doctor Zhivago (1965)—The pure-souled poet-doctor Zhivago (Omar Sharif, with wet, dark eyes) is at the center of the scenarist Robert Bolt's poetic enigma, and the director David Lean surrounds him with enormous historical reconstructions of the Russian Revolution. Neither the contemplative Zhivago nor the flux of events is intelligible, and, what is worse, they seem unrelated to each other. (It's hard to know what kind of hero or even what kind of group of people *could* hold these events together.) After the first half hour you don't expect the picture to breathe and live; you just sit there. It isn't shoddy (except for the balalaika music, which is so repetitive you could kill the composer); it's stately, respectable, and dead. With Julie Christie, who does have some life as Lara, and Rod Steiger, who brings something powerful, many-sided, and sexual to the role of Komarovsky, and Geraldine Chaplin, Alec Guinness, Tom Courtenay, Siobhan McKenna, Jack MacGowran, Rita Tushingham, Ralph Richardson, Adrienne Corri, Geoffrey Keen, Noel Willman, and Klaus Kinski. From the novel by Boris Pasternak. (193 minutes.)—P.K. (Lincoln Square; starting April 7.)

I Know Where I'm Going (1945)—This romance is set in large part during a gale in the Western Isles of Scotland. It features dense fog, a squall, and a huge, roaring whirlpool. It also features Art Deco images of the young Wendy Hiller as an assured, impudent working girl who is scheduled to marry a rotten-rich, middle-aged tycoon, until she's caught in that storm. She meets a kind-faced naval officer (Roger Livesey); he's the impoverished Laird of Kiloran, and after a few days and nights of his gentle Gaelic voice she's thoroughly confused. Written, produced, and directed by Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger, this is a charmer of a movie. In a party sequence, everything else stops while we listen to the rapid group singing of the Highlanders: it's a soul-satisfying interlude. The cinematography is by Erwin Hillier; the art direction is by Alfred Junge. With Pamela Brown, Finlay Currie, Nancy Price, Jean Cadell, Catherine Lacey, Valentine Dyall, George Carney, Margot Fitzsimmons, John Laurie, and Petula Clark.—P.K. (Film Forum 2; through April 6.)

Pather Panchali (1954)—This first film by the masterly Satyajit Ray—possibly the most unembarrassed and natural of directors—is a quiet reverie about the life of an impoverished Brahman family in a Bengali village. Beautiful, sometimes funny, and full of love, it brought a new vision of India to the screen. Though the central characters are the boy Apu and his mother and father and sister, the character who makes the strongest impression on you may be the ancient, parasitic, storytelling relative, played by the eighty-year-old Chunibala, a performer who apparently enjoyed coming back into the limelight after thirty years of obscurity—her wages paid for the narcotics she used daily. Ray continued the story of Apu in "Aparajito" and "Apur Sansar (The World of Apu)," and the three films, all based on a novel by B. B. Bandapaddhay, became known as The Apu Trilogy. Music by Ravi Shankar. In Bengali.—P.K. (Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; starting April 7.)

Personal Best (1982)—Set in the world of women athletes, this film, written, produced, and directed by Robert Towne, tells most of its growing-up story nonverbally and character is revealed in movement. When Towne shows the two heroines—Mariel Hemingway and Patrice Donnelly—arm-wrestling, he concentrates on their throbbing veins and their sinews and how the muscles play off one another. He breaks down athletic events into specific details; you watch the athletes' calves or some other part of them, and you get an exact sense of how their bodies work—it's sensual and sexual, and it's informative, too. This should be one of the best dating movies of all time, because it pares away all traces of self-consciousness. With Scott Glenn and Kenny Moore.—P.K. (A Different Light Bookstore; April 8.)

The Wild Bunch (1969)—Sam Peckinpah's Western epic—perhaps the greatest American movie—is a brilliant, suspenseful action picture about a band of outlaws on the run in south Texas and Mexico in the days before the First World War. It has been restored to its full two-hour-

and-twenty-five-minute length, and the restored scenes—mostly flashbacks to painful moments in the life of the gang's leader (William Holden)—deepen and complicate the viewer's responses to the film's violent set pieces. The voluptuous carnage in the opening shootout and in the climactic massacre is more disturbing than ever, because it's now tinged with the melancholy of an aging killer. The superb supporting cast includes Robert Ryan, Ernest Borgnine, Ben Johnson, and Warren Oates.—T.R. (3/6/95) (Lincoln Square.)

Z (1969)—How a political murder is made to look like an accident. Costa-Gavras's extraordinary thriller—one of the fastest, most exciting melodramas ever made—was based on contemporary events in Greece. The picture never loses emotional contact with the audience; it derives from the traditions of the American gangster movies and prison pictures and anti-Fascist melodramas of the forties. The young Greek expatriate director uses a searching, active camera style that's a little too self-consciously dynamic, and his staccato editing style and the use of loud music to build up suspense for the violent sequences put a lot of pressure on you. When the picture is over and you've caught your breath you know perfectly well that its techniques of excitation could as easily be used by a smart fascist filmmaker, if there were one. Luckily there isn't. With Yves Montand, Jean-Louis Trintignant, and Irene Papas; cinematography by Raoul Coutard. In French.—P.K. (Florence Gould Hall; April 11.)

LATE RUNS, CLASSICS, ETC.

FILM FORUM 2 AND 3, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)—**THEATRE 2:** A program of films by the team of Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger. Through April 6: "I Know Where I'm Going" (†) and "A Canterbury Tale" (1944). . . . April 7-9: "Oh. . .Rosalinda!!" (1955). . . . April 10-11: "The Battle of the River Plate" (1956) and "Ill Met by Moonlight" (1956). . . . **THEATRE 3:** "Faster, Pussycat! Kill! Kill!" (1965, Russ Meyer), "Mamma Roma" (1962, Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian), and "I Am Cuba" (†).

LINCOLN PLAZA CINEMAS, B'way at 63rd St. (757-2280)—The first program in a five-month showing of films by the Indian filmmaker Satyajit Ray. From April 7: "Pather Panchali" (†).

ANGELIKA 57, 225 W. 57th St.—April 5-11: "Avignon/New York," a presentation of more than thirty full-length and twenty short films by directors from France and the United States, including Roger Corman, Samuel Fuller, Alain Corneau, and Jean-Pierre Melville. (For information, call 343-2675.)

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th St. (924-3363)—Through April 6: A showing of films made by students at N.Y.U.'s Tisch School of the Arts. (For information, call 998-1795.). . . ¶ From April 7: "Bulletproof Heart" (Michael Malone).

TOWN HALL, 123 W. 43rd St. (840-2824)—April 7 at 8: The annual N.Y.U. Animation Festival, screening films by students in the school's animation program. . . . ¶ April 8 at 6: The Mobil Awards will be presented to students at N.Y.U.'s Tisch School of the Arts, and the winning films will be shown.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480)—April 6 at 2:30: "The Left Handed Gun" (1958, Arthur Penn). . . . ¶ April 6 at 3 and 6: "No Time for Tears" (1994, Elizabeth Bouiss). . . . ¶ April 6 at 6: "Private Life" (1961, Louis Malle; in French). . . . ¶ April 7 at 2:30 and April 9 at 2: "Come Blow Your Horn" (1963, Bud Yorkin). . . . ¶ April 7 at 6 and April 8 at 2: "Alice in Wonderland" (1948, Dallas Bower and Lou Bunin). . . . ¶ April 7 at 8:15: "The Browning Version" (†). . . . ¶ April 8 at 5: "The Bed You Sleep In" (1993, Jon Jost). . . . ¶ April 9 at 5 and April 10 at 2:30: "The Searchers" (1956, John Ford). . . . ¶ April 10 at 6: Chapters 1-7 of the film serial "Dick Tracy's G-Man" (1939, William Witney and John English). . . . ¶ April 11 at 2:30: "The Barefoot Contessa" (1954, Joseph L. Mankiewicz). . . . ¶ April 11 at 6: Chapters 8-15 of the film serial "Dick Tracy's G-Man."

WALTER READE THEATRE, Lincoln Center, 165 W. 65th St., plaza level (875-5600)—Through April 7: Works by filmmakers of the Sephardic (Spanish) Jewish community, which is spread throughout Europe, the Middle East, the Americas, and elsewhere. . . . ¶ From April 7: A monthlong festival of Soviet films (features, documentaries, animation, television shows, and short video works) from the glasnost era (1985-91) will be shown.

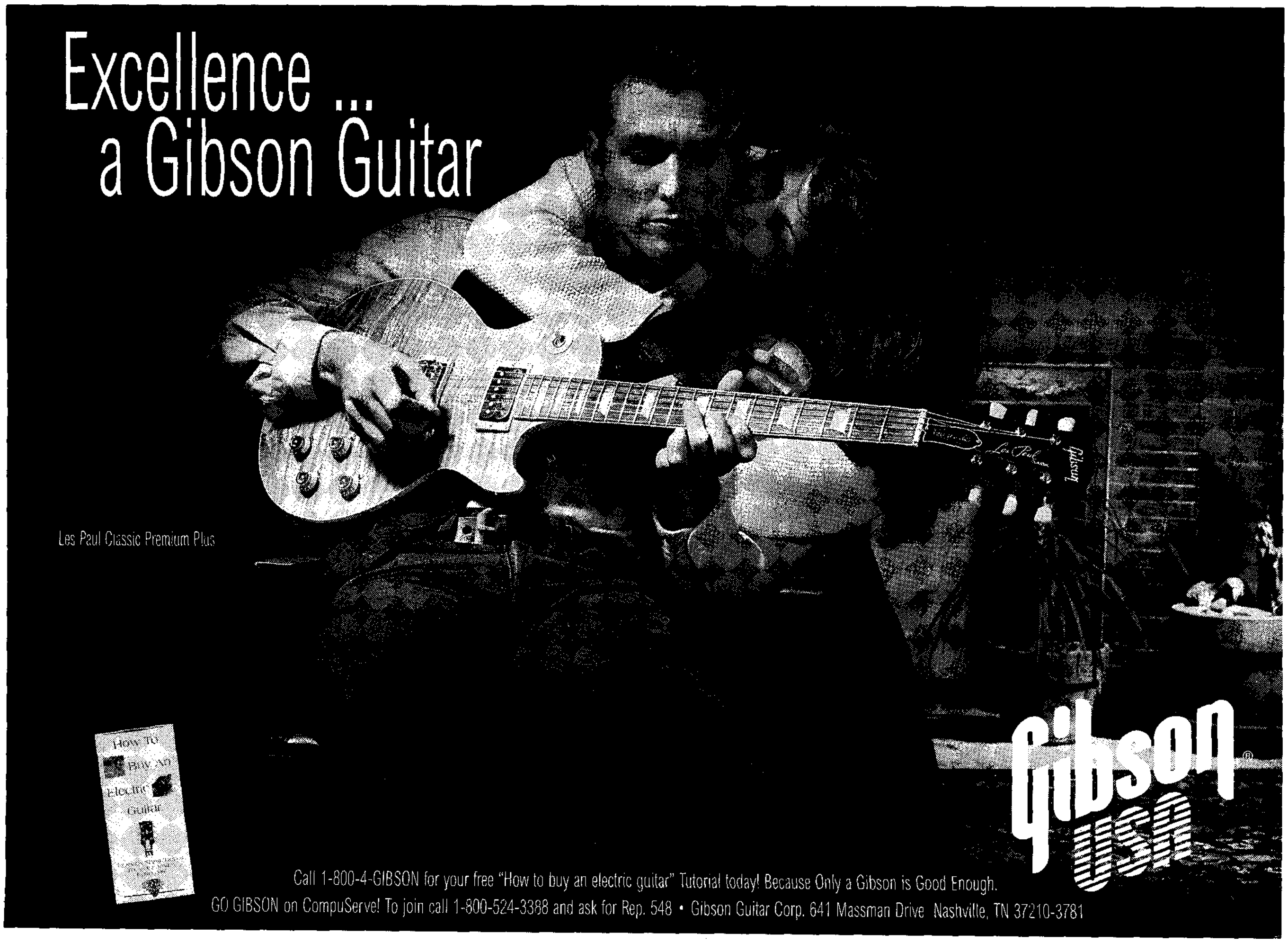
AMERICAN MUSEUM OF THE MOVING IMAGE, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria (1-718 784-0077)—A program of films by Dusan Makavejev. April 8 at 2: "Sweet Movie" (1974). . . . April 8 at 4: "Innocence Unprotected" (1968). . . . April 9 at 2: "Montenegro" (1981). . . . April 9 at 4: "The Coca-Cola Kid" (1985).

A DIFFERENT LIGHT BOOKSTORE, 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850)—A Saturday-and-Sunday-night series of free films (and popcorn). On April 8 at 7, the feature will be "Personal Best" (†). On April 9 at 7, the feature will be Harold Robbins' "Where Love Has Gone" (1964, Edward Dmytryk).

FLORENCE GOULD HALL, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160)—April 5 at 3 and 7: "23:58" (1993, Pierre-William Glenn; in French). . . . ¶ April 11 at 12:30, 3:15, 6, and 8:45: "Z" (†).

WHITNEY MUSEUM, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-3676)—The 1995 Biennial Exhibition, presenting films and videos from the past two years. Call for schedule and screening times.

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, 200 Eastern Parkway (1-718 638-5000)—A program of recent Italian films. April 7 at 7 and April 8 at 2: "Toward the South" (1992, Marco Pozzessere). . . . ¶ April 8 at 7: "A Soul Divided in Two" (1992, Silvio Soldini). . . . ¶ April 9 at 2: "Libera" (1993, Pappi Corsicato).



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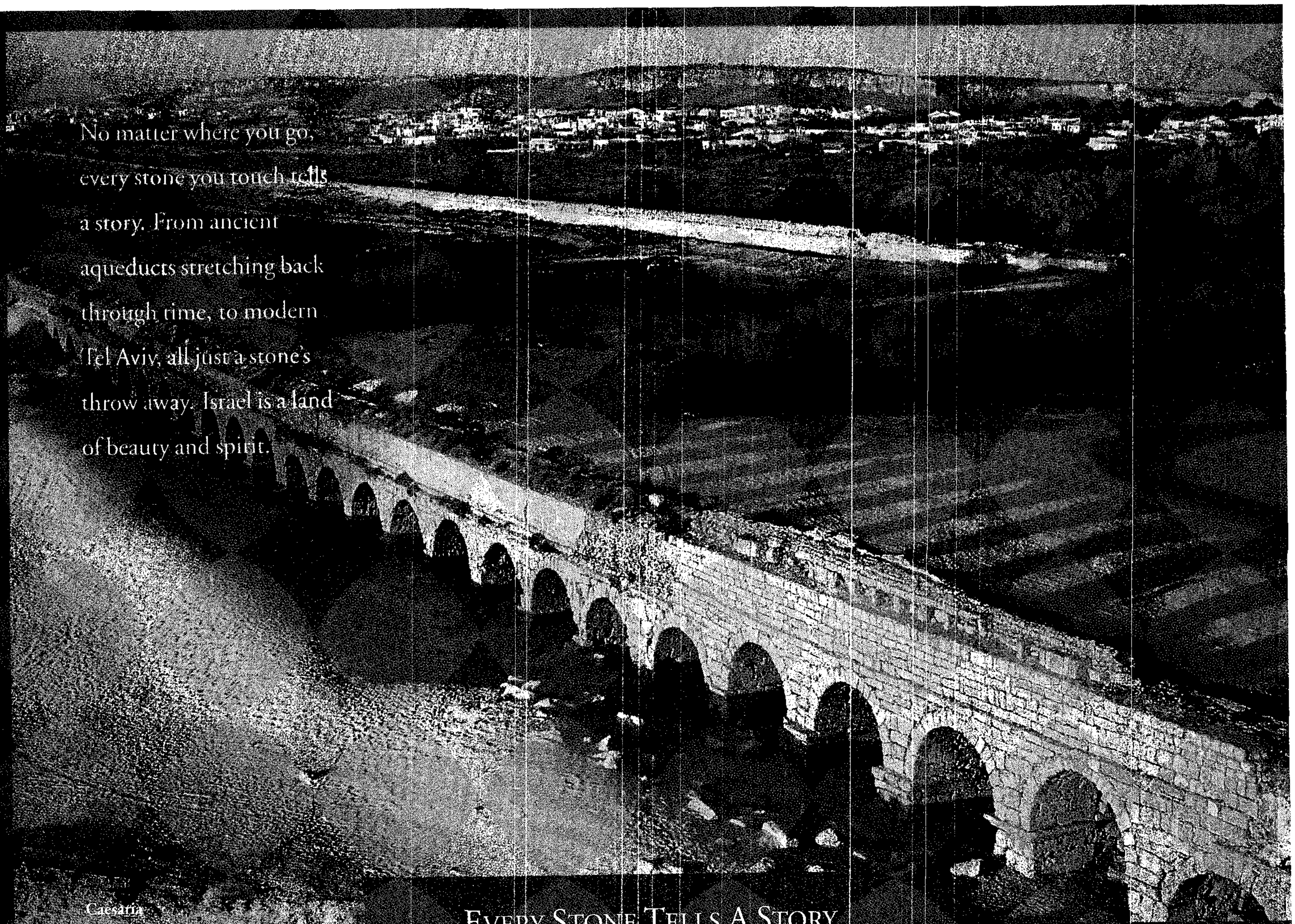

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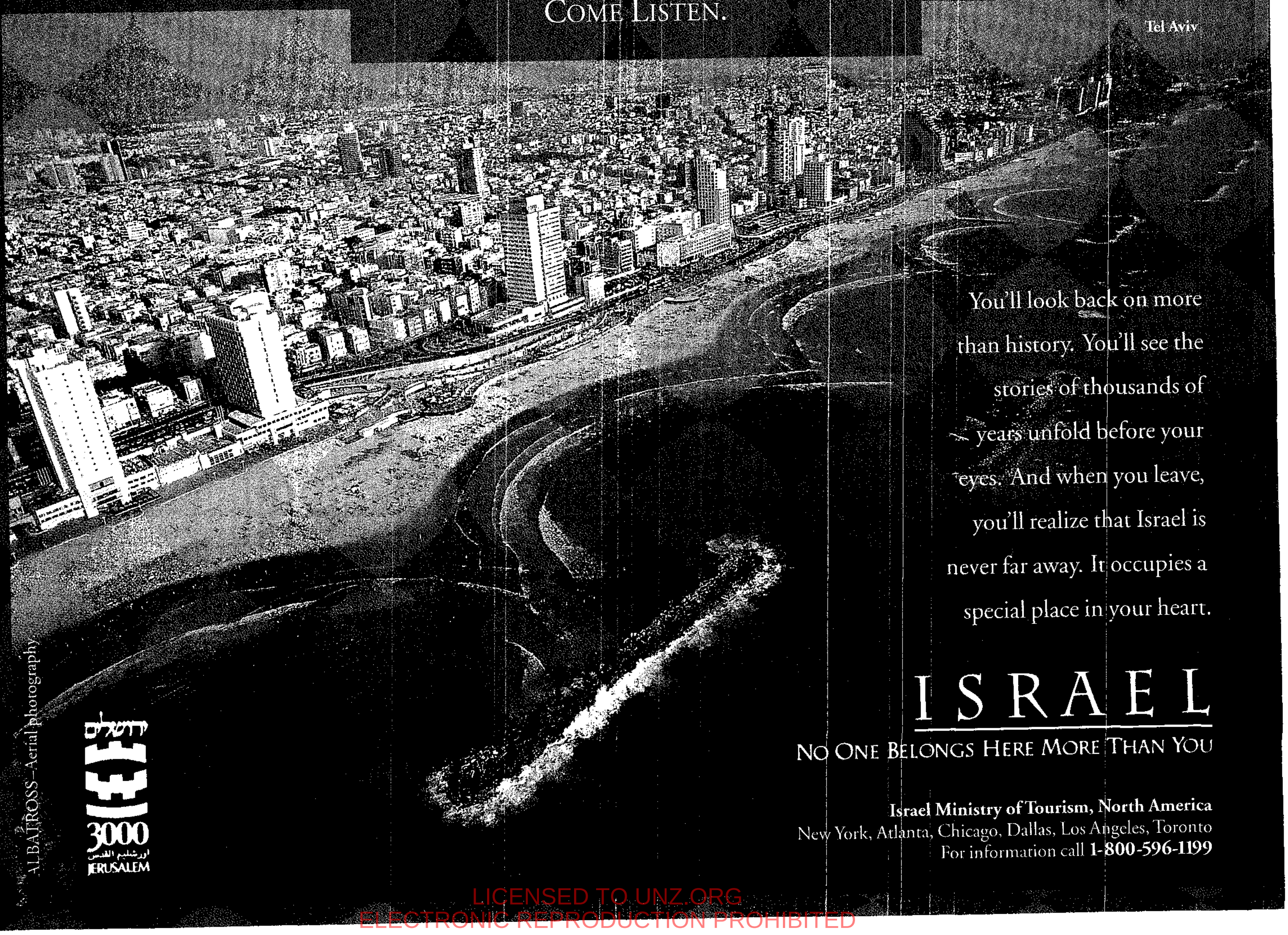

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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

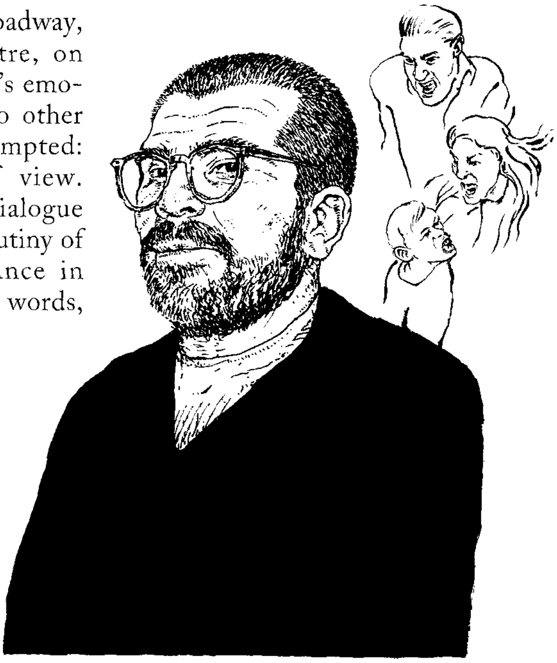
DAVID MAMET'S CHILD'S PLAY

At the far end of the pine table in the basement kitchen of David Mamet's town house, in Cambridge, Massachusetts, his six-month-old daughter, Clara, bobs in her baby bouncer; at the near end, the playwright himself is also bobbing, but with his mouth open to snare the mushrooms being lobbed at him from the other side of the stove by his actress wife, Rebecca Pidgeon (Becs to him), who is whipping up a pasta primavera. In the mushroom-catching department, Mamet is all chin and playfulness, but in the playwriting department he is all heart and ferocity. At home, Mamet seems to have found his bliss, and in his latest play, "The Cryptogram," he seems to have faced the source of his fury.

The play, which Mamet is directing, and which arrives Off Broadway, at the Westside Arts Theatre, on April 13th, dramatizes a child's emotional abuse in a way that no other American play has ever attempted: from the child's point of view. Mamet's gift for dramatic dialogue may be God-given, but his scrutiny of language—that nervy vigilance in which the pauses, the coded words, and the sludge of speech are registered, picked over, and served up with gripping accuracy—is the wary habit of a lifetime of on-the-job training in his own abusive household. In "The Rake," the first essay of his 1992 memoir, "The Cabin: Reminiscence and Diversions," with its chilling boyhood anecdotes of betrayal and viciousness, Mamet offered a glimpse into the puzzle of his family misery. For the moment, however, in order not to diminish his considerable achievement in "The Cryptogram" by reducing its power to mere autobiography, Mamet is staying *stumm* about his past—being, as he says, "charming and, I trust, evasive."

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JARRETT HUDDLESTON

Childhood is the cryptogram that John, the agitated ten-year-old hero of Mamet's play, who has problems sleeping, and whose father is or is not coming home to take him on a camping trip, is trying to fathom from the mixed messages, lies, and double binds of his caretakers. In Mamet's words: "What happened in childhood? What did it mean? How much is invented? How much of it is distorted? How much suppressed?" Mamet sees myth and drama and dream coming down to the same childhood issues—"the terrors and pleasures of existence before we learned to repress and to filter and to abstract that into conscious perception"—and he says, "What art does is to reverse the process: to re-abstract our conscious perception back into experience." John's quest taps into the audience's own search. Unlike Mamet's polemical "Oleanna," which prompted argument, the new play bypasses reason and prompts deep, visceral feelings about the past which have a way of making the memory of the play implode in the imagination.



"People may or may not say what they mean," Mamet says. "But they *always* say something designed to get what they want." The gift for cunning gab, he will admit, "seems to gallop in my family." His Polish grandfather, Naphthali, was a daydreamer, who sold ten-cent insurance policies in America, and who could "charm the birds off the trees." Mamet's father, Bernie, a labor lawyer who graduated first in his class from Northwestern Law School, "had a gift for crisp conversation—very colorful and very precise. We all had a vast vocabulary." But in Mamet's plays it's not just how people speak but how they listen that betrays the influence of the emotional abuse about which he's loath to elaborate. "Tolstoy says that all happy families are alike, and every unhappy family is unhappy according to its own ways. I think the same is true of language," Mamet says. "The language of love is, finally, fairly limited. 'You're beautiful,' 'I need you,' 'I love you,' 'I want you.' Love expresses itself, so it doesn't need a lot of words. On the other hand, aggression has an unlimited vocabulary. The unhappy family has myriad ways in which to be unhappy, in which to torture its members. In a happy family, the denotations and connotations of words are fairly close to the surface. But in an unhappy family relationship/political situation/trial, you are dealing with an adversary, and you have to be on guard. You listen with a much more attenuated decimal point of meaning to gauge the other's intent."

NEW YORK FILMDOM'S NEW LEADING LADY

Less than two weeks after being appointed by George Pataki to head the Governor's Office for Motion Picture and Television Development, Pat Swinney Kaufman turned over her new office, in Chelsea Piers, to the staff of the NBC television show "Law & Order." A crew of about twenty-five arrived early on a Friday morning. They removed Kaufman's office furniture, her family photographs, even her plants, and replaced these items with the show's own, subtly different office furniture, photographs, and plants. Then they ensnared every stationary object in a viny confusion of colored tape and rubber cables. Actors arrived, and eventually filming began. Between shots, Kaufman schmoozed with the stars, and her assistant snapped pictures of her every celebrity handshake. All this might have been an inconvenience to others, but to Kaufman it was great stuff: this must be what she means when she calls herself a "facilitator."

So how did Kaufman, a Charlotte, North Carolina, native, end up in her new job? An element of good old-fashioned political patronage entered in—Kaufman served as a deputy finance director for the Pataki campaign. And there was also an element of fortunate positioning, since Lloyd Kaufman, Pat's husband, is the president of Troma, Inc., the New York City-based film company responsible for B movies like "A Nymphoid Barbarian in Dinosaur Hell" and the "Toxic Avenger" series.

But the real reason Pat Kaufman received the appointment probably lies in the fact that, as she will repeatedly tell you, she is an "extremely goal-oriented person." (Kaufman uses the phrase "goal-oriented person" so often that it acquires a patina of menace.) At five feet two, with blue eyes, a halogen-bulb smile, and what her old North Carolina neighbors might call a sawtooth voice, Kaufman is equal parts charm and aggression. She says that she spends most of her time lobbying filmmakers and television producers to shoot in New York. When a company signs on, she acts as an ambassador to "the community that's being invaded." Kaufman was chosen by Governor Pataki to replace Bruce Feinberg, a popular Cuomo appointee and a longstanding fixture in the New York film community, and that decision prompted the usual clucking in the coop, including insinuations that her husband might have a hand in the office's operation. "*I* am the deputy commissioner of film. *I* am" is how she obliquely refutes the rumors.

Naysayers aren't likely to affect Kaufman's resolve: she's pretty militant about her to-do list. She has climbed the Matterhorn and the Jungfrau and has served as president of the New York Junior League, and for sixteen years she taught history and did college counselling at the Spence School. When she decided to enter film, in 1986, she immediately set to work helping her husband produce the second and third movies in the "Toxic Avenger" series. And in 1993, when she was found to have breast cancer, she resolved to fight it, and succeeded.

Early on, Kaufman also decided to have daughters, but daughters of a particular type. As a teen-ager in North Carolina, she explained, she had seen the Peter Sellers film "The World of Henry Orient," which was about two young girls in Manhattan, one of whom lived in a brownstone and both of whom attended Brearley. It was an appealing scenario, and Kaufman set her sights on it. "Well, let me just report," she says, brimming over with contentment. "I got here, I live in a brownstone, I have three daughters, and they all go to Brearley. So there you are."

MOMA WHEN IT'S JERKING

The Museum of Modern Art's relatively arcane "What's Happening?" new-film-and-video series hardly ever sells out, but then, as Laurel Chiten, the producer-director of "Twitch and Shout," a marvellously moving (and improbably funny) new documentary on Tourette's syndrome, told the people at MOMA early on, they just didn't know the Tourette's community. Sure enough, by the time the video's 6 P.M. showtime rolled around one evening several weeks ago, MOMA's Titus 2 auditorium was packed, and the place was jumping. It was hopping and tooting and barking and whooping; it was clicking and clucking and cussing and cursing. Le Tout Tourette was out in force, and *the place was jerking.*

Today, Tourette's syndrome is understood to be a neuro-behavioral condition—caused by disequilibrium in the person's brain chemistry, usually genetic—but this enlightened awareness is barely a generation old and, in any case, has yet to radiate out to the wider society. Before the mid-seventies, a psychoanalytic model held sway: the convulsive tics and twitches displayed by most Touretters, along with the compulsively explosive and sometimes unbelievably obscene vocalizations, were attributed to neurotic and neurotogenic family patterns. Touretters were stigmatized and even liable to commitment. (They are in fact in no way mad.) Before that, other, still more archly moralizing and theological etiologies were adduced: Tourettic individuals were deemed to be possessed by Satan, and some even ended up being burned at the stake.

Word of the MOMA event had spread along the Tourettic grapevine—specifically, among members of the Tourette Syndrome Association, a support and solidarity group that is itself only a generation old—and, the outside world's prejudices notwithstanding, the hall had taken on the aspect of a liberated territory. There was an antic, carnivalesque quality to the crowd, with whip-poorwills of glee rising to the rafters, along with the happiest, most insouciant damn curses you ever did hear.

One fellow was stutter-stepping up a side aisle, compulsively darting lightning-quick little finger jabs at each successive wall panel. A young woman in amiable conversation with her neighbor suddenly blurted out, at the top of her lungs, though to no one in particular, "I have no clothes on, you stupid putz!" and then, without missing a beat, resumed her mild conversational tone, as if nothing had happened. One of the most flamboyant and extravagant ticcers, a shaggily bearded young man in bluejeans and a blue plaid work shirt, sat volubly beside his wife, also a ticcer (though a decidedly milder one), dandling their adorable baby daughter in his lap: he'd bark, curse, wrench his head violently from side to side while his daughter gurgled contentedly, completely oblivious, innocent of tics of any sort.

Not everyone in the audience was so relaxed. Many eyed their watches antsily. (When was this movie going to get started already?) One fellow in particular, a big, gangly guy in a gray sweatshirt, seemed to positively glower at the pandemonium. Every once in a while, he'd steal a swig from a Snapple bottle brimming with an amber liquid that seemed decidedly more potent than iced tea.

Finally, the lights went down, but, as opposed to the usual drill in such circumstances, the encroaching darkness barely stilled the tumult: the auditorium momentarily seemed a midnight-loud frog pond. Onscreen, Lowell Handler, a Tourettic photojournalist, whose peregrinations provide the film with its narrative structure, was shown jerkily navigating his way through a set of airport metal detectors as his voice-over commented on how Tourette's "is a disorder that pushes other people away: what people don't understand, they fear." There followed a quick cavalcade of other Tourетters, whose stories would be interleaved through the rest of the film: Chris Jackson, for instance, the masterly guard on the Denver Nuggets (he has meanwhile changed his name to Mahmoud Abdul-Rauf), who is given to a wide medley of yelps and jerks while on the court, but is nevertheless able to overmaster them all in moments of intense concentration (in fact, almost exclusively in such moments)—so much so that he's become one of the league's premier free-throw shooters. Shane Fistell, an intensely soulful James Dean-like Canadian artist, whose tics were the most violently dramatic of anyone's shown in the film (at times he almost seemed a marionette being jerked randomly about by a perverse puppeteer), noted thoughtfully how "People, when they get drunk, they go down the street hollering and picking fights. It may be frowned upon, but it's not unacceptable, it's something that's tolerated by society. Whereas my tics are not tolerated."

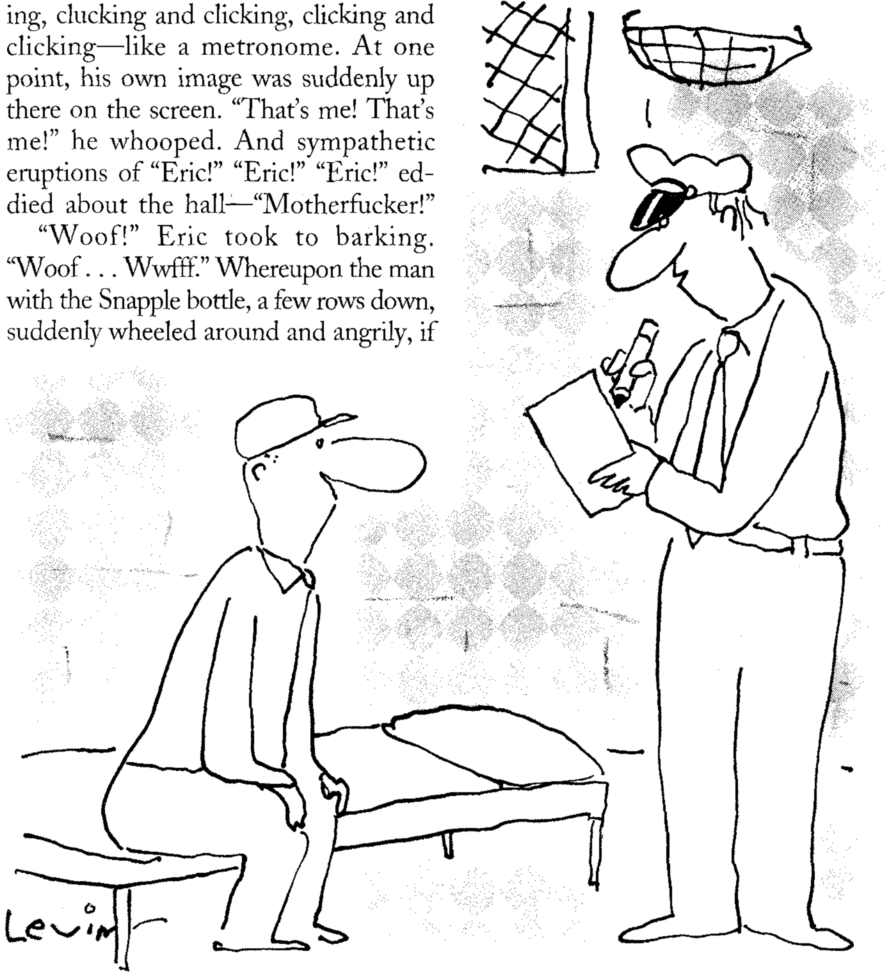
ALL the while, Tourettic members of the audience were popping off. And, just as uncontrollably—and apparently preconsciously—some of the non-Tourettic members of the audience, despite everything being explained to them on the screen, were proving incapable of suppressing their habitual urge to shush their rowdy neighbors: "Sh-h-h!" they'd hiss peremptorily. Some of the Touretters in turn developed "Sh-h-h-ing" tics of their own, and some of these became ejaculations of "Sh-h-it! Shit! Fuckshit, shitfuckshit."

The fellow who seemed to be having the hardest time was the bearded father in the blue plaid shirt. "Goddam motherfucker, unmarried bitch!" he'd yell at the top of his lungs, then rock himself intently, alternately clucking and barking, clucking and clicking, clicking and clicking—like a metronome. At one point, his own image was suddenly up there on the screen. "That's me! That's me!" he whooped. And sympathetic eruptions of "Eric!" "Eric!" "Eric!" eddied about the hall—"Motherfucker!"

"Woof!" Eric took to barking. "Woof . . . Wwfff." Whereupon the man with the Snapple bottle, a few rows down, suddenly wheeled around and angrily, if somewhat slurringly, demanded, "Dogs outside! Scram! No dogs allowed in here." Within seconds, the two had bounded from their seats and seemed about to come to blows: out of nowhere, they'd become like two dogs on a beach, snarling and cursing, straining at their owners' leashes. And, indeed, other audience members tumbled out of their seats, to pull them apart and escort them, separately, outside, Eric wailing plaintively all the while, "But why should *I* have to leave? Here of all places! This is supposed to be a Tourette thing!"

Out in the vast foyer a few moments later, Eric, his wife and baby, and some other members of his family huddled in a corner, calming, calming, while the man who'd been drinking stood sheepishly alone over on the other side, weaving, staggering a bit. A few of the Touretters who'd helped escort Eric out of the hall now went over to talk to the loner. After a while he simply left.

"Strange thing," one of the fellows who



"O.K. That covers the last meal. Now, which would you prefer, hanging, electrocution, or lethal injection?"

had been talking to the guy remarked. "Because I'm almost sure that he's a Touretter himself. He acknowledges how sometimes he gets all ticcy, but refuses to see any doctor about it. He drinks to calm himself down—kind of self-medicates. Says he was drinking so much because he was so tense."

"Kind of like an anti-Semitic Jew," someone else surmised. "Or a gay-bashing homosexual. Eric may have flipped the guy out so badly precisely because he presented such an extreme version of what he worries about in himself."

Dr. Leslie Linet, a psychiatrist, who serves as the editor of the Tourette Syndrome Association's newsletter, and who had been listening in, then interjected, emphatically, that Touretters, for all the social scandalousness of their tics and vocalizations, are in fact "in no way more likely to be violent or physically dangerous than anyone else in society." He continued, "Their symptoms are involuntary but not irresistible, in that they can be momentarily channelled aside. An impulse toward personal violence, for example, can be diverted toward an inanimate object. And even in the instance this evening, for all its peculiarities, the thing that's most striking is how, in fact, the two of them *didn't* come to any actual physical blows."

Eric presently emerged from his corner, and the associations that now came to mind were, if anything, with epilepsy. For he seemed as calm and serene as he'd earlier appeared desperate and racked. He and his family went back into the auditorium for the film's dénouement and were able to join in the rousing ovation that the audience lavished on the filmmakers at its conclusion. Afterward, Ellen Schneider from PBS's "P.O.V." series informed a delighted Laurel Chiten that "Twitch and Shout" was being picked up for nationwide television airing this summer.

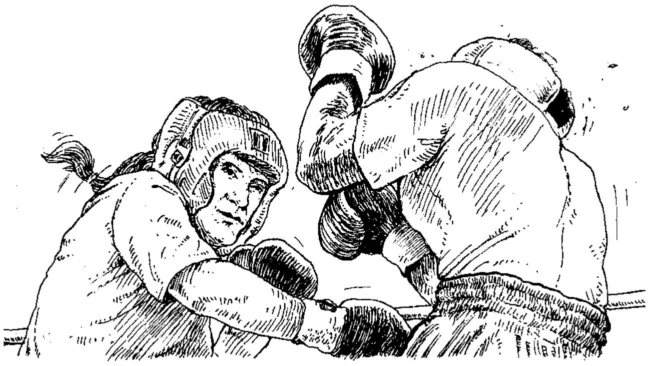
Meanwhile, outside again, Eric said that he was eager to get back home to northern Westchester County—that, as usual, the city was giving him the willies. Just crossing the county line into the Bronx, he went on, makes his tics and shouts instantaneously shoot up every time, whereas back home he's contrived all sorts of ways of keeping calm.

Like what?

"Well, like rock climbing," he said, smiling. Smiling and twitching. Twitching and jerking. "I find rock climbing incredibly relaxing. In fact, just this morning, trying to psych myself up for the ride down here, I was out scaling Breakneck Ridge."

"GIRL, YOU GOT POWER"

Denise Lutrick is a twenty-seven-year-old schoolteacher with a sweet, doughy face and a big right hand. Last week, at Mount St. Michael Academy, in the Bronx, she finished off Taneasha Harris with a punch in the nose and earned a spot in the finals of the *Daily News* Golden Gloves this week at Madison Square Garden—the sixty-eighth time that the amateur boxing tournament has been held but only the first time that women are competing. Last Thursday night, after her T.K.O., Lutrick looked ready for a rest. Her copper hair was pulled up in a ponytail; loose strands were stuck down with sweat in dark little doodles around her face. A police officer grabbed her elbow as she walked by. "Girl, you got power," he said. "If you persist, you got a future. I never have seen nothing like it—a right arm like that on a girl."



"Hey, thanks," Lutrick said, blotting her face with her sleeve.

"You lift weights?" the cop said. "I ask because you got such a good blow. I feel sorry for any guy who mugs you."

An excitable kid darted up to her, brandishing a notebook. "Denise!" he yelled. "Question! That was your strategy, to go lateral all along?"

"Get close, stay close, and come in southpaw!" Lutrick yelled back. "That, and being scared as hell."

"Question!" he yelled. "Got any kids?"

"A puppy."

Two bear-shaped men with silver coifs waved her over. One of them showed her his Golden Gloves ring—the kind the winners used to get—by making a fist and feinting an uppercut.

"Whoa," Lutrick said.

"I know you got Irish in you," the other fellow said. "You got fighting Irish blood. But girl, you got to stop overshooting! You got to look at the chin!"

"Hey," Lutrick said, frowning. "I mean, it was my first fight *ever*."

The man patted her leg and said, "You done real good." His friend, who had been polishing his ring, leaned over and said, "Man, tell her to try not to get hit so much."

In the ring, one of the men's middleweight bouts was under way, and a boxer in green satin shorts was having his block knocked off. The audience was up and shouting, between bites of hot dog and drags on cigarettes. There was every kind of guy you could possibly imagine: old guys with wide ties and chewed-up cigars; squirts wearing baggy pants and backward baseball caps, who were sassing the referees in Spanish; bruisers with formerly stellar physiques; lots of narrow-hipped, mustachioed men with puffy hair and shiny suits, who stood with their arms crossed, watching coolly from the back of the gym. Besides six women boxers, there were a few other women, including one young lady wearing spindly high heels and pale suède hot pants, who spent the evening parading through the stands.

Toward the end of the night, Taneasha Harris came over to talk to Lutrick. She is leggy, sixteen years old, mild-mannered, with marcelled hair and bright-orange fingernails. Lutrick smiled at her and said, "You know, you really scared the heck out of me."

"I was going to come out slow," Harris said. "Then you came out fast." She fiddled with her earrings, mentioned something about Mike Tyson, and then said, "Well, I hope you win them gloves."

A group of the men in the back of the gym watched Lutrick climb out of the stands. "Geez, what a banger!" one of them said. "What heart!"

"The girls' were the best bouts, I swear to you," another said. "They're hungrier, that's why." ♦

This week's contributors: John Lahr, Warren St. John, Lawrence Weschler, Susan Orlean.

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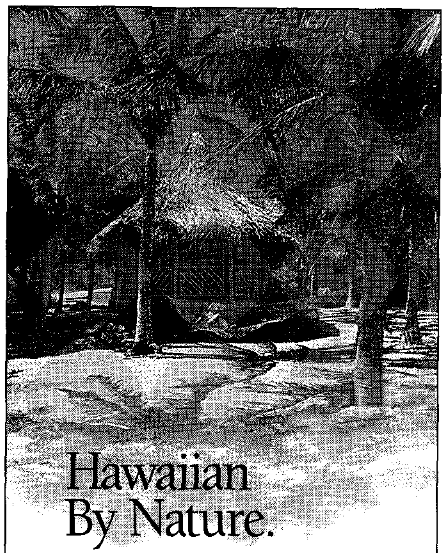

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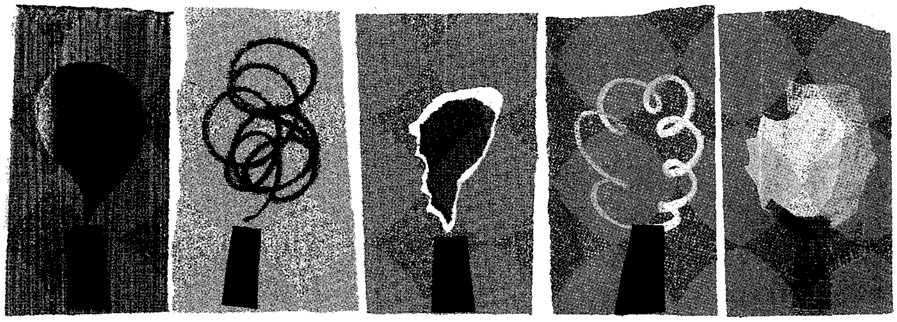
HERE COMES THE SUN

On the twenty-fifth anniversary of Earth Day, it is clear that environmental protection has been a raging success. So why do we resist the good news?

BY GREGG EASTERBROOK



FEW ideas are more deeply entrenched in our political culture than that of impending ecological doom. Beginning in 1962, when Rachel Carson warned readers of this magazine that pollution was a threat to all human and animal life on the planet, pessimistic appraisals of the health of the environment have been issued with increasing urgency. And yet, thanks in large part to her warnings, a powerful political movement was born—its coming-out party, the first Earth Day demonstration, took place on April 22nd, twenty-five years ago—and a series of landmark environmental bills became law: the Clean Air Act (1970), the Clean Water Act (1972), and the Endangered Species Act (1973). These laws and their equivalents in Western Europe, along with a vast array of private efforts spurred by the environmental consciousness that Carson helped raise, have been a stunning success. In both the United States and Europe, environmental trends are, for the most part, positive; and environmental regulations, far from being burdensome and expensive, have proved to be strikingly effective, have cost less than was anticipated, and have made the economies of the countries that have put them into effect stronger, not weaker.

Nevertheless, the vocabulary of environmentalism has continued to be dominated by images of futility, crisis, and decline. In 1988, Thomas Berry, an essayist popular among ecologists, wrote that "the planet cannot long endure present modes of human exploitation." In 1990, Gaylord Nelson, the former senator from Wisconsin, who was a prime mover behind the first Earth Day, said that environmental problems "are a greater threat to Earth's life-sustaining systems than a nuclear war." And in 1993 Vice-President Al Gore said that the planet now was suffering "grave and perhaps irreparable damage." But, at least insofar as the Western world is concerned, this line of thought is an anachronism, rendered obsolete by its own success. Nor are environmentalists the only people reluctant to acknowledge the good news; advocates at both ends of the political spectrum, each side for its own reasons, seem to have tacitly agreed to play it down. The left is afraid of the environmental good news because it undercuts stylish pessimism; the right is afraid of the good news because it shows that government regulations might occasionally amount to something other than wickedness incarnate, and actually produce benefits at an affordable cost.

This is a bad bargain—for liberals especially. Their philosophy is under siege on many fronts—crime, welfare, medical care, and education, among others. So why not trumpet the astonishing, and continuing, record of success in environmental protection?

CONSIDER some of what has been accomplished in this country in the quarter century since the first Earth Day. Thanks to legislation, technical ad-

LAURIE ROSENWALD

vances, and lawsuits that have forced polluters to pay liability costs, America's air and water are getting cleaner, forests are expanding, and many other environmental indicators are on the upswing.

Smog has declined by about a third, though there are now eighty-five per cent more vehicles being driven a hundred and five per cent more miles a year. In Los Angeles, the decline has been particularly dramatic: smog has decreased by almost fifty per cent, during a time when the city's vehicle population has risen sixty-five per cent. Since 1970, airborne levels of lead have declined ninety-eight per cent nationwide; annual emissions of carbon monoxide are down twenty-four per cent; emissions of sulfur dioxide, the chief cause of acid rain, have fallen thirty per cent, even as the use of coal, the main source of sulfur, has almost doubled; and emissions of fine soot, which causes respiratory disease, have fallen seventy-eight per cent. Air-quality trends are sufficiently positive so that several urban areas, such as Detroit and Kansas City, have been removed from the federal smog-watch list, and none have been added.

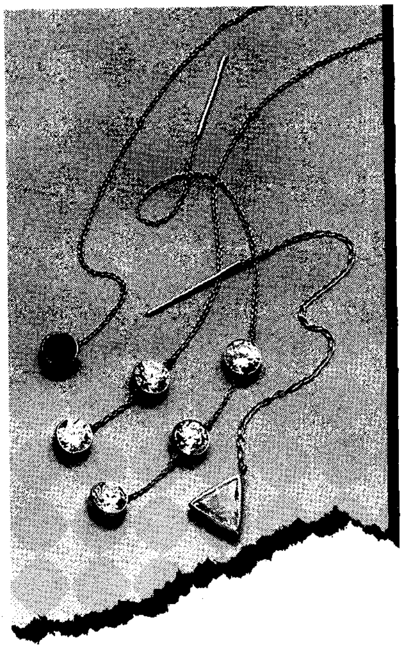
Signs of improved water quality are equally in evidence. In 1972, only a third of the bodies of water in the United States were safe for fishing and swimming. Today, almost two-thirds are safe, and the proportion continues to rise. Excessive phosphorus, a barometer of pollution, peaked in the Great Lakes around fifteen years ago; readings now are between forty and seventy per cent lower. Boston Harbor, Chesapeake Bay, Long Island Sound, Puget Sound, and other bodies of water that were once on the verge of biological death are showing steady improvement.

Another sign of progress is the decline of toxic hazards. Quarrels over the final disposition of old chemical-waste dumps continue to bedevil courts and politicians, but, because of tight regulations and industrial liability, the creation of new toxic dumps has nearly stopped, and is unlikely ever to resume. One of the largest chemical-waste sites, the Rocky Mountain Arsenal, near Denver, where nerve gases, pesticides, and firebombs were once manufactured, used to be described as the deadliest place on earth. In 1992, it was designated a National Wildlife Refuge; a number of rare species now thrive there. Their presence hardly proves that chemical wastes are somehow good for birds and animals, of course, but it does show that toxic wastes can be and are being contained. Just between 1988 and 1992, American industry's toxic emissions fell thirty-five per cent, even as petrochemical production expanded. Thanks to tight regulation of the dangerous compound dioxin, an estimated thirty pounds of this substance will be emitted in 1995 by all known United States sources combined, which suggests that the problem is almost certainly under control.

In recent years, several worrisome environmental trends have either declined from their peak or ended altogether. The amount of household trash dumped in landfills, for example, has been diminishing since the late nineteen-eighties, when recycling began to take hold. Recycling, which was a fringe idea a decade ago, is now a major growth industry, and is converting more than twenty per cent of America's municipal wastes into useful products. Despite start-up problems, many municipal recycling programs now pay for themselves. Emissions of chlorofluorocarbons, which deplete the ozone layer, have been declining since 1987. Studies now suggest that ozone-layer replenishment may begin within a decade. Dozens of American cities once dumped raw sludge into the ocean. This category of pollution passed into history in 1992, when the final load of New York City sludge slithered off a barge imaginatively named Spring Brook. Today, instead of being dumped into the ocean, municipal sludge is either disposed of in regulated landfills or, increasingly, put to good use as fertilizer.

It may be hard to believe, but efficient new manufacturing techniques, recycling, and other technological advances are allowing us to consume some natural resources at lower rates. Eric Larson, of Princeton University, and his colleagues have shown that American per-capita use of ammonia, cement, aluminum, chlorine, and steel has been flat or falling for a decade or more.

Even though Americans use more paper than they did a decade ago, this country is increasingly covered by a canopy of trees. It is commonly assumed that America is undergoing deforestation, but reforestation has been the trend for at least half a century. Everyone



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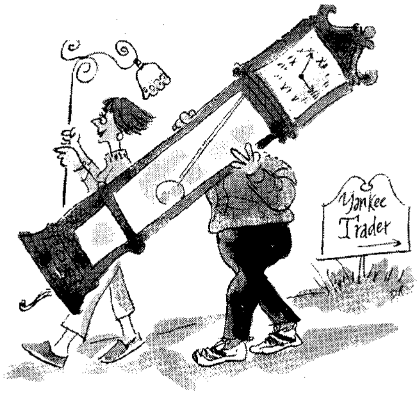

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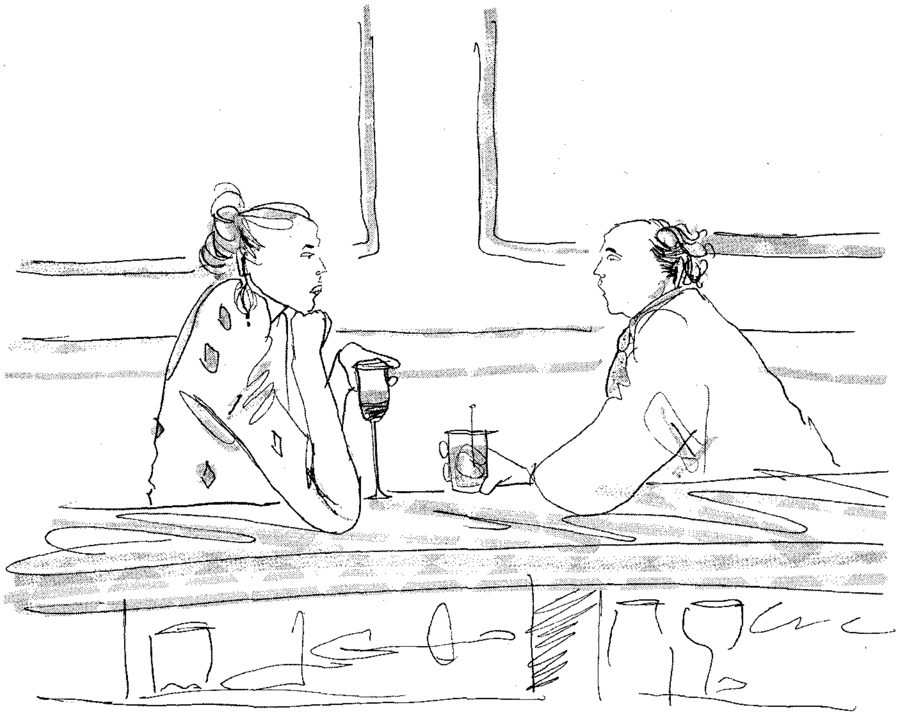
knows that in some parts of the United States urban acreage is expanding; what is much less widely recognized is that, in some areas, forest acreage is expanding rapidly, too. (For example, in the mid-eighteen-hundreds about a third of Massachusetts was wooded; today, though the state has six times the population, three-fifths of its area is forestland.) High-yield agriculture allows farmers to produce more food from the same or less land, and much of the acreage that is withdrawn from agriculture ends up reverting to woodland or prairie. The supposed crisis of the vanishing American farm, which has been regularly bemoaned throughout the postwar era, has in fact been a blessing to nature. And acid rain has proved less damaging to trees than was once projected, and is in decline. At the same time, the acreage of America held in preservation has risen steadily through this century and now amounts to more than two times the area of California. Last year alone, 7.4 million acres of ancient forest in the Pacific Northwest were put into reserves by President Clinton, and nearly ten million acres of Southwestern desert were declared off limits by Congress—a combined area larger than the state of West Virginia.

America's record of protecting species threatened with extinction, which is often depicted as dismal, is in truth enviable. Since 1973, when the Endangered Species Act took effect, seven animal species in North America have disappeared, but several hundred others once considered certain to die out continue to exist in the wild. A number of species, including the bald eagle and the Arctic peregrine falcon, are doing so well that they have been or are being taken off the priority-protection list.

EVEN more extraordinary than America's environmental progress of the past generation is the fact that these advances have been achieved in affordable and practical ways. When pollution controls for cars were first proposed, in 1970, automakers predicted that the required systems would cost about three thousand dollars per car in today's dollars. Instead, controls now add between five hundred and a thousand dollars to the price of a new vehicle, and they work amazingly well: current models emit an average of eighty per cent less pollution per mile than was emitted by new cars in 1970. Moreover, fuel-efficiency gains have reduced the typical car's annual gasoline consumption by around three hundred gallons. The fuel savings offset the equipment costs, with the result that for motorists the environmental features on new cars are essentially free of charge.

Nor is this an isolated example. In 1990, when new acid-rain controls were



"Are you trying to turn me into a hostile witness?"

imposed on power plants, they were expected to cost about seven hundred and fifty dollars per ton of pollution avoided; instead, the price today is a hundred and fifty dollars per ton. Monsanto, the chemical and pharmaceutical giant, has been able to cut toxic-air emissions by ninety per cent without excessive expense, at least in part because savings from the recycling of chemicals have offset the costs of pollution-reduction technology. The installation of high-efficiency commercial-lighting systems—inspired in part by the 1990 version of the Clean Air Act—is saving business tens of millions of dollars a year in expenses.

Solar power and wind power, disappointments in the past, appear to be on the verge of a takeoff. Last fall, the energy conglomerate Enron announced plans to break ground in Nevada for the first unsubsidized, commercial-scale solar-electric array. The array will be built for profit, at a cost competitive with that of fossil-fuelled generators. Though fossil fuels today seem indispensable, they may be supplanted by renewable-energy sources in the near future. Today, the energy economy of the Western world is closer to operation on a renewable-power basis than it was a century ago to operation on the basis of the headlong combustion of petroleum. Should fossil-fuel use wane, in historic terms, as quickly as it arose, the greenhouse problem could almost solve itself.

It's true, of course, that some environmental programs are muddled. For instance, the Endangered Species Act can have the unfair effect of penalizing landholders who discover rare creatures on their property, by prohibiting use of the land. In the main, though, conservation has been an excellent investment for society. Environmental initiatives worked well even in their early years, when they were driven by top-heavy federal edicts. They work even better as new regulations have centered on market mechanisms and voluntary choice; new acid-rain reductions, for example, are being achieved at unexpectedly affordable rates, thanks to a free-market program under which companies trade pollution "allowances" with each other. Western market economies excel at producing what they are asked to produce, and, increasingly, the market is being asked to produce conservation. Environmental reform should be

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seen as a boon to Western industry, impelling it toward efficiencies that enhance its long-term competitiveness; indeed, environmentalism may be saving the consumer society from itself.

The unmistakable trend toward environmental progress in the West should not delude us into supposing that from now on the global environment will somehow take care of itself. Throughout much of the Third World, basic water sanitation is awful, the air is thick with pollutants, and wildlife loss is rampant. Nor can we afford to be complacent about the domestic environment. Though most indicators in the West are positive, danger signs nevertheless remain, including the decline of the Pacific salmon and the unresolved problem of how to deal with the nuclear detritus of the Cold War. The bewildering array of environmental statutes in the Western world (there are sixteen major laws in the United States alone) needs to be streamlined with a simplified general conservation law that would focus on habitat preservation, for this is likely to be the primary ecological issue of the coming century.

ENVIRONMENTALISM has become a core American political value, close to unassailable even among conservatives. A recent Times Mirror survey is typical. A majority of the respondents agreed with the statement that "government regulation of business usually does more harm than good," yet seventy-eight per cent of the same respondents also think that "this country should do whatever it takes to protect the environment."

Poll numbers of this kind suggest that Speaker Newt Gingrich may come to regret the anti-environmentalist aspects of his Contract with America. In February, House Republicans rushed through a measure designed to weaken anti-pollution regulations by making them very difficult to enforce. The bill prompted Dick Zimmer, of New Jersey, a conservative who is the leading House Republican thinker on regulatory reform, to criticize it for substituting "bumper-sticker slogans" for considered judgments. The House Republican anti-environment initiative—which may fail in the Senate—has become an indiscriminate attack on all conservation rules, including the ones that have proved themselves effective and affordable.

In the nineteen-eighties, Gingrich was a frequent supporter of environmental legislation, but now that he has become Speaker he sees red when he hears green. Recently, for example, he attacked the ripping of asbestos out of walls as an "absurdly irrational" expense and danger for which the Environmental Protection Agency is to blame. This is a convenient rewriting of history, and not just because as a backbencher Gingrich himself cast at least two votes in favor of asbestos removal: since 1990, the Environmental Protection Agency has been urging that most asbestos *not* be ripped out, on the ground that removal can cause more harm than good. Who, then, mandates asbestos removal? State and local governments. That is, the drive to get asbestos out of walls comes from the local officials whom Gingrich seems to revere, while the federal bureaucrats he disdains have been urging moderation.

THE ecological recovery in progress in the West has many heroes: pioneers such as Rachel Carson; environmental activists who carried on the fight; scientists and engineers who have increasingly made clean technology viable; even some business leaders who have become converts to conservation. Political liberalism, which provided the legislative muscle, deserves a large share of the credit, too. Yet liberalism resists the glad tidings of ecological rebound. When liberal intellectuals and Democratic politicians talk about nature in the vocabulary of fashionable defeatism, they sell themselves and their philosophy short.

A telling example of liberal discomfort with environmental optimism came in the 1988 Presidential campaign. Candidate George Bush began his comeback from a deep deficit in the polls with a memorable TV commercial that pronounced the waters of Boston Harbor the dirtiest in America, and pinned the blame on his opponent, Governor Michael Dukakis. After the commercial ran, Dukakis was silent about the harbor, seeming to accede to the charge. Many analysts consider the Boston Harbor spot to have been the turning point in the 1988 campaign. Yet the commercial was shot so as to frame out of the picture a four-billion-dollar complex rising in the background—the largest water-treatment system in United States history. Its construction had already begun, at regional expense. At the time Bush made his commercial, there was every reason to hope that the new system would clean Boston Harbor rapidly; it has, and the harbor is now safe again for swimming. So why didn't Dukakis respond to Bush immediately by pointing out that a solution was at hand? Because doing so would have required Dukakis to talk about the environment in upbeat tones.

More recently, Carol Browner, the current head of the Environmental Protection Agency, fell victim to the same syndrome. In 1994, Browner, a lifelong liberal Democrat, gave a series of speeches pointing out that there were many signs of environmental progress. She proposed a "common-sense initiative" and revisions that would improve conservation law by adding cost-benefit analysis, simplifying rules for cleanups, and eliminating regulatory overkill. And she did this long before anyone had heard the words "Contract with America." In 1994, Browner's hopeful declarations sank without a trace into the abyss of conventional opinion. Her effort fizzled because Democrats, then still in control of Congress, were put off by the suggestion of environmental good news, and also because White House support was faint.

Liberalism is on the defensive today because, as a philosophy, it concentrates almost entirely on what has failed—about America, about public policy, about daily life. Obviously, there are failures aplenty, but there are successes as well. In the West, environmental protection is the leading postwar triumph of progressive government. Because of this, the notion of impending doomsday is about to expire. We are about to become environmental optimists. ♦

CULTURAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[From the Bar Harbor Times]

BLUE HILL—Lecture Five, scheduled for Wed., Nov. 30, of "Milestones in Music" will feature Verdi and the Romantic Opera with Lorenzo Mitchell of Blue Hill. Mitchell is an amateur music enthusiast who has loved and attended opera since childhood. He will use Giuseppe Verdi's Middle Period masterpiece, "Un Bullo in Mascara" (A Masked Bull), to discuss opera in general, Verdi's development, and the characteristics of Italian Romantic Opera.

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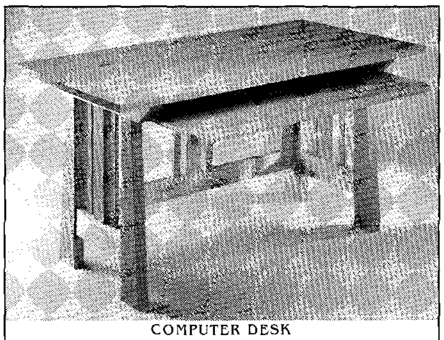

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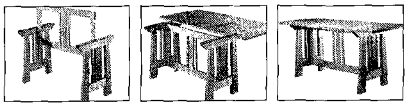

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THE WORLD OF FASHION

EXPOSURE

Bob Richardson became one of the definitive photographers of the sixties, conveying emotions rarely shown in fashion magazines. Then his art became his life.

BY INGRID SISCHY

Last July, the up-and-coming menswear designer John Bartlett presented his new collection in a packed, sweltering loft in Chelsea. The two main themes were preppy-with-a-twist and studied bohemianism. The slacks were ankle-high and the socks were sheer. One man wore a jacket, stiletto heels, and no pants; there was glitter makeup and lipstick; there were a few women, too, butched up and proud of it. Many of the male models looked as if they'd just stepped out of a Hockney painting or an Isherwood novel. Healthy-looking young men and the frank commercialization of homosexuality were part of the pitch. But the most striking model in the show was a tall, thin man in his late sixties, who, despite his ravaged features, was still handsome. The moment he stepped out on the runway, dressed in a gray windbreaker and navy pants, you could feel the audience sit up and take notice. You see sucked-in cheeks at fashion shows, but not the kind that people get when their teeth fall out and their faces cave in. His attitude was as dramatic as his appearance. "I may be old," his expression seemed to say, "but I'm cooler than all of you put together." Few in the audience that day knew his identity—the *Times*, in its review of the show, singled him out, without naming him, as "a white-haired man with wrinkles"—but those who did know had special reason to take notice. Three decades earlier, in another life, he had been the revolutionary fashion photographer Bob Richardson.

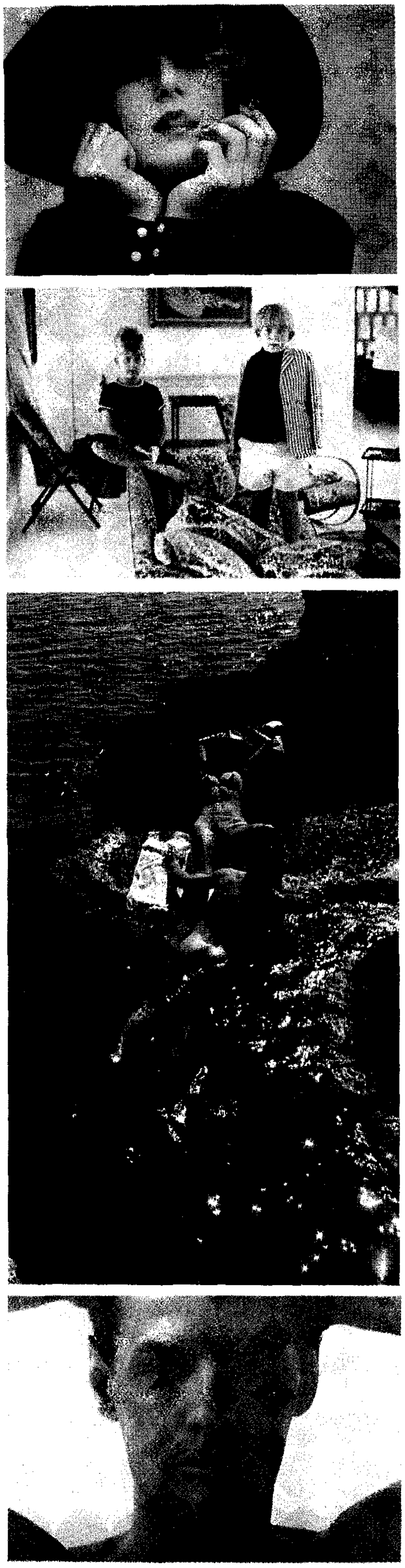
My introduction to Richardson's work occurred just a few years ago, when I came across a haunting picture in "Appearances," a book about fashion photography, published in 1991, by the art historian Martin Harrison. The photograph, which originally appeared in French *Vogue* in 1967, didn't look anything like a typical fashion picture. It seemed so casually true to life that at first I took it to be just a color snapshot—a simple, melancholy memento of a day at the beach. On closer inspection, one could see that this was not the work of an amateur. A young woman and a man lie together on the sand—a couple very much uncoupled. The man is stretched out on his stomach, facing away and looking out to sea; the woman, in a cropped black tank top and shorts, reclines against his back, using his behind as a pillow, but you get the feeling that their touching is a matter of habit rather than of affection. The emotional distance between them, not what they are wearing, is the subject of the picture. A tear is crawling down the woman's left cheek.

If this photograph had been taken today, it would probably have a tough time getting by the editors at the fashion magazines, because it's not about pushing the goods, and it's "down." The woman—Donna Mitchell, who was one of Richardson's favorite models—is young and beautiful, but she has strong features, which convey character and introspection, not the malleable, blank beauty that fashion likes to promote. The picture is a completely convincing image, without a speck of sentimentality, and almost defiantly anticommercial. Below the model's bare midriff, near her crotch, a small cross dangles from a set of rosary beads clipped to a belt loop. The beads and the cross seem less like accessories than like tokens of an inner life. The image is desolate and sensual, and suffused with a mixture of superstition and faith. It made me want to touch wood.

In the sixties and the early seventies, Richardson was one of the edgiest talents in what was then a small international circle of fashion photographers. He worked in Paris, London, Milan, and New York, and in all kinds of exotic locations. Even though he had a reputation for being wild and exceptionally difficult, he earned the loyalty and respect of powerful art directors and editors. At the height of his fame, when he was jetting from one job to another, Richardson was the epitome of the photographer as cultural hero: he was successful *and* rebellious. But something more than ambition and rebellion were fuelling his erratic behavior and repeated blowups. By the late seventies, many people in the fashion business considered him to be a monster—he'd been rude, he'd been overbearing, and he'd taken his problems out on others too many times. And then, after nearly two decades of doing work for the fashion magazines, he seemed to evaporate. In fact, he had gone to California, dropped out, and cut himself off from his family and everyone else he knew. He had hit bottom, and was homeless, living on the beach in Santa Monica.

DESPITE the books, the exhibitions, the curators, and a growing body of memoirs and reminiscences, the history of fashion photography is full of gaps and uncertainty. The sixties are particularly hazy. In the helter-skelter of the time, there were lots of casualties, and fashion was often disorderly and chaotic. Magazines were notoriously cavalier about preserving their archives, and in Richardson's case both the pictures he took and the clear outlines of his story are hard to come by.

In conversations with Richardson over several months, I occasionally got the feeling that he was saying and doing things for effect. Sometimes he appeared to be Bob Richardson *playing* Bob Richardson. He could be volatile and unfair; more often, he was frank, modest, insightful, and sensitive. For a while, he seemed to be torn between a desire to tell his real story and a combination of fear and anger and illness. Since I've come to know him, he's been on and off the wagon a number of times. After he agreed to let me write about him, there was the risk that he might sabotage the process at any minute, but he never did. He'd hang up the phone when he felt like it. Then he'd get in touch again, and be in a good mood and optimistic, and we'd go on until the next mess. The explosions seemed to coincide with the peaks of his frustration at not getting the work he wants—photographing for magazines and directing videos—and his frustration with his generally rootless existence. He can't afford an apartment of his own. He lives on Social Security, and what tiny income he has in addition derives from teaching photography and selling prints of a few of his pictures.



Vintage Richardson: Anjelica Huston, Paris, 1973; "The Littlest Americans in Spain," 1964; Donna Mitchell and Michael Yavel, Rhodes, 1967; self-portrait, 1965.

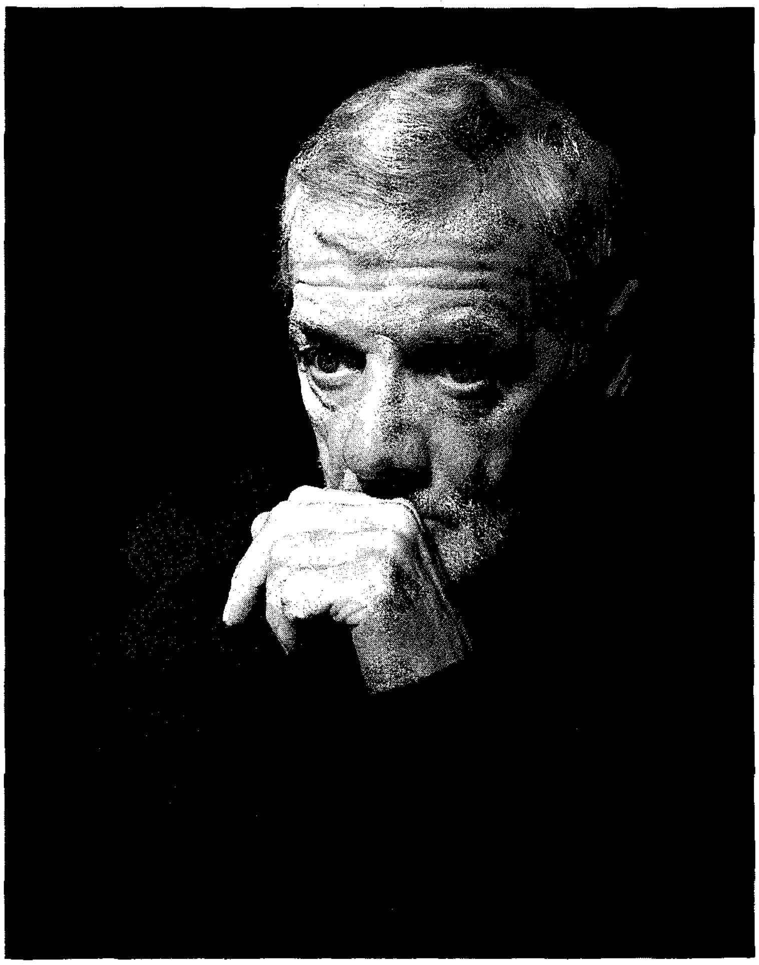
BOB RICHARDSON/COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS COURTESY OF STALEY-WISE GALLERY

The word was that Richardson had become a drug addict and an alcoholic. But he himself suggested to me that his problems had deeper roots. In his early forties, he told me, he had been found to have schizophrenia. At various times, he said, he had been treated with medication, hospitalized, and given electroshock therapy (which he believes has caused him to have lapses of memory). These days, he doesn't seem to be receiving any treatment, and he told me that, apart from marijuana, he long ago swore off drugs, legal and illegal. When he reported his schizophrenia, I thought that he had given me the key to his story. But nothing about Richardson is easy or clear.

THE first time I interviewed Richardson, we met at a Chinese restaurant in the West Village. His innate sense of style and an aura of intensity held in reserve reminded me of the late trumpet player Chet Baker. His clothes are plain but hip. He was waiting for me when I arrived at the restaurant, and he was dressed in a duffel coat, a sweater, and jeans. He had ordered a glass of red wine, and after I sat down he pulled out a news clipping; it was Patric Walker's horoscope column from that day's *Post*. He read the predictions for our astrological signs. As I soon learned, he has a penchant for the melodramatic.

He leaned forward to tell me, "I was born in the Year of the Dragon. I'm a Capricorn. That means I've probably managed to stay alive out of spite. Nobody's ever asked me my side of the story. When you have all this scandal and tragedy stalking you all the time, nobody ever hears your side. And I'm normally too proud to tell. But I'll tell you. I know I'm not going to last much longer. I have a bad heart, I smoked myself to death and did a lot of other things that destroyed my face, but inside of me is a beautiful nineteen-year-old boy."

When Richardson was a nineteen-year-old boy, in 1947, he was studying at the Parsons School of Design, in New York, in preparation for a career as an artist. It took almost fifteen years before he settled on photography as the best way to express himself. Robert George Richardson was born in Brooklyn in 1928 to Irish-Catholic parents. In the early nineteen-thirties, his family moved to Rockville Centre, Long Island, and that is where he grew up. After high school, he went to Parsons and the Pratt Institute; dropped out of both; married the girl he had been going out with in high school, Barbara Mead; and had various jobs connected with the fashion industry. In 1951, he was drafted into the Army, and served in Korea. When he got out of the Army, he and his wife had a daughter, Margaret, but the marriage soon fell apart. Richardson says that by his mid-twenties he had undergone a series of crackups, and that his ignorance of the cause persisted for the next two decades. He continued to work in fashion, and the jobs included designing textile patterns and creating department-store-window displays—"like Andy Warhol," he says. In the mid-fifties, he hit the road for California.



Bob Richardson in New York, 1995. According to the editor of French Vogue, his pictures said, " 'This is what I can be.' They were destiny photographs."

KATE ORNE

In Los Angeles, Richardson discovered photography. A wealthy friend gave him a camera, and he took a picture of his friend's table after a long lunch, with an empty wine bottle, an ashtray with a cigarette butt, and other remains of the meal. Richardson says that it was a moment of recognition: he had found his vocation. "It all came out with the camera," he recalls. He wasn't content with still-lifes, however. In the late fifties, he returned to New York for a time, and then made his first extended trip to Paris. By the time he came back to New York, he had decided to become a great fashion photographer and, as he puts it, "photograph my kind of woman." He had also settled down with a young actress named Norma Kessler, and she eventually became his second wife. (In 1965, they had a son, Terry, who is now a photographer in New York.) In 1963, after serving a short apprenticeship as an assistant to Dick Hyman, a successful commercial photographer, he got his first fashion assignment, for *Harper's Bazaar*. He says that he was drawn to the magazine by his admiration for the famous art director Marvin Israel, and he recalls their meetings as seminal moments in his education as a magazine photographer. Apparently, Israel's critique of his first pictures was crucial, and he began to find his identity as a photographer.

RIGHT away, Richardson did attention-getting, formula-smashing work for *Harper's Bazaar*. He had landed his first assignments at a propitious moment. The magazine's innovative art director, Alexey Brodovitch (Richardson had studied with him in a master class), had left in 1958, and Israel, who had come to *Harper's Bazaar* in 1961, and whose support and admiration had been of deep importance to Diane Arbus, Richard Avedon, and many others, was fired shortly after Richardson arrived on the scene. Even though Richardson often cites Israel as his mentor, in fact it was two women—the new art directors, Ruth Ansel and Bea Feitler—who commissioned Richardson's first portfolio and made the case for him, persuading Nancy White, the editor of *Harper's Bazaar*, to publish his work for the next three years.

Ansel remarked to me that Nancy White "went to church to say her novenas every time she saw a sexy picture." Richardson must have caused her to recite a lot of prayers. "Fashion always seemed so artificial, and I never liked that," he says. "I wanted to put reality in my photographs. Sex, drugs, and rock and roll—that's what was happening. And I was going to help make it happen. Boy, they did not want that in America. Some of those editors were still wearing white gloves to couture." Nancy White may have been from the old school, but her two art directors took their predecessors' farsighted ideas and ran with them. Moreover, Ansel and Feitler *got* Richardson's work: it spoke to their lives, not necessarily in obvious ways, but in profound ways. The women's movement and the counterculture were bubbling beneath the surface, undefined, yet Ansel and Feitler sensed that Richardson was managing to point to changes that would eventually sweep through the culture.

The two art directors entrusted Richardson to a young editor named Deborah Turbeville, who would go on to become a significant fashion photographer herself. Because she had a taste for the moody and the uncanny, she was the perfect editor for Richardson. She had been put in charge of a section of the magazine called "The Fashion Independent," where a freewheeling, experimental approach was encouraged. Diane Arbus did some remarkable work for that section, but the first photographer Turbeville worked with on it was Richardson.

"Bea and Ruth told me, 'Remember, we want very important photographs,' " Turbeville recalled recently. "They asked what I'd like to do, and I'd thought maybe it would be fun to do a child. So they replied, 'Fine, but this is *Harper's Bazaar.* The photographer has to be someone who *really* addresses his subject and takes it seriously.' Then they told me there was someone they were incredibly excited about. His name was Bob Richardson."

Turbeville remembers Richardson as "a skinny, gangly guy with curly hair and gaps between his teeth," and says, "I was very impressed with him. He was articulate, he had a sense of drama, he was very forceful, and he could be *very* charming. He went to see the six-year-old girl we had chosen for the shoot, and afterward he called me up and said, 'She's very sexy, and she has amazing charisma. I think that we should do her in a little woollen coat in the winter by herself in the park.' When we did the shoot, he *directed* this child. He would tell her, 'I think we should play Monkey See, Monkey Do.' He'd say, 'Curl up your feet, like this,' and her little bare feet would twist the way he showed her. Beautiful photographs came out of it. *Everybody* loved them."

Not long afterward, Richardson and Turbeville collaborated on another shoot featuring children, for a spread called "The Littlest Americans in Spain." Some of the shots were done in what Turbeville describes as "a decadent villa in Madrid, on the most decadent bed I've ever seen, with about ten crucifixes and photographs of the Duke and Duchess of Windsor all over the walls."

The pictures that resulted are brilliant—naughty, witty, and knowing. Like Lewis Carroll's photographs of children, they bring out a quality of seriousness that is usually attributed only to adults. Richardson shows that it belongs to his young subjects as well, but the shots also provoke the full range of responses to children depicted in ways that can be interpreted as sexual. There is a beautiful and disturbing nude of the four-year-old Caroline Smitter. In another picture, she is coiffed and dolled up like Brigitte Bardot, and in another her sister, Victoria, and her brother, Matthew, are dressed up and posed to look like children whose rich parents have left them to find their own impertinent amusements. There is a shot that shows Victoria leading what the caption calls "a flock of priests"—a sly reversal of the way things are usually seen. Children in Richardson's photographs have *presence.* They

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are depicted not as decorative objects but as subjects of immense import. In other stories, Richardson's solemn images of children rank with the nineteenth-century masterpieces of Julia Margaret Cameron. Richardson says that all his pictures are self-portraits, but he singles out his photographs of kids as the truest mirror images.

Richardson's first period at *Harper's Bazaar* came to an end in 1966, when Ansel and Feitler stopped giving him assignments. (He took pictures for the magazine again in the late sixties and in the early seventies.) Even though his drug habit was well known—he'd talk about his speed doctor, for example—Ansel says that drugs were not an issue in the split. "A lot of people were doing drugs," she says. "Some people discussed it, and some didn't." The problem was that Richardson and the editors had got sick of each other. Depending on whom you talk to, Richardson in his heyday—the sixties and seventies—was a genius or a manipulative pain in the ass. Richardson himself views the editors he worked with as ranging from brilliant to stupid. In any case, after he had spent three years at *Harper's Bazaar* everyone had had enough. He wrote a vindictive letter to Nancy White and went over to the competition, at Condé Nast.

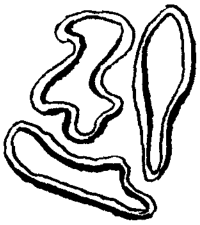
RICHARDSON started to spend the bulk of his time working in Europe. He wanted to kick the drugs, and several times in 1966 and 1967 he went to a sanitarium outside Paris and took a "sleeping cure"—a regimen of tranquillizers and bed rest. He says that this treatment was the only thing that ever got him clean—for a while, at least—until he finally "bummed out," in the eighties, and tried to recover alone.

His greatest feature dates from this period. It was shot in Greece in 1967, for a sixteen-page spread in French *Vogue*. It hardly seems to be a fashion spread at all; it's more like scenes from an extraordinarily passionate life. The protagonist of Richardson's story is Donna Mitchell. She is seen dancing with abandon in the Baboulas tavern, in Rhodes. She contemplates candles in a church, plays with a naked toddler (Richardson's son, Terry) in a bathtub, does her makeup, and walks through the streets as if in mourning. On a rocky shore, she lies supine as a godlike nude swimmer emerges from the water at her feet (and then makes love to her, we're supposed to think). One of the shots in this Greek spread is the picture of Mitchell crying on the beach which was reproduced in "Appearances." Mitchell wears designs by Christian Dior and Daniel Hechter, among others, but as we look at the pictures we're aware of fashion only indirectly. The overwhelming impression is one of emotional richness and physical actuality. Richardson managed to convey a sense of place, of real lives, of sex and joy and loneliness and broken trust. Richardson's wife, Norma, helped him; there were no editors or assistants along on the trip.

Joan Juliet Buck, who is now the editor of French *Vogue*, remembers seeing Richardson's Greek pictures when they were published, in the spring of 1967. She was eighteen at the time. "I was completely knocked out," she told me. "It was just before the Summer of Love. Our mothers wore those sleeveless dresses that seemed to be made out of cement. And even the new clothes by Courrèges and Ungaro were very structured. Richardson's pictures had the opposite feeling. They said, 'This is what I can be: I can be sad, I can be involved, I can relate, I can be sexual.' In those pictures, there was light—a world where sex and style didn't cancel each other out. They were destiny photographs."

Indeed, those photographs conveyed some essential qualities of the sixties: the drugginess, the sexual freedom, the growing gulf between men and women. Without clichés or fake grooviness, Richardson put these elements into fashion photography. Like Buck, the fashion photographer Steven Meisel remembers encountering Richardson's work when he was very young. "I was in the sixth or seventh grade, around 1968," Meisel says, "and the minute I looked at his pictures, although I wasn't aware of what I was seeing, I knew there was *something* that stood out. Now I realize that, in addition to everything else, the photographs have an intoxicated feeling. The youth thing and the drug thing—it's all there. The greasy black eyelids that the models used then—they're a big thing again now—gave you the feeling that the girls were so zonked out that they could barely keep their eyes open. There were *guys* with black eye makeup in his pictures, too. The women he photographed were unusual beauties, and they often looked as if they were lost, desolate, or frightened. Once, when I was in ninth grade, I saw Donna Mitchell on the street. It was drizzling, her hair was frizzy, and she had on a black cape. She looked like a Bob Richardson picture waiting to happen."

Though Richardson says he doesn't remember a lot of what he created, he has a clear recollection of his general aims. He was succeeding at bringing "my kind of woman" into the fashion magazines. "People say I am someone who brought reality into fashion photography," he explains. "Schizophrenics are critically aware of reality. In fact, a schizophrenic's awareness is so intense that he tries to escape from it—sometimes into fantasies—in order to survive. I'm sure that's why I became an artist in the first place. I brought me into my pictures. Nobody else could do that, because nobody else *was* me."



His style had its cost. Over the years, there were nightmarish shoots, marked by tantrums, feuds, and other lavish displays of temperament. Some of the craziness and drama was funny. Editors were locked in dressing rooms, dropped off in the middle of nowhere, or subjected to sudden, expensive whims. (Once, Richardson decided to photograph the models and the clothes underwater, because they looked so much better in the soft blue light.) He may have terrorized some editors, but others loved working with him.

To a certain degree, Richardson faced what every commercial photographer faces. A lot of his work ended up unpublished. "I lived on the cutting-room floor," he says. "It was my home away from home." Mainstream magazines have always been afraid of too much sex, too much edge, too much body, too much pain, too much sickness—too much of anything, in fact, that seems as if it might scare readers away. It was no accident that many of Richardson's most provocative pictures appeared in European magazines. And even though a lot of his work was killed, some of his fellow-photographers recognized the significance of his mission. Richard Avedon recalls, "There was a moment in the history of fashion photography when the turbulent woman, reckless in her lassitude, became heroic. She let herself be used by life, and looked it, and that was the essence of her beauty. That moment was brief. When it ended, some of us adapted. Richardson refused."

He was continuing to find work, but that wasn't much comfort. "The success of my photographs didn't mean much to me, because I knew I was not going to be able to keep doing the things I was doing," Richardson told me. "I knew I couldn't sustain it. Every once in a while, my life would fall apart and I'd go bananas. I wound up, again and again, in a straitjacket. After a doctor finally told me that I had schizophrenia, I was put on medication. Then another doctor gave me an experimental drug, and then yanked me off it and tried another one on me. That's the way it is for people with this disease. I'll never take another drug for it."

But there was a time when Richardson was willing to try anything. By the mid-sixties, getting high had become a way of life. He took speed and heroin and cocaine and everything in between.

"The first time I got stoned, it totally changed my life," Richardson recalls. "And it changed my photography, that's for sure. A model I'd been working with got me high on marijuana. Later on, she took me to see Max Jacobson—the famous Dr. Feelgood. Everybody went to him. He showed me how to skin-pop and mainline speed. Other doctors prescribed legal drugs for me, and I got hooked on those, too—on Valiums, on sleeping pills. That's the way it goes. If you're frightened, you take something to take away the fear, and if you're too nervous you take something to calm down, and if you can't sleep you take something for that. I was shooting up all day long, and then at night we'd go out to dinner, but I could never eat, because the drugs take your appetite away. After that, we'd go to clubs, and then finally come home, and then I'd start to edit the whole day's film. How long can a human being do that, day after day, night after night? It wasn't only me—the times were like that. People were passing out at my sittings, and often it had nothing to do with me, but once you get a bad reputation everything is blamed on you."

As Richardson remarks, plenty of people were experimenting with drugs, and that is probably why it was so hard for people to see that he was in deep

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trouble, and wasn't just living the life style of the moment.

Still, no matter how far out of control things got, Richardson always nurtured his talent for bonding with his models. It was an approach that made his shoots more dramatic than most. In 1969, Joan Juliet Buck was working for Julie Britt, a fashion editor at *Glamour*, who did a lot of shoots with Richardson. Buck assisted Britt on an issue about college girls. She accompanied Richardson to a field on Staten Island, and there, she says, the photographer labored mightily to portray the student models "as creatures of deep poetic weight." She remembers Richardson asking one of the young women he was photographing "to pick up the earth and hold it up to God." The approach was guaranteed to impress a young person of those times. Buck says that he was very Dylanesque—that he talked a lot about integrity, ideals, ethics, and the importance of not selling out. He still does.

NOT long after the Staten Island shoot, Anjelica Huston, who was eighteen at the time, and whose mother had died a few months before in a car crash, came to New York to stay with Buck. The two girls had grown up together, and were as close as sisters. When *Harper's Bazaar* asked her to set up a photography session with Huston, Buck suggested Richardson for the job. The forty-one-year-old photographer and his young model began a four-year romance and an important artistic collaboration. Soon after Richardson met Huston, he and his second wife, Norma, divorced.

His involvement with Huston wasn't his first extramarital affair. An editor told me that she remembers Bob and Norma as the Scott and Zelda of their time. And Richardson is open and matter-of-fact about all this. "Sex became a raging thing inside me," he said. "It absolutely overwhelmed me. It was part of my working structure. Often a session would wind up with sex." When I asked him if his experience was typical, he replied, "There was nobody cooler than me." He had no difficulty explaining how actual sex and mental sex played a part in his photography. "My secret for taking many of those good photographs was turning people on, and getting them so freaked out before I took the picture that I got it almost immediately," he said. It may have been an economical way to use film, but it was not the key to domestic bliss.

According to many witnesses, Richardson and Huston had a tempestuous, consuming relationship, but the affair also produced some of Richardson's greatest portraits and fashion photographs. A number of these pictures convey that intoxicated feeling which Meisel describes. On a visit to England, Richardson made an unforgettable image of Huston standing between two horses: she has the same feral beauty as the animals. Richardson also concocted an eye-popping color photograph of Huston in a big hat, and one with Huston, a second woman, and Serge Lutens—the art director, who was a makeup artist at the time—in a photographic studio. The woman, who is sitting fussing at Huston, is meant to portray an editor, while Huston plays the part of the model. The trio is surrounded by camera lights and photography equipment, which make for a

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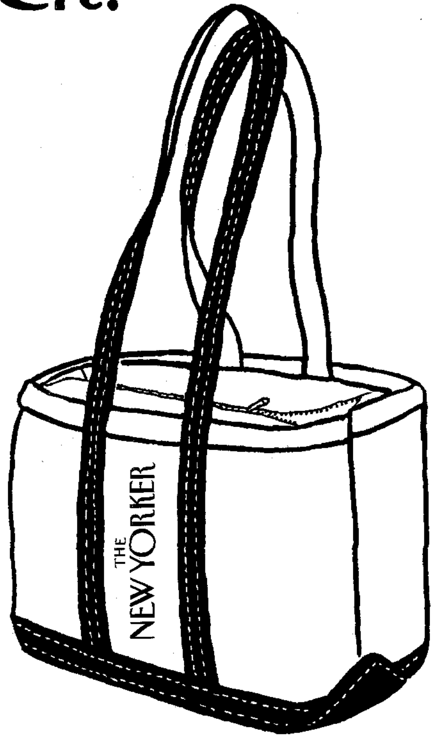

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kind of behind-the-scenes view, a peek at the inner world of fashion. Richardson's approach, however, is different from the kind of backstage shot that is ubiquitous now. His is like a critique of fashion, and it's almost surreal.

Richardson's relationship with Huston ended in 1973, and when one looks at the photographs that followed it's hard not to think that the breakup marked a turning point. (According to Richardson, he lost contact with his first wife and his daughter around this time; he says that he hasn't heard from them since and has no idea where they are living.) He continued to work for six more years—for American *Vogue*, *Mademoiselle*, *Glamour*, *Harper's Bazaar*, and other magazines. By and large, his photography became dutifully professional. Once in a while, there's that old Richardson verve, but for the most part the spirit, the originality, and the passion are gone. And, soon, so was he. He says that his sickness—compounded by years of drug abuse and the stress of his career—had finally made the old life impossible.

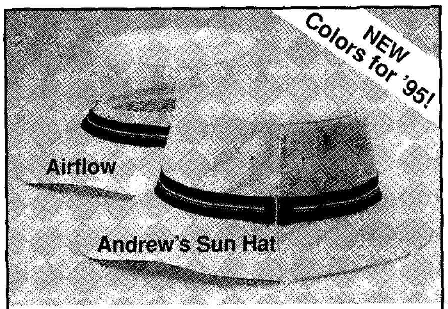
"I kept going for years, but I had lost interest—it vanished," Richardson said. "It was like waking up one morning and finding yourself all alone and wondering what you're going to do. In the end, I just gave up. I'd been taking lousy photographs, and I didn't want to work anymore. I think I wanted to find out if I wanted to live or if I wanted to die." In the late seventies, acquaintances used to see him hanging around Gramercy Park, near where he lived. He was clearly unstable. One day, in 1982, he seemed to simply disappear.

"I LEFT for California," Richardson told me. "Somehow, I knew I was going to end up living on the street." For a while, he moved around Southern California. Not long after he arrived, his son, Terry, who was eighteen, visited him in a run-down motel in San Diego. Terry was living in Hollywood at the time, and a few months later he took his father in, but they argued, and Terry asked his father to go. "He told me to get lost," Richardson recalls. "There are times when nobody can help you but yourself. I left my Louis Vuitton suitcase, filled with all my nice warm clothes, at his house, and that was it. I see now that I had to follow this road into hell and go all the way through it."

When he talked about his experience of being homeless in Southern California, it was the only time he said we had hit on a subject that was difficult for him to discuss. There were harrowing interludes of humiliation and discomfort, and he endured being filthy and hungry and scared. He said he found that it was safer to sleep during the day, in order to stay alert at night. He was arrested for stealing a blanket from a car, and spent time in jail. He drank: he said, with wistful sincerity, that his dearest friend during this period was a bottle with the names Ernest and Julio Gallo on it. But there were also strange encounters with his former life. Wandering around Santa Monica at night, he would peer into well-lit galleries and see pictures by photographers he'd known. Being homeless didn't change his standards. "I'd often wonder how they could do the same thing over and over again," Richardson said. "No wonder I'm crazy, I'd think. At least I'm not stupid like some of the photographers my age who are just repeating themselves." He once found himself standing in front of a theatre in Hollywood, and discovered that Anjelica Huston was starring there in a play, about the painter Tamara de Lempicka. He spent the next few days in the neighborhood, hanging out and sleeping in Huston's vicinity.

Terry Richardson says that his father was homeless for about two years altogether. At one point, the son arranged for his father to move into an apartment, but he soon abandoned it for the streets again. Richardson seemed to be living by his wits, and occasionally hooking up with strangers. He once called Terry from jail; he said that he had been living with "a millionaire guy" who had got fed up with him and had summoned the police to get rid of him. Another time, he called from a pay phone on Hollywood Boulevard and said he'd been attacked. Terry went to pick him up. "He was all bruised up," Terry told me. "He looked and smelled like he'd been living on the street—like a homeless person, which is what he had become."

"What ultimately saved me," Richardson says, "was that I started going to the library in Santa Monica every day and reading everything I could about schizophrenia. Finally, I had a way of understanding what had been going on inside me all these years." He took another



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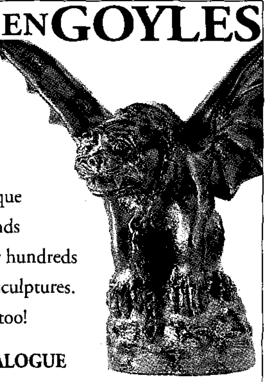

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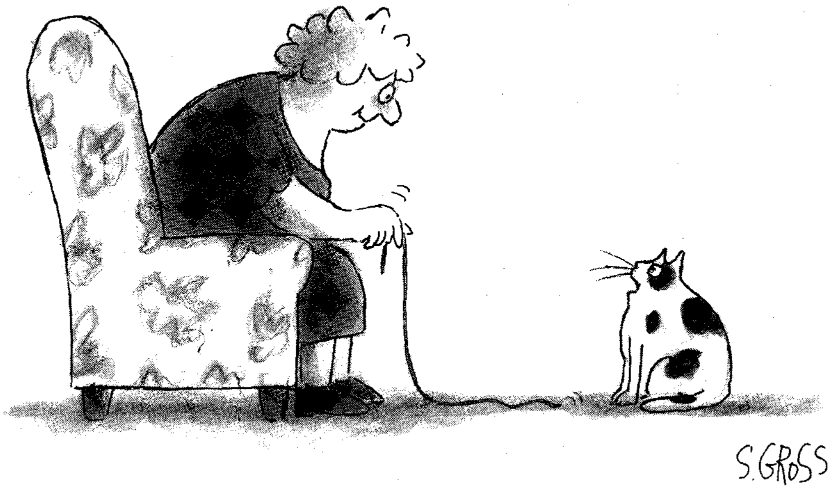

"We are not amused."

big step when he walked into an unemployment office and asked for work. Eventually, he ended up in San Francisco, doing odd jobs, driving delivery trucks, and living in an S.R.O. hotel in Chinatown.

Richardson might never have come back to New York to try and start again if it hadn't been for Martin Harrison's obsessive determination to find him. Harrison, an English art historian, was researching the history of fashion photography in the sixties, and Richard Avedon kept bringing up Richardson's name and praising his work, but when Harrison tried to find the photographer and his photographs he discovered that both seemed to have disappeared. Then, in 1989, Harrison tracked down Richardson's son and also Richardson's second wife, Norma, who had changed her name to Annie Lomax. They knew that Richardson was living in the S.R.O. hotel, but Richardson wouldn't respond to messages that Harrison left there, or reply to letters he wrote. Harrison got on a plane and went to California to try his luck in person.

"The hotel was a spooky place," Harrison recalled. "I knocked on Bob's door, and he opened it and said something like 'I don't want to be rude, but I don't want to be in your show, and I don't want to be in your book. I'm not interested in my old pictures.' I wanted to burst out crying. But then he lit up a cigarette. I'm a smoker, too, and when someone lights up a cigarette it's an invitation to share about seven minutes of killing yourself. I joined him, and that sort of did the trick. He invited me into his room. There was a bed, a sink, a tiny wardrobe, and there were newspaper photographs all over the walls. He had tacked up a Kertész poster and a picture by Bruce Weber torn out of a magazine. After a while, I pulled out some photocopies of his work, and he'd say things like 'God, I was awful.' But mixed in with the self-deprecation was a definite sense of professional self-esteem."

That visit resulted in a few of Richardson's pictures' being published in "Appearances," Harrison's enormous book. The book gave him recognition of a kind he hadn't had in years. Meanwhile, Terry Richardson, who had started to take pictures himself, moved to San Francisco, and he and his father began to spend time together, with the older man teaching the younger. In 1992, Terry moved to New York. A few months later, his father followed him back to the city he had deserted ten years earlier. Soon, Richardson was going around town saying that he and his son were a photography team: the Richardsons.

WHEN the news that Bob Richardson was back began to circulate, some old friends and colleagues were amazed and others were horrified. There were also those who were glad to see him alive and healthy, and were ready to do what they could for him. Richard Avedon and Steven Meisel helped him get teaching jobs at the International Center of Photography and at the School of Visual Arts. He and his son together completed several assignments, including projects for *Town & Country* and one for *Interview*, the magazine I edit. (Recently, the two have gone their separate ways professionally.) On his own, Richardson has directed a rock-music video for a New Jersey band called Negative Male Child, and a contemporary video adaptation of "Sweet Bird of Youth," starring Donna Mitchell, for *Mirabella*, which published stills from the video as a fashion feature. Both videos contain something of Richardson's old photographic vision and themes—drama, sex, fights, tension, and fashion—but they also seem to revisit old territory; the clothes may be new, but the results really aren't.

Richardson is still living an economically marginal existence. He stays in fleabag hotels and borrowed apartments. He isn't nostalgic about the penthouses, the state-of-the-art studios, or the twenty-four-hour limousines of his old life. The one thing that he does seem nostalgic about is the days when he could get all the sex he wanted. He likes to talk about his need for young lovers, and he says that he is bisexual, that he has always been interested in both women and men but didn't advertise it.

Richardson views the modest revival of interest in his past work with pleasure, but also with detachment. For a long time, he didn't own a single one of his photographs—he lost everything when he became homeless—but two friends liberated some of his old negatives from the storage closets of various Condé Nast magazines in Europe. Steven Meisel may have the largest "official" collection of Richardsons in the world, and he has only about eight prints. Two new prints of Richardson photographs are now on display at the Staley-Wise gallery, as part of a show of color fashion photography since the sixties. Still, the only way to see more than a few of Richardson's pictures is to find vintage copies or bound volumes of the various fashion magazines he did work for. Someday, I hope, there will be a retrospective of his photographs, but the task of finding and assembling them will be herculean.

Richardson's recent activities don't really add up to a second career in photography. When he worked with Terry, it was Terry who actually took the shots. Although Richardson has spoken to me at length about pictures he says he took when he lived in San Francisco and after he returned to New York, he has been unwilling to show me any new photographs. I repeatedly expressed my interest in seeing them, but there were always reasons that he couldn't let me look at them: he had no money to make the prints, or he was dissatisfied with the results. Richardson's critical abilities are very sharp when it comes to his own work. He once told me, "I used to be afraid of doing mediocre photographs, and in the end I did just that." He certainly has no illusions that he created one fantastic picture after another, even in his prime, yet his self-criticism may be too sharp.

He complains a lot about not getting the work he wants, about not getting to do more videos and photography projects. But Richardson's story is more complicated than that of someone trying to have a second chance for success. It may be that his fear is stronger than the passion he says he has for photography. In fact, he may not be ready to get behind the camera again. He may be terrified that he will be terribly disappointed when it comes down to just him and a camera, two old friends who know each other well. He may be afraid that the world will be disappointed by his new work. I recently asked him, point-blank, "What would you do if some magazine editor suddenly said, 'O.K., Bob, here's an assignment for you—just you. What do you say?' "

Richardson looked me straight in the eye for a few seconds. Then he replied, "I would answer, 'I've been rehearsing for ten years. Is that long enough? I know all the mistakes I made, and I'm really sorry. I've been to confession and I've received Holy Communion. When are you going to absolve me? If I can forgive you for being vulgar, for not being as bright as me, can't you forgive me?' "

I think the real question may be, Can he forgive himself? Just before this issue went to press, Richardson seemed to be on the verge of sending the magazine a new self-portrait. Instead, he sent the recent portrait, by another photographer, that appears in this article. The portrait arrived with a note from Richardson explaining why he substituted someone else's work for his own. "When I looked at my self-portrait," he wrote, "I couldn't bear the look in my eyes." ♦

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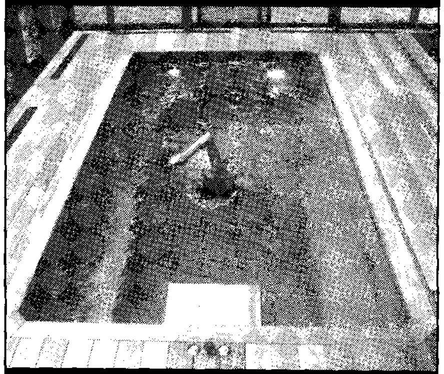

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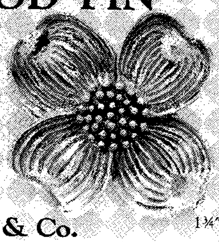

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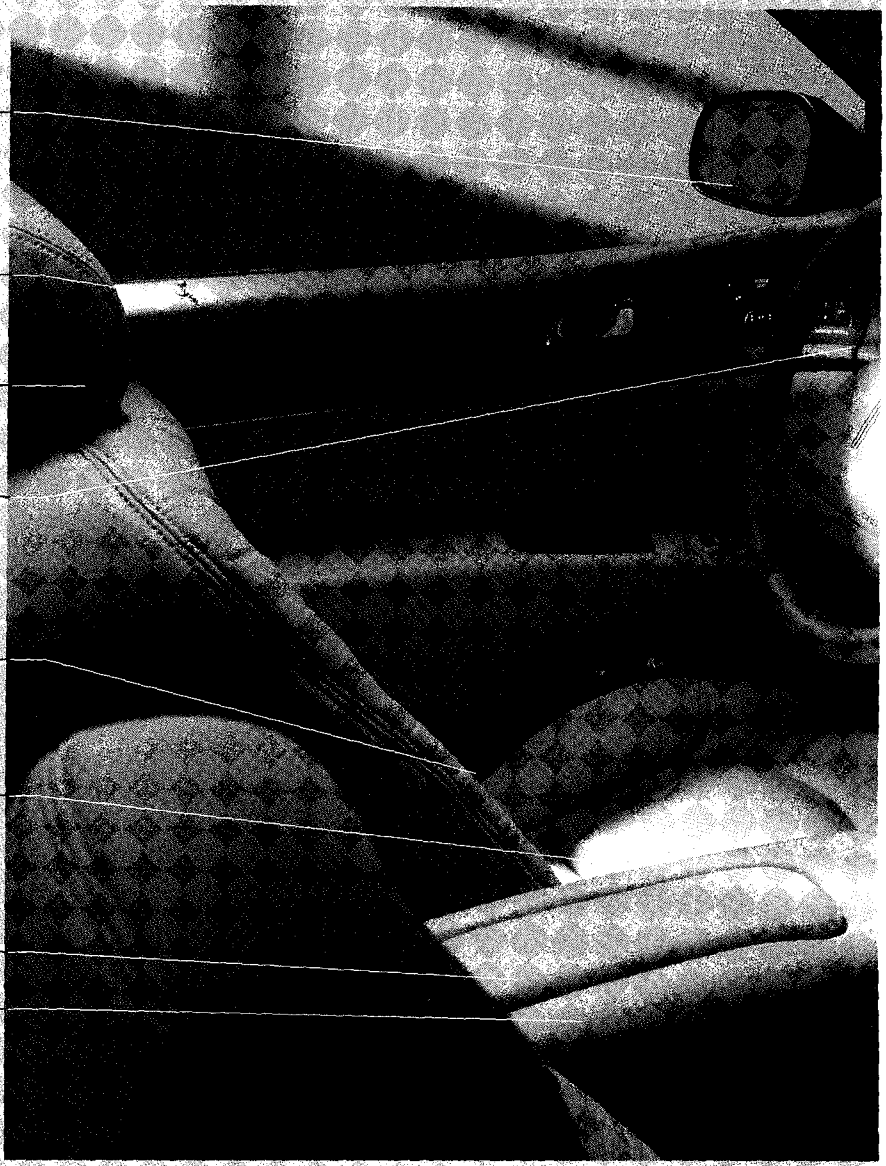

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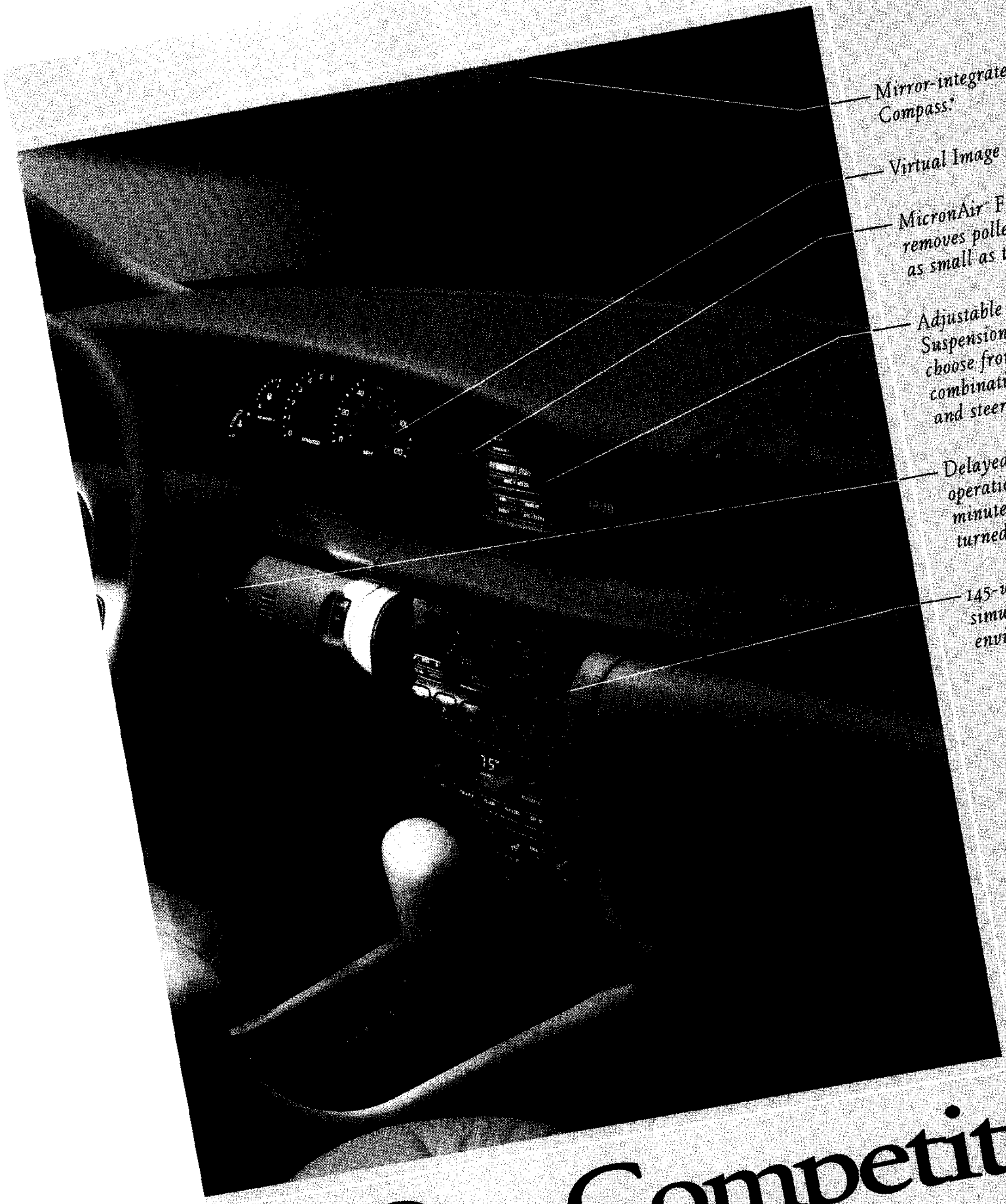

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Why did Lee Harvey Oswald go to Moscow? Unpublished K.G.B. transcripts and recollections of the Oswalds' friends in Minsk—many interviewed here for the first time, by the author and his colleague Lawrence Schiller—reveal that, in searching for evidence of espionage, the Soviets produced an intimate portrait of a strange and troubled marriage.

BY NORMAN MAILER

I—MOSCOW

"I've come to dissolve my American citizenship."

RIMMA SHIRAKOVA loved to speak English. Rusty now, she could say, but she would conduct, if you will, every word of this interview in English, and she could tell the gentlemen who were speaking to her now that back then, for the Soviet people, 1957 had been an exciting year. After much preparation, Moscow had opened at that time a festival to establish human relations between foreigners and Russians in Moscow. It was the greatest event for changing life in the Soviet, she explained. Rimma was twenty in 1957, a student at Moscow Foreign Languages Institute, and she met a number of new people and spoke to foreigners and taught English to children.

Freedom was very great in that year, you see. There were so many young foreigners and young Russians all together. Foreigners heard about it and wanted to come for visits. So Intourist was started to arrange all the work for tours and visas, and Intourist took on many guides, which is how Rimma would say she got into it.

First of all, new employees took courses on how to become good at their work. That was connected to studying relevant material that guides should use. For example, Rimma took examinations on how to show their Kremlin Treasury. That was in June of 1959, and those who passed were offered a job in July; most of them were her fellow-students at their Foreign Languages Institute. In September, most of these people, to use King's English, were sacked. Only those like herself, who showed excellent retention of facts, were accepted for permanent work.

Come autumn and winter of 1959, there were few tourists, but in general through 1959 there had been a good number of Americans, and a big business exhibition came and went in August. Rimma had worked with seventeen "boys." That was how they introduced themselves: "boys." They were governors from the Southern states of America, seventeen big boys, all of them with cameras. And Russian people in those days had a picture of Americans never being without their cameras.

One day in October of 1959, October 16th, Rimma was given the name of a man she was now assigned to take around in Moscow for five days. When she met him, however, she was surprised. He had not only arrived by Deluxe class—but he was taking his whole tour Deluxe. Only rich people travel in such a class. The most wealthy! How many can come alone Deluxe to Moscow for five days? So, she was expecting quite another kind of fellow, some gentleman who would be like an equal maybe to her governors of the Southern states, and they had not even been Deluxe. Only first class. Deluxe was two rooms to yourself, a suite. Naturally, she was expecting a middle-aged man who would be impressive. A *dandy!*

When she went, however, to the assigned section of the Berlin Hotel lobby to meet him, there was only a boy, slender, of medium height, wearing a dark-blue three-quarter autumn overcoat of inexpensive material and military boots with thick soles. Ordinary boots. From her point of view, someone travelling Deluxe should not look like this, certainly not! And this boy was pale, very pale. She would say he looked gloomy and nervous—yes, nervous, very nervous. He wasn't calm.

She introduced herself and gave a preview of the program. Intourist had group plans for people on excursions, but now there was only Rimma and this Deluxe boy, who was to have everything private. So she offered him a sightseeing tour. He spoke quietly, but at first it could have been a closed door between them. He didn't seem to know a single word in Russian, so Rimma spoke to him in English, about obtaining tickets to this or that theatre, and she went down a list of what to tour with him, but he showed no interest in excursions. This first morning, they went with a driver on a sightseeing tour around Moscow, and made stops. Their last one was Red Square, but the initiative for all of one hour and a half had been Rimma's. He did not interrupt any of her tour stories; he asked no questions. Such an odd Deluxe tourist.

Then their morning tour was over and he returned to the Berlin Hotel and had his midday meal alone. Rimma just said she'd see him a little later. She was planning to take him to the Kremlin that afternoon. There was something about him, something maybe unusual, but he was nice. He was polite and getting more natural. But that afternoon, this first day, he began speaking about himself. They did not go to the Kremlin after all. He wanted to talk.

Naturally, she didn't go to his suite: she would never do that. It wasn't allowed. So they went out. It was warm, and they sat on a bench, and he repeated, "If you don't mind, I don't want

Twenty-one-year-old Lee and nineteen-year-old Marina starting life as newlyweds in Khrushchev's Soviet Union (opposite).

THE NATIONAL ARCHIVES

to go on a tour." Now, this was not against their rules; it was allowed, but it wasn't considered a good idea.

Anyway, he began to say a few words about himself, that he was from Texas, had served as a U.S. marine, and had decided to go and see this country, Russia. He had read, he told Rimma, that Soviet people lived good, useful, and very peaceful lives.

Now, in those days Rimma was a great patriot, a very great one, she would say, so she was quite sure she agreed with him. She told him, Certainly ours is the best country, and you were right to come. She also felt that he was trying to get closer to her, because she was someone he could exchange information with. Not serious information, just talk about life. She was very enthusiastic that he liked her country, but she had never expected him to speak like this.

He started talking about how war was very bad because innocent people got killed, and as he talked he became more friendly, and she understood that he wanted to tell her so many things from his point of view.

Then he said that his real idea was that he didn't want to return to the United States. There was no sense in his going back, he told her. He had already settled that in his mind. He was going to stay here. He gave reasons. To her, they sounded like good ones. He said that his mother had remarried and had another husband, practically had another family, so his mother was not interested in him. Nobody was interested in him there. And when he had served in the Far East he had seen so much suffering, so many deaths, for which he blamed the United States. His country fomented unjust wars, he said, in which he did not want to take part. He gave her an impression that he had actually been in combat, fighting for his country, definitely gave her this impression, and he was sympathetic and believable to her. She thought he was quite right. It was certainly very strange that there was an American like this, but she was sure he was quite right. So she told him she shared his opinion, that there should not be unjust wars—certainly it was unnatural to kill people. He said again he wanted to stay here. This was a proper country from his political point of view.

Rimma was surprised. Even shocked. It was not a simple situation. Not routine at all. Nobody in training had ever spoken about something like this. So she helped him to write a letter to Supreme Soviet and she had it delivered. Nobody asked her to; it was her young wish to help him. But later, when she spoke to her boss, a woman, and told this story, her boss was not happy. Her chief said, "What have you done? He came as a tourist. Let him be a tourist."

Rimma was a little upset, because she felt her chief was taking the easiest way. That was bureaucracy. For sure. But Rimma knew her people. In general, most people were slow. They did not want to be energetic. They would say, "My job is not a wolf, it won't run away into the forest, so why should I hurry?" That was one prevailing attitude. But Rimma was also sure that her chief would get in touch with someone above her and they would know what to do.

"Pop, could we have a sidebar?"

From Oswald's diary:

Oct. 16

> I explain to her [Rimma] I wish to apply for Russian citizenship. She is flabbergasted, but agrees to help. She checks with her boss, main office Intourist, then helps me address a letter to Supreme Soviet asking for citizenship.[†]

ALEXANDER SIMCHENKO was the boss of the U.S. and Canada desk of OVIR, the Visa and Registration Office, and had about thirty people under him. Decades later, still speaking some English, he would say to the Oswald interviewers, "I can tell you very honestly that everybody at that time who was working for Intourist was under observation and control by our K.G.B. If they asked, 'What is your impression of So-and-So?' concerning someone we were taking around, it was not possible to say, 'I don't care to speak about it.' Even if you liked a tourist, you had to give your professional opinion. When some K.G.B. officer would call, he would, to identify himself, give you his first name and patronymic but not his family name. He might say 'This is Gennady Petrovich. We want to know about So-and-So.' "

Alexander, of course, understood. At that time, they were taught that a majority of foreigners are spies. So you had to understand certain requirements of his position. But as far as Alexander can tell, not of a single person on whom he reported could you say that he told something inaccurate. He would tell Gennady Petrovich exactly how he accepted and reacted to each person. He reported verbally.

Alexander had acquired some experience concerning persons from other countries who wanted to apply for Soviet citizenship. Ninety-nine per cent of them were disturbed. He remembered a call from a militiaman in Red Square, who told him, "There's an American lady distributing leaflets here in front of Lenin's Tomb," and he said, "O.K., bring her to my office. Also, bring her leaflets." Printed in Russian was "Dear Soviet Citizens: Help me to receive Soviet citizenship." Alexander told her, "You have to apply to our Embassy in Washington for something like this," and she said, "I did, and they said, 'Go to Russia, and Intourist will help you.' " So Alexander told her that Intourist was responsible only for tourists who were acting like tourists. Others were always told to go back and apply again to the Embassy of the Soviet Union in their own country. When they still insisted on trying to get it done in Russia, his only answer was "Go to the Presidium or the supreme congress," which Presidium happened to be in an adjoining building, and so they would walk over there, and someone would receive them and say, "Go back to Intourist." At the Russian Embassy in Washington, they kept saying, "Travel to Moscow on a tourist trip. Intourist will help you."

[†] Even as one stains a slide in order to separate the features of its contents more clearly, so Oswald's letters and writings have been corrected here for spelling, clarity, and syntax. Oswald was dyslexic, and his orthography and syntax are so bad at times that the man is not revealed but concealed—in the worst of his letters he seems stupid and illiterate. Therefore, it seems worth giving him some benefit in this direction in order better to perceive the workings of his mind.

Of course, Alexander would often hear from K.G.B. of such cases. Still, he had never met anyone from K.G.B.; it was always a voice on his phone. If it wasn't Gennady Petrovich, it was someone who would get on and say, "I don't know you, but Gennady Petrovich recommended I call and speak to you . . ." Then they would proceed. He just listened, and tried to be helpful.

"Harmon was shaving and his stomach fell into the sink."

The first time Alexander came across Lee Harvey Oswald's name was when he received a call that a young American was trying to receive Soviet citizenship. When Alexander heard his first name was Lee, he thought, "Chinese, maybe he's Chinese by birth." But then he thought, "Oswald—that's not Chinese, not Oswald." So he wasn't too surprised when this young person came in. He seemed an average young American.

He was very cute, he was smiling, a person who tried to be very appealing, and he was, yes, very appealing. Smiling. He came in wearing a short black parka and no hat and a knitted turtleneck sweater, and he was wearing a silver chain with his name on it, and a ring with a stone. He was an unusual case, and Alexander was afraid to speak to him for too long, just talked to him a little and told him nicely to go away. He certainly wasn't in a mood to call somebody higher up and ask them to help, because they would only say, "Why?"

Years later, for instance, when the president of McDonald's hamburgers first came to Moscow, he told Alexander he'd like to introduce McDonald's to all of the Soviet Union, and Alexander made a call to City Council's catering department, and they said, "What? What you are doing? You want to leave your job? Why are you introducing *this*?" That was why, in unorthodox cases, Alexander was reluctant to call anybody.

He did ask Oswald how he received his name Lee, and the young man replied, "Maybe it's my grandparents'. Maybe it's Irish." But then, thinking there might be Spanish in this name Oswald, like Osvaldo, Alexander said, "*Habla español?*" and Oswald said, "No, no, no, no." He said he wanted to stay in the Soviet Union because he felt very sympathetic to Alexander's country; he had read Lenin, Stalin, newspapers, magazines, etc. Alexander thought his knowledge might be superficial; maybe he had read some books, but, still, nothing deep. So Alexander replied, "You know, we're not able to do anything here." At that time, it was difficult to extend a tour; everything had to be worked out in advance through a travel agency. Intourist couldn't sell to you on the spot. Alexander knew many cases where persons wanted to prolong their stay but couldn't find a way to buy new vouchers for food, entertainment, theatre, ballet, visits, trips, no way to connect at the last minute with an appropriate bureau to get vouchers. Besides, Alexander knew that if a high official were interested in having this tourist Oswald stay on, the high official would begin to take a few steps. Since Lee Oswald had been sent routinely to him, that meant nobody was interested. Alexander took it for granted that K.G.B. knew more about Oswald than Alexander did and that it was not his business.

NEXT morning, Rimma was asked by this boy, "Do you think I'll be allowed to stay?" and Rimma told him she didn't know. "As for me," she said, "I'll do everything I can to help you." She felt much closer to him now. He had become to her like a relative. It wasn't romantic on her side, although she felt there might be something on his side, because he certainly seemed sure she would only do good for him. He was sweet and natural, and maybe back then when she was young she was a little more coquettish. A little bit. She couldn't say she liked him very much: he wasn't her type. Maybe it was a small amount romantic, but certainly they did not kiss each other. She was like a sister to him, you see. He was in such a difficult position in his life; he needed someone. And who was there to rely on but herself? So they were friendly, very friendly, and she was upset also, and uneasy. She had thought official response would be quicker. That there'd be more interest. But nothing happened on this second day.

The next morning was Sunday, the third day of his visit, and his birthday, October 18th. By his passport she knew he was now twenty, but he looked younger. She gave him a gift. She bought a book by Dostoyevski—"The Idiot"—for him. And they visited Lenin's Tomb, in Red Square. No special reaction. He was waiting for news, but Sunday had no news. Ditto, Monday. Absence of new information. Still, there were reports to file.

After he had told her of his desire to stay, she reported each afternoon to the proper people. It was very important, you see, for his fate. But she was surprised. They did not seem to pay much serious attention to his case.

Today, thinking of herself as a source of information to her superiors concerning Oswald, she wonders what value a young girl could bring who had never had such an experience before. At least, she was sincere. But it's difficult to say what K.G.B. thought.

Sunday and Monday he was saying maybe he could tell them some secret things. He had served in his armed forces and he had something to tell. Rimma went to her boss and reported that Oswald was now prepared to offer matters of interest. He knew about airplanes; he mentioned something about devices. He said he'd like to meet some authorities. Her boss said, "Oh, go and have another tour," and Rimma had a feeling that maybe people from Internal Security had come around already to take a quiet look at him. Not to talk to him, just to keep a little watch on him.

On Tuesday night, however, they told her that he wouldn't be allowed to stay; he would be refused. She could not give him such bad news then. She waited until the next morning, which was the sixth and last day of his visa.

He was shocked. Very depressed, very tense. She tried to calm him, but now it was as if he were dead. He spent a whole morning with her. So depressed. She did talk him into a trip for that afternoon.

After taking her big meal at lunchtime, she waited for him downstairs; usually he was punctual—nine sharp was always nine sharp for him, ditto for 2 P.M. Now, this afternoon they had their car and driver waiting, and it was very difficult with cars; you had to reserve carefully in advance. So by two-thirty she was so worried that she went upstairs to his room without permission.

The floor lady at the elevator landing said, "He's still in his room, because I don't have his key."

Rimma said, "Come with me." They began knocking. Nobody answered. His door was locked from the inside, and so

BODY

The human condition is not pain only.
Yet pain rules us and has much power.
Wise thoughts fail in its presence.
Starry skies go out.

From the center of the anatomical atlas
Where liver-red and clear-red of lungs
Meet flesh-color of cloudlike intestines,
Heralds of pain proceed with their muted calls.
From defenseless guard posts at the frontier of the skin
Runs the alarm of being touched by steel or fire.

No chitinous or horn armor.
Nakedness under dresses and the masks of dancers.
And our obsession with undressing them on the stage
To know what they are when they pretend.

Scarlet liquor under the sun of the heart
Circulates, warms up, pulsates.
Visions, landscapes move to its rhythm
As does the brain, a gray moon, Luna.

On a gynecological chair open knees.
Defenseless viscera shattered by childbirth.
And the first scream, terror of exile into the world,
On a frozen river, in a stony city.

Julia, Isabel, Luke, Titus!
It's us, our kinship and mutual pity.
This body so fragile and woundable,
Which will remain when words abandon us.

—CZESLAW MILOSZ

(*Translated, from the Polish, by the author and Robert Hass.*)

the floor lady couldn't put her extra key in. They called someone from Internal Security, and a locksmith from their hotel crew joined them, but the locksmith had difficulty opening the door, and finally pushed it open with such a bang that both men fell into the living room. They saw nobody. Rimma, behind them, saw nothing. Then these two men went on to the left and into Oswald's bathroom. Rimma doesn't know where they found him, whether in the tub or on the bathroom floor; she couldn't see from where she was in the hall, and she did not want to. Then they came out and said, "Get an ambulance." Rimma went down to call, and, soon after, a policeman told her that he had cut his wrists. He had said "cut his wrists," but she didn't know if it was one or two. "Old Italian method," he said. Rimma was scared certainly, but also glad. From a moral point of view, she thought it was good that she had come in time. When they brought him out on a stretcher she saw that he was dressed. His clothes were dry. He was lying unconscious on this stretcher and she sat next to him in the ambulance. Up front was a man driving, and another fellow who had helped carry his stretcher. She was alone with him in back, and he looked so weak and thin. His cheeks were hollow: his face was bluish. He looked like a person about to die. If he did, there might be a bad situation for her country, a scandal between U.S. and U.S.S.R. Tourists come, and now this one's dead, so other tourists might be afraid to visit. What with serious distrust between two great nations, Americans might think that Soviet officials had tortured him.

Their trip took a while because they had been assigned to Botkin Hospital, which for Rimma was one of the best in Moscow. It was not near the Berlin Hotel, but it had very good doctors, with a special department for diplomats, also for foreigners. When they arrived, however, they were taken to a locked-door facility for Russians. Mental ward.

At Reception, they had put him on a stretcher with wheels, and injected him. After surgery, when he opened his eyes, he couldn't understand at first where he was, but then she began speaking to him, and said, "Everything is all right. We are in the right ward. Don't worry." And she patted his hair. She was very gentle. He looked at her but did not smile. Since they had already stitched everything, there was a bandage on his left arm near his wrist. Right arm, nothing. Just his left wrist. She stayed with him from arrival at four in the afternoon until maybe ten o'clock. He asked her not to go, and so she stayed. For six hours.

He had been put in a room with Russians, and Rimma told them he was a good American, but she did not mention that he had tried suicide. She merely said she was from Intourist, and he was American and ill—no further details. She told him to be calm. He asked if she would come and she said she would. Tomorrow morning. Certainly.

Oct. 21

Evening 6:00
Receive word . . . I must leave country tonight at 8:00 P.M. as visa expires. I am shocked! My dreams! I retire to my room. I have $100 left. I have waited for two years to be accepted. My fondest dreams are shattered because of a petty official, because of bad planning. I planned too much!

7:00 P.M.
I decide to end it. Soak wrist in cold water to numb the pain. Then slash my left wrist. Then plunge wrist into bathtub of hot water. I think, "When Rimma comes at 8 to find me dead it will be a great shock." Somewhere a violin plays as I watch my life whirl away. I think to myself, "How easy to die," and "a sweet death to violins." About 8:00 Rimma finds me unconscious (bathtub water a rich red color). She screams (I remember that) and runs for help. Ambulance comes, am taken to hospital where five stitches are put in my wrist. Poor Rimma stays at my side as interpreter (my Russian is still very bad), far into the night. I tell her, "Go home." My mood is bad, but she stays. She is my "friend." She has a strong will. Only at this moment I notice she is pretty.

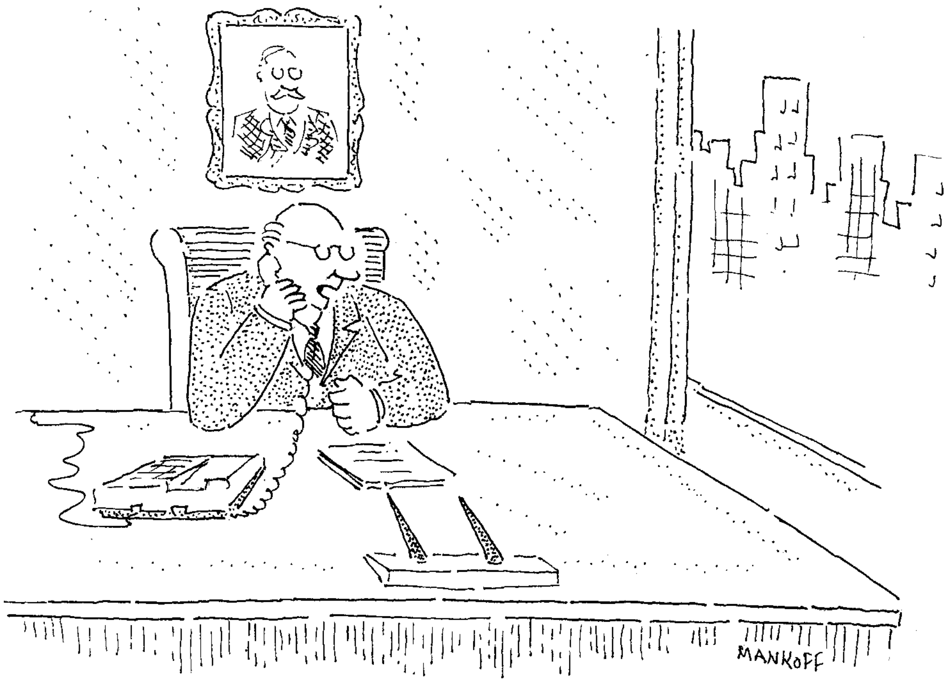
He had not asked Rimma to bring back anything from his room, but she did look around there next day and saw that he had a dark-green sweater and two shirts, no more. Maybe he washed one each night. Certainly he always combed his hair and shined his one pair of shoes.

She also brought over the book she had bought for his birthday, "The Idiot." Maybe she had made a forecast for this Lee. Since his name didn't sound Russian at all, he now called himself Alik—her suggestion.

He was in that same ward where she had left him, sitting up, quite all right. His roommates soon told her, "Everything is O.K.; don't worry. We'll take care of Alik; he's a good guy." And again she spent a whole day with him and did not go to her office—everything would be taken care of without her.

She was pleased; Alik was so happy to see her that he even blushed, and she believed that now Soviet authorities would change their opinion and do something. Because they should. They would not allow him to die.

Next day, when Rimma came to his mental ward and they asked who it was,



"A billion is a thousand million? Why wasn't I informed of this?"

she said *svoi*, which means "people who are close" or "family," and that struck her as funny. What kind of family was this, all cuckoo, and now she had become one with cuckoo people. She explained to Alik that she didn't think he was crazy, he was even normal, but they did have to examine and study him. And, for that matter, she thought to herself that some psychiatrists might be from K.G.B. She did not exclude such thoughts.

Oct. 22

I am alone with Rimma amongst the mentally ill. She encourages me and scolds me. She says she will help me get transferred to another section of hospital (not for insane) where food is good.

Oct. 23

Transferred to ordinary ward. (Airy, good food.) But nurses are suspicious of me. (They know.) . . .

Wed. Oct. 28

Leave hospital in Intourist car with Rimma for Hotel Berlin. Later, I change hotel to Metropole. Rimma notified me that [the] passport and registration office wishes to see me about my future.

Later, Rimma and car pick me up and we enter the office to find four officials waiting for me (all unknown to me). They ask how my arm is, I say OK; they ask, Do you want to go to your homeland? I say no, I want Soviet citizenship . . . They say they will see about that . . . They make notes. "What papers do you have to show who and what you are?" I give them my discharge papers from the Marine Corps. They say, "Wait for our answer." I ask, "How long?" "Not soon."

Later, Rimma comes to check on me. I feel insulted, and insult her.

Oct. 29

Hotel room 214, Metropole Hotel.

I wait. I worry. I eat once, stay next to phone. Worry. I keep fully dressed.

Oct. 31

I make my decision. Getting passport at 12 o'clock, I meet and talk with Rimma for a few minutes. She says: "Stay in your room and eat well." I don't tell her about what I intend to do since I know she would not approve. After she leaves, I wait a few minutes and then I catch a taxi. "American Embassy," I say. Twelve-thirty I arrive American Embassy. I walk in and say to the receptionist, "I would like to see the Consul." She points to a large ledger and says, "If you are a tourist, please register." I take out my American passport and lay it on the desk. "I've come to dissolve my American citizenship," I say matter-of-factly. She rises and enters the office of Richard Snyder, American Head Consul in Moscow at that time. He invites me to sit down. He finishes a letter he is typing and then asks what he can do for me. I tell him I've decided to take Soviet citizenship, and would like to legally dissolve my U.S. citizenship. His assistant (now Head Consul) McVickar looks up from his work.

Snyder takes down personal information, asks questions. Snyder warns me not to take any steps before the Soviets accept me, says I am a fool, and says the dissolution papers [will take] time in preparing. (In other words, refuses to allow me at that time to dissolve U.S. citizenship.) I state: "My mind is made up. From this date forward, I consider myself no citizen of the USA." I spend forty minutes at the Embassy before Snyder says, "Now, unless you wish to expound on your Marxist beliefs, you can go." "I wish to dissolve U.S. citizenship." "Not today," he says in effect.

I leave Embassy, elated at the showdown, return to my Hotel. I feel now my energies are not spent in vain. I am sure Russians will accept me after this sign of my faith in them.

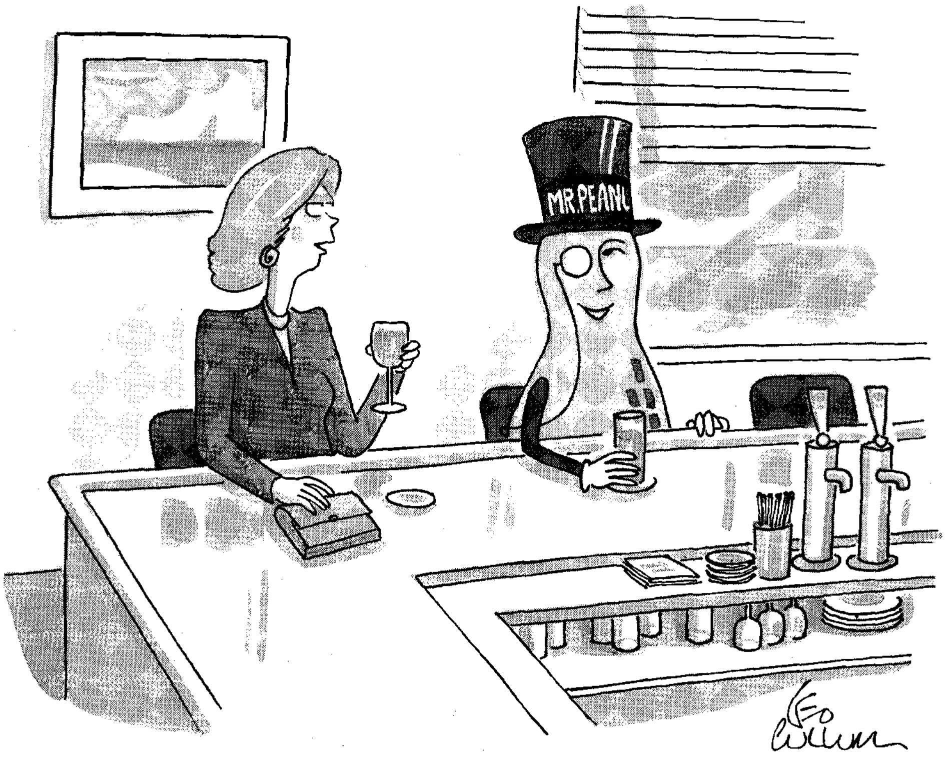
Nov. 2-15

Days of utter loneliness . . . I remain in my room. I am racked with dysentery.

Now, at the Metropole, Rimma would go up to his room. She could. She had been given new rules, as if it were a new case. She was assigned to taking full care of him. He was no longer a tourist. They took it as something very serious, and so did he. Why were they not solving this problem? He was very nervous. He told her that all his money had gone for his tour Deluxe. He had done it purposely. If he was on a tour alone, more attention would be given to him than in a group, and that way he could fulfill his plan.

Rimma's relationship with Lee became a good deal closer. He was very much like a relative now—but not a brother, not a boyfriend, in between. He wanted to kiss her and was ready to try, but she didn't want that. She never kissed him at all, not ever. It was considered, as the English would say, not good form to behave like that. People who did could lose their jobs. Of course, for her, as a person, she could certainly kiss him if she wished it that much, but, you see, she did not. Certainly not. She had a boyfriend, a young engineer, graduate of Moscow Power Institute, whom she would see once a week. A loving fellow. Moreover, with Alik it was a situation where it was impossible to be light-minded. The consequences of improper behavior could not be simple. A Russian writer said once, "It's better to die than to kiss without love," and good girls were of that same opinion. If she didn't love him and didn't want close relations, then she should not kiss. So she patted him on his hand. Enough. Her psychology.

Besides, she had to send reports to her chief and be factual, always factual. So how could she kiss? Was she to re-



"So, is there a Mrs. Peanut?"

port that? She would say Alik was O.K., he wanted to be accepted into their Soviet Union; she tried to give a good impression of him, but factual. Sometimes she wrote her report daily, sometimes weekly; it depended on how much information she received. They didn't ask her to tell them every day but absolutely when she felt she should. Very difficult days.

Nov. 16

> A Russian official comes to my room, asks how I am. Notifies me I can remain in USSR until some solution is found with what to do with me. It is comforting news for me.

NOW days started to go by and still they didn't give an answer. Rimma spent every working day with him. Very long intolerable days. He was upset, he didn't know what to do, and she didn't even try to teach him to speak Russian a little, because, from a psychological point of view, it was not a time to learn; to her mind, he was in his room too much, thinking and thinking. She didn't even know whether he was reading her gift—"The Idiot." Maybe he had been a little shocked at such a title; could wonder if was personal, yes. And maybe Dostoyevski was difficult for him, very difficult. He was interested in nothing but his own fate. Very self-centered.

Sometimes he would still say that all people are brothers and sisters, and the Soviets wanted more good for our world than America. But Rimma felt he had come to such ideas without knowing many facts. Very superficial. Not natural. Not deep.

She never said this to him, however, because it would be too easy to hurt his feelings. He knew that, too. He would never insult her, she knew, because she could say something back that would show him to be a person who thinks too much of himself and shouldn't behave as he does. You should know the kind of person you are, she was ready to tell him if he got at all unpleasant—you are just nothing.

"What's my news?" he kept asking her. Always this same question. And she had a feeling that maybe he was going to ask her to marry him. But he didn't. Maybe he knew she wouldn't agree. However, he hinted many times, said how good and how happy he felt being with her. When she went to her chief and asked about his situation, one question they would always ask her was "What can he do for a living?" Unfortunately, he could do nothing.

Finally, since he had no money, her boss told Rimma they should move him from his present good room to something smaller. They found such a cubbyhole, very small, very modest. His life was going from Deluxe down. Down and down. Which means up. Higher floor, smaller room.

Rimma couldn't even eat with him. In those days, even if her salary was a hundred rubles a month because of her excellent marks, meals at a hotel were too expensive. She went to reasonable places. Then, because they couldn't afford to give him restaurant meals at his hotel any longer, higher-ups said, "Special meal." Poorer quality. Of course, he wasn't always gloomy. Sometimes he was certainly romantic, and would tell jokes, but mostly she had to try to cheer him up. He would say that if he was allowed to stay in her country he would live in Moscow. Of course, if he married her it would be easier for him to do that. But she never discussed this with him, and didn't think he was just pretending that he loved her; she thought his feelings were sincere. But he wasn't sleeping well. He was thinking of his situation. Always. His Russian didn't get much better, either—no, no.

One day, finally, late in December of 1959, just before New Year's, they called Rimma into Intourist's main office and told her they were sending Oswald to Minsk. When she informed him, he was so disappointed he even cried at first, with tears, yes, he wanted Moscow not Minsk, but he was also happy he was allowed to stay, relieved and happy. Of course he was happy. He was shining. He did not hide it. But he was still upset he had to go to Minsk.

He had no idea where it was. Had never heard of it. Rimma told him it was a good city, which was true. She often took foreigners to Minsk in a railroad coach on trips. She liked its newest hotel, their Hotel Minsk. People in Minsk, she told him, are much better than in many other places. But he was depressed. He wanted her to accompany him on his all-night railroad trip from Moscow to Minsk, but by now he understood that everything was not so simple as he had thought before everything was more serious than he had thought. In America, when he took this decision to go to Russia, he must have been like a child, but then in these days he grew up, you see. So now he understood that, even if Rimma wanted, she couldn't leave her job and go with him. He understood it was impossible. He knew it was a very serious place here.

Jan. 7

I leave Moscow by train for Minsk, Byelorussia . . . I wrote my brother and mother letters in which I said, "I do not wish to ever contact you again. I am beginning a new life and I don't want any part of the old."

Rimma remembered that on this day he left for Minsk it was snowing when she said goodbye to him. He was crying and she was crying.

But she did not write to him. It was understood that an Intourist girl was not to write letters to tourists she had guided, and Rimma could not violate such a principle.

II–MINSK

What is the marine from Texas doing here?

How Igor Ivanovich Guzmin† looked when young would be hard to decide in 1993, because his presence spoke of what he was now: a retired general from K.G.B. Counterintelligence, a big man and old, with a red complexion and a large face that could have belonged to an Irish police chief in New York, impressive from his sharp nose up, with pale-blue eyes ready to blaze with rectitude, but he looked corrupt from the mouth down—he kept a spare tire around his chin, a bloated police chief's neck.

Guzmin, Igor Ivanovich, born in 1922, had worked in Minsk for the K.G.B. from 1946 to 1977, and had first been dispatched there by Moscow Center to undertake a "strengthening of cadres," and in Minsk he had remained for more than half of his fifty years in service. Having walked in as Deputy Chief of Counterintelligence, Minsk, he became Deputy Chief of Branch, and was finally promoted to Chief of Department in Byelorussia. While his arrival came more than a year after the Nazi occupation of Minsk had ended, he could inform his interviewers that one out of every four persons in that republic had died in combat, or in German concentration camps, or *under other circumstances*. He said no more. His point was that rebuilding had been done in Minsk under difficult conditions. There was not only physical disruption but a population compromised by collaboration. Certainly all standing policemen, local army, village headmen—the persons installed by Germans—had to be seen as collaborators or Fascist agents. His State Security office had, therefore, to cleanse everything that you could call an obstruction to reconstruction. Many people didn't want to take responsibility for their collaborative actions with the Nazis and so had gone underground, which gave the Organs a further task of freeing society from their concealed presence. It was a good deal of work. They weren't finished dealing with all of that until 1953.

Igor Ivanovich does not, however, recall an episode in any of their security tasks that had been remotely similar to the problems initiated by Oswald's arrival. Repatriates might be scattered around Ukraine and Byelorussia, but they were Byelorussians, whereas Oswald had been sent here to Minsk as a political immigrant for permanent residence. Of course, foreign agents had been dispatched to Minsk before, members of British or American or German intelligence, sent by air, smuggled across borders—in one manner or another, implanted. Much local K.G.B. work had been concerned with exposing, arresting, and putting such people on trial. Four American agents had been dropped by parachute into Byelorussia in 1951 alone, but Oswald was obviously different and special.

On Oswald's arrival in Minsk, in January of 1960, some reports from Intourist Moscow guides and officials had

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already come to Igor Ivanovich's office, so he was furnished with materials on why this young American had been allowed to stay in Soviet territory. It was a small dossier, however. Oswald was being sent to Minsk for permanent residence, and other branches of the local government would take care of settling him in. Igor's function would be to find

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†A pseudonym.

Oswald, in dark glasses, with friends from the Horizon factory. "I meet many young Russian workers," he wrote. "All wish to know about me."

out whether Oswald, Lee Harvey, was who he claimed to be. So the most significant document was the one that stated that it had been decided at highest levels to grant Oswald permission to stay after his suicide attempt, even though his attempt may have been staged. There was then, as could be expected, a directive from Moscow Center: Start investigation of this person.

Igor Ivanovich Guzmin had a man in his department who would serve as the developer on this case; that is, would, on a daily basis, conduct their inquiry—an intelligent, efficient man named Stepan Vasilyevich Gregorieff.† He had handled interrogations of captive German spies and British spies; he had been specifically adept at locating and then defining suspect people who had stayed in the West after 1945 but, for various reasons, had now repatriated themselves, and had to be checked. Stepan also knew a little English, and where he would lack

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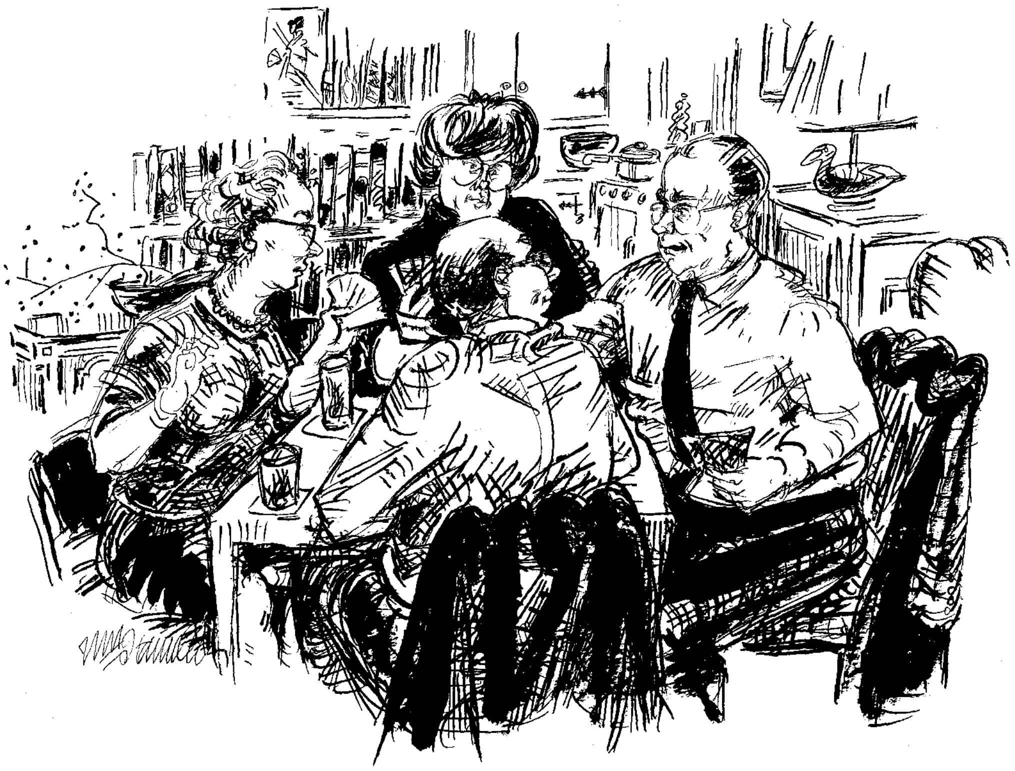
†A pseudonym.



"I bet the same day Yale was giving Bass back his money, they were handing mine out to whales and feminazis."

fluency, an English-speaking deputy could assist in the translation of documents—as, for example, any letters Oswald might receive from America.

Stepan would report directly to Igor, who would communicate with the Chief of Counterintelligence in Byelorussia, and that officer, in turn, would report to the head of Moscow Center. It could be said, then, that there were only three steps in this chain of command before it reached the apex in Moscow.

Igor Ivanovich would add that there was a reason for such extreme attention and arch-secrecy concerning Lee Harvey Oswald. Preliminary analysis in Minsk had already suggested opposing hypotheses. There was, for example, Oswald's service as a marine to account for. Among people in Counterintelligence, it was taken for granted that C.I.A. and F.B.I. would recruit some of their cadre from marines. Oswald had also told some of their Moscow sources that he had experience in electronics and radar. Such knowledge was not alien to those serving in intelligence.

Their next variant was that he had a pro-Communist attitude, was Marxist. Yet closer examination disclosed that he was not proficient in Marxist-Leninist theory. That elicited considerable suspicion.

It was still another matter to make certain that the Americans had not schooled him in Russian and he was concealing his knowledge. That was difficult to determine, but could be examined by observing closely how he proceeded to acquire more language proficiency. So that would also become a task for any person teaching him Russian. The monitor would have to be able to determine whether Oswald was jumping from lesson to lesson with suspicious progress, or, taking the contrary case, was he experiencing real difficulty? That was certainly a question to clarify.

Now came another variant: Lately, K.G.B. had been testing another country's legal channels to ascertain how difficult it would be to insert its agents into that nation. Igor now had to consider a possibility in reverse: Had some American intelligence service sent Lee Harvey Oswald here to check out their Soviet legal channels? Was he a test case to determine how moles might be implanted for special tasks?

Yet, in addition to all this, if you looked at it in human terms, Oswald was also being accepted as a potential immigrant. It was considered desirable, therefore, to create good conditions for him so that he would not be disillusioned about life in the Soviet Union. By 1960, Minsk did have a living standard that might not disappoint him about Communist society. Besides, for their own purposes, the Organs needed a city as big as Minsk, with many people circulating in the streets. Watching a person was thereby facilitated.

Be it said, their investigation was deeply prepared. They had a complex and double goal: not to miss anything suspicious in Lee Harvey Oswald's behavior, yet not to limit his personal freedom. They also were most interested to talk to him personally, but given their ultimate objective—to discover whether he was or was not a spy—they had to abandon this possibility. Direct contact would disrupt their attempt to elicit objective answers through more delicate methods of investigation.

Jan. 10

The day to myself. I walk through the city. Very nice.

From K.G.B. Observation:

PERFORMED FROM 08:00 TILL 24:00 ON JANUARY 10, 1960:

At 11 o'clock Lee Harvey left Hotel Minsk and went to GUM. There he came up to electrical department, asked a salesperson some question, then took money out of his pocket and went to a cashier of this department. He did not pay for anything but just put money back into his pocket and started pacing first floor of department store up and down looking at different goods. Then he went back to electrical department, paid 2 rubles, 15 kopecks for electrical plug, put it into his pocket and went up to second floor. There he spent some time in department of ready-made clothes, looked through available suits, then left GUM store walking fast. He was back at his hotel by 11:25.

At 12:45 he came out of his hotel room and went to restaurant. He took seat at vacant table and began to eat. (No observations were made during this meal, because no other people were in there.)

At 13:35 Lee Harvey left restaurant and went back to his room.

At 18:10 he left his room and went to restaurant. He took vacant table, had his meal, left restaurant at 18:45, and took elevator to fourth floor where he went to his room.

He did not leave his room up to 24:00 after which time no observation was made until morning.

From K.G.B. Chronology:

13.01.60 In accordance with order No. 6 (12.01.60) Oswald was taken on as regulator, 1st grade, in experimental shop at Minsk radio plant.

ACCORDING to Igor Ivanovich, K.G.B. had done nothing directly about choosing Oswald's place of work or where he would live. Such matters were overseen by the Council of Ministers. So the Organs were not even consulted. It was policy. No matter how people might work at placing him, a hint of their efforts could still reach Oswald and spoil their case. Now, however, that he had been given a job as a fitter-trainee at Gorizont (Horizon) and was able to use radio equipment and communication devices, it could be said that it did not hurt their purposes. If he was a specially trained agent, it would be possible to observe in a factory environment what level of expertise he had in handling radio equipment under different conditions. At that time, Horizon factory in Minsk was not under high security—at least, not in Oswald's shop. However, this radio factory did, at times, coöperate with secret Soviet organizations, so it would be possible to observe whether Oswald made attempts to penetrate into such special networks.

It was a large factory, occupying perhaps as much as a quarter of a mile by an eighth of a mile, and inside its gates was a sprawl of streets, sheds, and three- and four-story factory buildings that had gone up in different years—a multitude of buildings, alleys, vans, trucks, and company streets not unreminiscent of an old-fashioned and somewhat run-down movie studio.

Jan. 13-16

I work as a "checker," metalworker; pay, 700 rubles a month, work very easy. I am learning Russian quickly. Now everyone is very friendly and kind. I meet many young Russian workers my own age. They have varied personalities. All wish to know about me, even offer to hold a mass meeting so I can [speak]. I refuse politely.

BY her early twenties, Katya had worked at the Horizon radio plant for six years. Born on a collective farm, she still didn't feel like a city girl. So she was very quiet, but still she was pretty, if very slim and very shy, and she never spoke to Oswald, just observed him. Now she's heavier, a mother, and braver, but she was timid then. Year after year, she had worked hard, wearing Horizon's white gown and a kerchief for her hair so it didn't get into any apparatus, the gown and kerchief both provided by the factory. When Alik came down her aisle, he didn't surprise Katya, just a young guy who looked like her own people, nothing special.

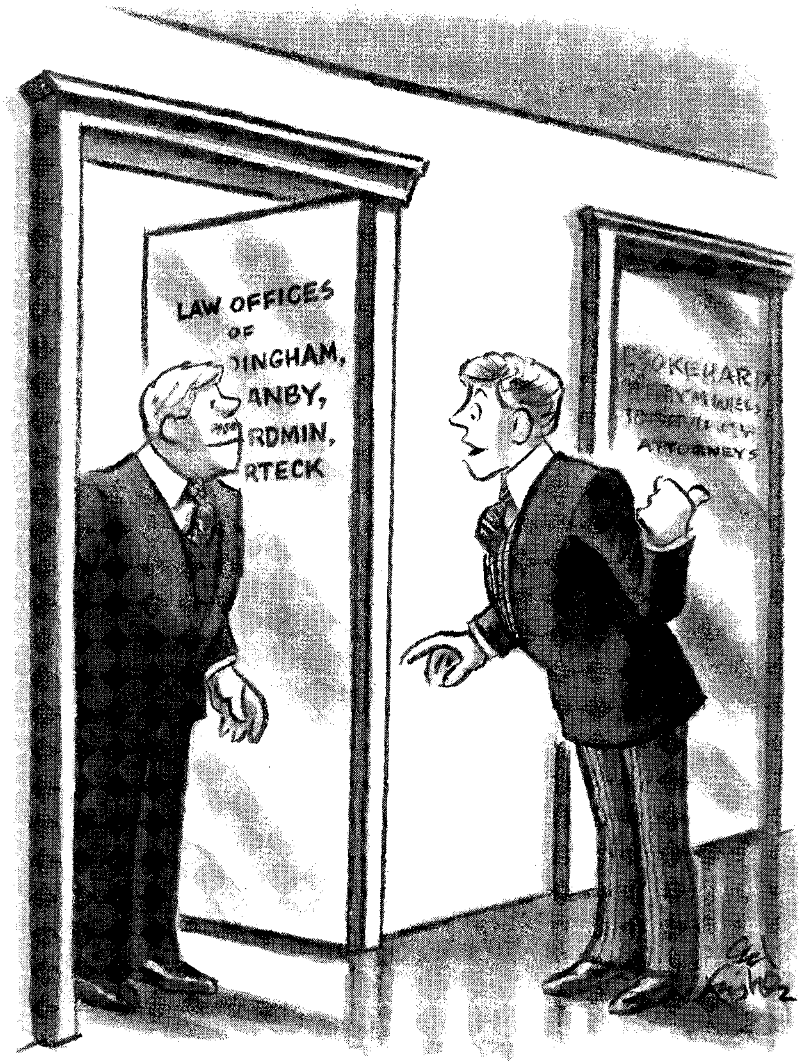
Except one matter. This American complained always that he was cold. In their shop it was warm, but he said he always felt cold outside. People laughed at him when he talked. His Russian was so bad people laughed, not mocking, but friendly. He would try to pronounce words, get them wrong. They would laugh.

THE work of Stepan Vasilyevich on Oswald was always studied critically by Igor. A developer could fail to see something in time, so Igor could not be satisfied only with what Stepan reported, but looked to give specific directions.

Igor did want to point out that he had a large number of other matters to oversee, and so it is important to understand that while he kept watch on each project, each developer had to live in his case, accumulate every fact, make evaluations, and then come up with proposals for action that would develop his viewpoint. Stepan, therefore, was leading the case.

"Now, of course mistakes were made," Igor said. "Sometimes our actions were not commenced in time, and some of Oswald's actions were not prevented; nothing, obviously, can be perfect."

One early instance—and it still stands out in Igor's memory—is that Stepan



"I'm from Simmersby, Blomm & Tuggarton, down the hall. Can you spare us a few dense paragraphs of legal boilerplate?"

did not take steps to screen Oswald away from one eighteen-year-old at the radio factory who happened to be the only son of an Air Force general who was also a twice-decorated Hero of the Soviet Union, a very high award. But his son, Pavel, was considered to be of "dissident nature." So they were afraid of what a qualified agent could do with young Golovachev—maybe even recruit him over to Western thinking.

DID I SAY FATHER?

Tears "burst" from the eyes.
This is the duty of words.

Is silence better?
To look down in the street.

The world is like bread.
Mouths water.

Forgive me if I lift my hand to affirm.
Or is it to question?

Mother had been a blind date.
Love at first sight.

Dirt below black birds.
None to corroborate the foxtrot.

LIBEZIN, the big man in charge of proper ideological environment, came walking down Pavel's aisle and said, "Anyone here speak a little English?" Pavel happened to be the one who did. He was not asking for it, he could have said that he did not know English, but he nodded. Libezin took him to meet Oswald at his worktable, and there they were, shaking hands.

Pavel had studied English from fifth to tenth grade and, of course, it wasn't much. His first reaction to Oswald was that he looked like an extraterrestrial who had all of a sudden ended up in their factory. "Well," said Pavel to himself, "if it is not an angel, it is a man. That will be proved by time, but there is nothing repellent about him."

Besides, in that period, Khrushchev had started a campaign for peace and friendship. Society was opening up. You had to keep in mind the specifics of that time. So there was Pavel, on the second day after this introduction, standing with a pocket dictionary, and Lee Oswald next to him with another dictionary. Of course, not knowing that their association would be important someday, Pavel did not keep notes. But then, for many years after, he wanted to forget all of it, the whole goddam thing, you understand? He really did not keep it in his memory. Now he doesn't remember too much, and he doesn't want to make up stories. He could spin a tale about how he and Lee Oswald went to pick up girls, but that was not the case.

It was more like he took Oswald around the shop and helped him communicate with other workers when a job had to be explained. At first, however, this American's vocabulary was minimal. Pavel had to explain a word like "falling" by taking a box of matches and dropping it from his hand.

A few workers were hostile to Oswald, but just a few. There was one, Viktor, a *zhlob*, medium-sized guy, real strong. And Viktor always used to say, "Those American imperialists—if I had a machine gun, I would shoot them." A real *zhlob*. Viktor had a clear image of his enemy, and he once picked a fight with Lee, although it was broken up immediately. Pavel's recollection is that Lee was not pugnacious. Maybe he had such qualities hidden inside him, but he was not very big in the bones.

Of course, if Viktor had gone further, Pavel would have gotten in between. It was the very least he could do. While he would not call Oswald a "friend," it is only because that word in Russian is so holy that not only can you give up your last shirt but you are ready to die for a friend. If you think in this way, obviously you don't have a lot of friends. In fact, you are lucky to have one. All others are "pals." In that sense, Lee was his pal. Maybe more, but still not his friend.

One night that winter, not two weeks after he met Lee, a stranger came up to Pavel on his way home from work. There, right outside his apartment entrance, this stranger showed an identification card from K.G.B.

Pavel said, "Can we go up to my apartment and talk? It's winter."

The stranger said, "Let's talk here."

It was too cold, however. Pavel was frozen. So he persuaded the man to come upstairs.

They conversed in Pavel's room. His visitor took out about five pictures, and started off by saying, "Do you know this fellow?" He went through each one of the five pictures, and Pavel said, "No. I don't know any of them. Who are they?" And received for a reply: "They are state criminals." At which point, his visitor looked at him hard, as if maybe he really did know them well.

Pavel said, "I don't want you to waste your time. I have never met these men in my life. It's strange you ask me these questions."

Then the man from K.G.B. brought out a photograph of Oswald and said, "You know, you took on a relationship with this American guy so easily, but we would like to tell you that your Motherland now asks that you give us some information so that we know what kind of person he is. We need your help." Pavel didn't feel anything like a patriot, but knew for sure they would get coöperation. It was a demand. People senior to himself became nervous if they saw a K.G.B. card in a man's hand. It was not that Pavel felt any kind of obligation to his Motherland; he was eighteen, and scared to death. That was, Pavel would say, a strong substitute for obligation: being scared to death.

Pavel never looked at a clock during this interview, but it must have taken almost an hour. A lot of questions went by. The K.G.B. man kept going around and around for quite

PHONE CALL

You were saying her death was for the best
Though you didn't want cliché

You were saying
No one was to blame

I was watching the sky: pale, eggshell blue; dark, ink blue
Talking and talking

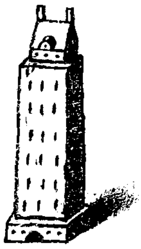
Night lighting the brightening city
Wanting to ask something

I had forgotten to ask
That I couldn't now, on my mother's life, remember

—HUGH SEIDMAN

a while before he touched their main subject. Then he explained, “Oswald is from another country, a hostile country.” It could not be more clear what he was saying. He must have been twice as old as Pavel, short, compact, sharp eyes—one Byelorussian who didn't show any feelings or emotions, just a small trim fellow with a smooth round face, a long thin pointed nose, and small dark eyes as sharp as his nose. He would depend on that nose. It seemed to sniff out everything inexact that Pavel was saying.

He didn't threaten Pavel, however; just stated, “From time to time, I'd like to meet with you. My name is Stepan Vasilyevich.”



FROM Igor: “We can say it now—there were surveillants assigned to be Oswald's tails, and certain people were assigned to work with him, to become his associates and friends. We were especially careful to check if he was looking for personal contact with another agent. We were interested to see whether there were any signs of a prearranged meeting.”

According to Igor's plan, various hypotheses were going to be tested in order to find out if Oswald was looking for secrets of a military, political, or economic variety, and also they would look to learn if he had developed any means of communication with foreign intelligence by radio, mail channels, or messenger. K.G.B. would also attempt to find out if he had any means of cryptography to use for secret writing. Igor Ivanovich himself was ready to study Oswald's letters, should he send any, in order to make certain there was no chemical writing between the lines. Later, when Oswald bought a radio, they checked that equipment, and they were always alert for signs of his ability to communicate through special codes.

Nothing showed up that was suspicious in the first two months, but if Oswald was an American intelligence agent he certainly would not make quick moves. Sometimes a man who is not an agent will do things that arouse suspicion; that happens often. But not even unfounded suspicions were stirred by Oswald. Studying him with close attention, they began to have a feeling that he was, at the least, semi-lazy, and very frugal; he didn't drink, didn't smoke, went to theatre and cinema within his budget, and had an income of seventy rubles a month in new money for salary and an increment of another seventy rubles a month from the Red Cross, or a hundred and forty rubles in all. This was, after all, fourteen hundred rubles a month by the old measure, and so a good amount. Stepan, for example, was earning only eighty rubles in new money, and that was enough for him to get by. There was, for example, no telephone in Oswald's apartment, and K.G.B. never received information that he wanted one. On those occasions when he wished to make a call, he went outside to a pay phone. It would be better if he had wanted his own instrument, but they couldn't install it for him, could they?

From K.G.B. Report:

18 FEBRUARY 1960:

By means of personal observation and in conversation, “L” did not notice that OSWALD aroused suspicion in his behavior. He was not particularly interested in his work, and often made comments such as “Why should I saw away at this metal with this saw, I'm not going to become an engineer. My real dream is to learn foreign languages and learn them well.” (He did not say which ones in particular.) He is reserved in conversation, answers questions briefly, self-possessed manner.

Once, according to “L,” he and Oswald were reading President Eisenhower's speech in *Pravda*. In this speech, Eisenhower attempted to demonstrate technical backwardness of Soviet Union compared to United States. Oswald answered that Eisenhower was lying, that USSR is not technically less advanced than U.S.

Oswald almost never talked about life in his country, or how he got here. Sometimes during a lunch break he will exchange two or three words with young people, girls and boys, and will compare life in USSR and U.S. But in those situations as well he speaks positively about position of workers in USSR.

By other reports, however, Oswald soon proved to be a Humpty-Dumpty worker. He did not treat his job well. Igor could see that he showed no interest, and his behavior and attitude caused complaints from other workers.

Since Igor and Stepan were not satisfied by this image of him as lightweight, they deliberated whether his psyche was entirely normal. On the other hand, they were aware it could all be a pretense. Once again, they worked on two opposed hypotheses: either Oswald was part of a foreign intelligence plan, or he was not but had some psychological difficulty. They began to study situations where Lee Harvey Oswald, if he was a spy, might expose himself.

For example, now that he had established contact with Pavel Golovachev, Igor and his people would watch Oswald with Golovachev to see whether the American would try to use him as a trampoline, so to speak, to gain access up to Pavel's father, a general who knew large secrets.

III—ELLA

Before Marina, there was another woman.

PAVEL had begun to notice that Lee and a girl named Ella Germann would spend time together at Horizon. Lee was often at her worktable, and many times they were together at lunch. Lee never spoke about his friendship with Ella, but, then, Lee was not one to go out of his way to show feelings. For that matter, he wouldn't even say he had been to bed with a girl.

> EXTRA PAGE (*not included in formal diary*)
>
> *June.*
>
> Ella Germann—a silky black-haired Jewish beauty with fine dark eyes, skin as white as snow, a beautiful smile and good but unpredictable nature. Her only fault was that at 24 she was still a virgin due entirely to her own desire. I met her when she came to work at my factory. I noticed her and perhaps fell in love with her the first moment I saw her.

At fifty-five, Ella is soft-spoken and very careful in her choice of words. She has a high crown of dark hair turning gray, and delicate aquiline features.

She would say that her childhood is not of interest, because she had been very timid as a child. She always did as she was told to do and stayed at home a lot. And, even when she was an adolescent, her friends told her that she consisted of nothing but complexes. So it might be, she suggested, that she was of no interest to the interviewers' project.

When Ella was growing up, she liked to dance waltzes, but then her favorite soon became the foxtrot. She did hear of this American bandleader, Glenn Miller, and then saw Mr. Miller and his orchestra in a film called, in Russia, "Serenade of Sunny Valley" (which might also translate into "Sun Valley Serenade"). She remembers that one U.S. film she liked was "Twelve Angry Men," because she was able to compare the judicial systems in both countries. After that, she no longer trusted what she was being told about America—that rich people were only a small group and most people were poor. She remembers that people in those days would whisper that even the unemployed in America had a level of life equal to Russians who were working. On the other hand, she did believe that the United States government could start a war.

By the time she met Lee, she was already twenty-three and had dated many young men. She would go out with someone a couple of times but then realize she didn't feel anything toward this person, so why continue? On the other hand, it was boring to sit home. Sometimes she would even go out on a date without any feeling that it could be the right man for her.

When she came in on her first morning, she remembers being introduced to Lee. All that week he kept looking at her during lunch break. She knew that if she went up to him and asked for a favor, he would like that even if lots of girls wanted to be his friend. She noticed that when he would walk along the factory aisles many girls would cry, "Hello, Alik, hi!" as if he were of special importance.

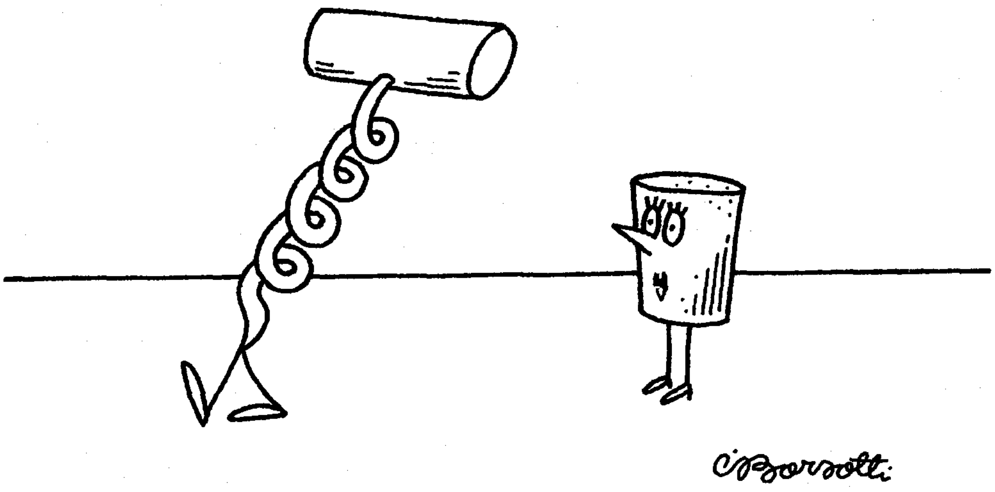
Now, in her night-school classes she was working on some English text and had to translate a number of pages by a certain date, so it was not wholly a pretext to get him to help her. There was some real need. While this would not characterize her in a positive fashion, she would say, she sometimes did use men to do small things for her. For instance, there was an engineer she did not like particularly, but she was not good at drawing certain kinds of wiring schemes, so she asked him to help, even though she had no intention of dating him. For Lee, however, she did not have negative feelings. Since the American seemed to find her attractive, why not ask him to help translate her assignment? In fact, when she did ask, he smiled, and they agreed to meet in a smaller workroom that afternoon. She assumed there wouldn't be anyone else there, although, as it turned out, a few workers were still present. She and Lee sat down at a small table where a radio was playing music.

Lee spread out her pages and turned off the sound without asking whether anyone wanted to listen. But Max Prokhorchik was also working there, and he became indignant. He came up and turned the radio back on. Lee turned it off; Max turned it on. Then Lee turned it off, and said, "Russian pig!" Whereupon Max stalked off.

It was unpleasant for Ella. In front of several people, Lee had turned off their radio just because she had to study, but, on the other hand, a well-brought-up person would have done exactly what Lee did. At that moment, Ella could say that she was on Lee's side. All the same, he did not seem too bright at first. His Russian was poor and he took everything as a joke. He laughed a lot. So they laughed a lot, too much maybe. Yet as she saw more of him it became interesting to talk about his country.

Before long, he was inviting her to see movies. They went often for walks and to parks and sat on a bench. He would tease her, "You know, I am a rich bridegroom. I have an apartment."

It was exceptional to be dating an American, and she was



"Will you call me?"

curious. Besides, he did not create problems. He was not aggressive. That was understood as their basis for going out together. Some men had been nasty, but he wasn't. And, of course, he didn't have financial problems; he even hinted to her that he had high connections. He had met the chairman of the City Council, Sharapov. "If we need something," Lee said, "for our future, I can go to the mayor. We can get what we need." So Lee did seem a confident person to her, and merry. He had a sense of humor and they still kept laughing a lot. In those days, friends used to call her *khokhotushka*, a person who enjoys life, and so she and Lee did not have difficult or deep conversations, just talked like young people. She liked to tease him. Not in a bad sense, just to challenge him a little.

During all this time, they dated approximately twice a week, but had lunch together at their cafeteria every day. And they usually sat alone; other people respected their privacy and did not try to join their table.

She never felt, Oh, I wish we'd go out with other people. She liked being alone with him. It was her way of dating. She had always had such relations with men. So she hardly knew anything about his friends or who else he saw.

She believes that Lee knew she was Jewish, maybe from their very first meeting, but she remembers that he only mentioned it once. That was when he realized she was not exactly jumping into marriage with him. Such a question never got to yes or no for many months, but he did tell her, "I know you are Jewish and people, you know, don't like Jewish people, but I myself don't care about that." It was his way of saying, "It wouldn't stop me from marrying you."

Before Lee, a few men had already proposed. There had been one she liked, a captain, who went off to do his service in Kamchatka, but Ella felt indecisive and didn't go with him; and there had been a boyfriend she dated for a year, and he, too, had asked her to marry him. So Lee was hardly first in this kind of relationship, and, besides, if Lee was in love with her, she was not in love with him. Rather, she felt it was all right to have nice feelings for someone in a good way, feeling that he was, underneath everything, very lonely here. And so she pitied him enough to feel that if she rejected him he would be even lonelier. Therefore, she didn't stop dating him. But she knew she didn't like him in such a way that one goes on to get married.

"I keep thinking about last night's salmon en croûte."

• •

Lee told Ella once that she knew more about him than any other person ever had, and so she was surprised when she found out years later that he had a mother still living—he had told her he didn't. Also, he told her that he never wanted to go back to America.

Once, after they first started going out, he was quite upset. It was when news came to Minsk that an American U-2 had been shot down over Soviet territory, and its pilot, Francis Gary Powers, had been captured. Lee asked her, "What do you think, Ella? Can it damage me because I'm American?" She told him not to worry personally, because "no one can say you are responsible." She tried to calm him down and talked to him nicely. She wasn't really sure, but she did want to support him. It was their most emotional moment yet.

Lee told Ella that when he lived in Moscow he was afraid of Americans more than Russians. In fact, he told her, the Soviet authorities had sent him to Minsk because he would be safe there. He even said, "Here in Minsk I'm invisible. But when I came to Moscow I was really outstanding." Americans had been very interested in him, he told her, and had been hunting him and wanted to kill him. She thought maybe he had offered some information to obtain a Soviet citizenship, information Americans didn't want given out. He said, "If I go back to America, they'll kill me."

It made him more interesting, but she didn't believe it was real. She just thought they were passing remarks.

They chatted about many matters. But there were also moments on summer evenings when they just sat on a bench and enjoyed a silence as if he were a Russian man. She felt he reacted to everything with understanding, but was very reserved. Even though they dated for many months, maybe eight months, it was still too short a period for her to comprehend his nature. He never showed much. He was always even, kindhearted, smiling, nice, without ups or downs. Only twice, in fact, did they have a quarrel. Of course, she was also easygoing. People even said to her, "You laugh so quickly. If I show you my finger, you start to laugh. So easy you are."

It is possible she did laugh too easily. When she read his diary all these thirty and more years later, she could not believe how distorted was his sense of time.[†] He had had them meeting after the summer of 1960 when, in fact, they had known each other back in May of 1960, when the American U-2 was shot down, and they talked about Gary Powers. How little she had known of Lee, and how little, obviously, he had known of her.

WHEN he learned that Pavel knew a lot about shortwave radios, he asked if Pavel could make him one. With local radios, you only received Soviet news. Pavel told him he could put together such an apparatus, but it wouldn't look nice—all of its parts would be exposed—so Oswald then laid out his money and bought himself a shortwave radio that looked as pretty as a lady's purse. It had only two frequencies, high and medium, but on MF, 257 metres, the Voice of America was transmitted. Since it was all in English, they didn't even bother to jam it.

People talked about Oswald as if he might be a spy, but Pavel remembers Lee Oswald coming to him with a simple Soviet camera and he wasn't able to put film into it. Pavel had to show him how. Once, Oswald bought a radio set and tried to insert its batteries, but even in trying to do that much he ripped a few wires loose. To take another example, Oswald liked to listen to the Voice of America, but he didn't know how to make adjustments for it on his radio set so that it came in clearer. Pavel, using a penknife, had to play with one part and move it a little in order for Lee to be able to listen. Pavel assumed that if Oswald were James Bond he would have arrived in the Soviet Union able to take care of such small details.

From K.G.B. Chronology:

> 4.IX.60 Oswald saw "The Wind" in Letny movie house.
>
> 4.IX.60 Oswald visited a party for youth in Officers' House.
>
> 6.IX.60 Oswald saw "Babetta Is Going to War" in Mir movie house.
>
> 7.IX.60 Oswald saw "A Partisan's Spark" in Pobeda movie house.
>
> 8.IX.60 Oswald saw "Babetta Is Going to War" for second time in Mir movie house.
>
> 9.IX.60 Oswald saw "The Commander of the Detachment" in Letny movie house.

From September 4th to September 9th, he saw four movies, one of them twice, and all but one were war movies. He had bought a single-barrel shotgun in August, and joined a hunting club organized by Horizon. But it was not until September 10th, filled by now, one may assume, with images of himself as a participant in war movies, that he finally went out with the hunting club.

By now, Stepan had given his team of observers a code name for Oswald. It was Likhoi. That sounded like Lee Harvey, but the word meant valiant, or dashing. It was K.G.B. humor. Likhoi never seemed to do anything but go to work, walk around, and shop.

From K.G.B. Observation:

> FROM 13:00 TILL 15:20 ON SEPTEMBER 10, 1960
>
> At 14:30 Likhoi left work and walked quickly home.
>
> At 14:55 he left home carrying hunting rifle [shotgun] in cover, and grocery bag partly filled, and came back to entrance of radio factory.
>
> There Likhoi came to group of 7 men, some of them also having rifles, and started talking with them.
>
> After about 15 minutes, Likhoi and other men got into parked car no. BO 18-89 and at 15:20 left city via Storozhevskaya St. and Dolginovsky Trakt.
>
> Upon agreement with head of department, surveillance of Likhoi is cancelled at this point until September 17, 1960.

LEONID STEPANOVICH TZAGIKO, a lathe operator all his life, became interested in hunting around 1955. Each year, after August 15th, they could go out for fowl; then, in September, ducks, partridge, waterfowl. By October, they started looking for fox. Wolves you could hunt all year round, but wild boar only with a special license, since such game was usually reserved for high Communist Party members.

At that time, maybe there were fifty people in his hunting club. There was a chairman, who collected dues and obtained licenses for elk and, on occasion, even wild boar, although you had to pay a lot for that, about a hundred and fifty rubles.

In early 1960, when Lee Oswald came to work at the experimental shop, Tzagiko met him on the first day. It was almost a celebration. Everybody came up to the American immediately to get to know him. Then, at breaks, Oswald would often sit with his feet on a table, and once one of them said, "Why are you sitting like that?" and he said, "I am on strike. I am striking." He was just joking. They decided that Americans put their feet up on a table. That's what they do.

Now, at Horizon, they had what they called sections—people played basketball, soccer, volleyball, and on Sundays some would go on hunting trips. It wasn't that important whether they'd kill; it was to get out into nature. So when Oswald asked one of the metalworkers if they would take him along, he said, "Of course." They didn't bring much to eat and didn't carry any vodka or brandy, because they were reasonably serious about coming back with something. They walked a lot on foot, passed through collective farms, fields, and villages, sparsely forested areas.

They were hunting for rabbit that day. There was no snow as yet, so they had to flush the rabbits with their feet. Walking single file, Oswald was next to last, Tzagiko was last, and Oswald was holding his gun crooked in his arm. Then a rabbit practically jumped out from under his foot, and he went, "Aooaoh!" and shot into the air. Tzagiko said, "God, Oswald, you're going to kill me with that gun!" And Oswald said, "Your rabbit scared me." Later, he had another try, and missed again.

THE fact that he was a bad shot and could not fix his radio tended to alert Igor and Stepan. How was it that a former marine with a Sharpshooter rating back in his U.S. Marine Corps—yes, K.G.B. had information that he was not a bad shot—could miss his targets so?

Certainly, when the Organs were informed that Oswald had bought a gun

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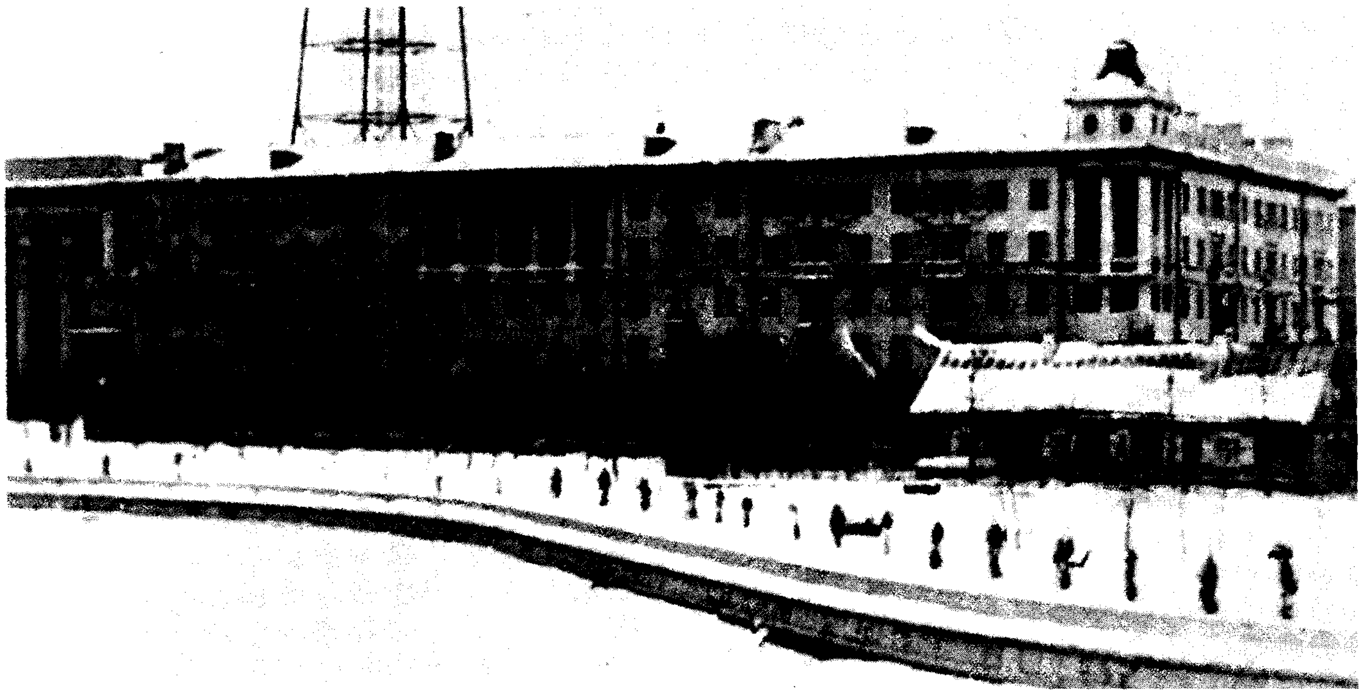
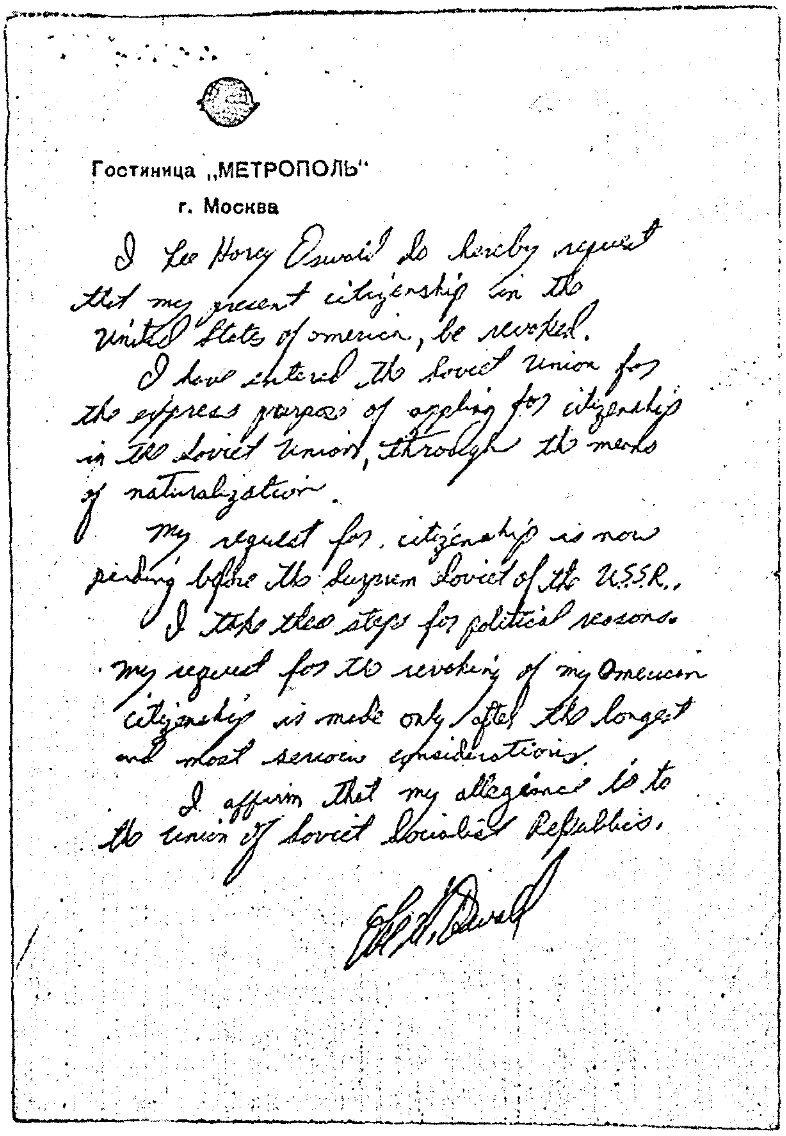
[†] Some sections of the diary were not contemporaneous; Oswald created them later, relying on his memory, which was not always accurate concerning times and dates.





Гостиница „МЕТРОПОЛЬ"
г. Москва

I Lee Harvey Oswald do hereby request
that my present citizenship in the
United States of america, be revoked.
I have entered the Soviet Union for
the express purpose of appling for citizenship
in the Soviet Union, through the means
of naturalization.
My request for citizenship is now
pending before the Suprem Soviet of the U.S.S.R.
I take these steps for political reasons.
my request for the revoking of my American
citizenship is made only after the longest
and most serious considerations.
I affirm that my allegiance is to
the union of Soviet Socialist Republics.

Lee H. Oswald

Clockwise from top: The building in Minsk where the K.G.B. listened in on the Oswalds' conversations; a note, on Metropole Hotel stationery, that Lee took to the American Embassy; Marina and June; Lee with Ella Germann (top right) and Pavel Golovachev.

"Human Resources."

for hunting, and so would have opportunities to travel as part of a hunting party to an area where there were also military objects, they were on guard. Hunters were prohibited from walking into forbidden areas in specified regions; they weren't even allowed to approach certain fences. If Oswald was an agent, he might have special equipment and use it to record nuclear activities or military broadcasts—with the right technology, you could collect a lot of information.

Reports came in, but were puzzling. He had been such a bad shot. If they had had any inkling that he would later be suspected of carrying out a crime of high magnitude—of highest magnitude!—they would have studied his marksmanship in a more detailed manner. As it was, however, what with everything else involving him, they made no special attempt to find out whether he was an excellent shot trying to create the impression he was a bad shot or had been naturally incompetent that day.

Aug.-Sept.

As my Russian improves, I become increasingly conscious of just what sort of society I live in. Mass gymnastics, compulsory after-work meetings, usually political information meetings. Compulsory attendance at lectures, and the sending of the entire shop collective (except me) to pick potatoes on Sunday in a state collective farm. "A patriotic duty" to bring in the harvest. The opinion of the workers (unvoiced) is that it's a great pain in the neck. They don't seem to be especially enthusiastic about any of the "collective" duties, a natural feeling.

Oct.

The coming of fall, my dread of a new Russian winter, mellowed in splendid golds and reds of fall in Byelorussia. Plums, peaches, apricots and cherries abound for these last fall weeks. I have a healthy brown color and am stuffed with fresh fruit, at other times of the year unobtainable.

WHENEVER Lee wanted to talk about their future plans, Ella would try to avoid that topic. To discuss such a subject might mean she was getting ready to marry him. Her reluctance to show interest may have upset him, but he was not aggressive. Yet, even so, he became a little more pushy.

He said, "Do you want to know why I came here?" But she never asked him many questions. She was afraid he would think of her as someone who was trying to get information from him. It was part of how she grew up: women didn't ask questions. It was considered bad style. So he started to give information. And he also got a little pushy.

They might commence with a light conversation, nice and full of humor. They would see a movie and discuss every joke afterward. It was fun. They would talk nonsense. Once, they got into a discussion of how frogs talk. She insisted that a frog says "*kva*." In Russian, a frog always says "*kva*." And his answer: "No, a frog says '*frok*.' " It was funny.

But later he began to discuss serious matters. For example, he didn't want to live in Minsk. It was, he said, a provincial city. He had lived in New Orleans; that was big. He asked her to share a dream. He said, "Maybe I will move to another socialist country. For example, Czechoslovakia." He said, "Shall we go to live in Prague?"

He was a very proud man. He didn't want to be rejected by Ella. She believes that's why he never asked directly. He would say, "How do you do things here? In America, we have an engagement ring, a silver ring that's exchanged for a golden ring. But how do you do it here?" Perhaps he was waiting for her to ask, "Why are you interested in how marriages are made in Russia?" but he never said directly, "I would like you to be my wife."

One time, he showed his Russian residence papers, and he said, "Soon I have to make a decision. You're the one who's going to influence it. Do you want to live in Prague? Because if you do, then I won't take Soviet citizenship. But if you want to live here, tell me if you want that, and I'll take it—this all depends on you." And in December he showed her that his papers terminated on January 4th, next year, just a few weeks away. He had to make a decision what to do with his life before 1961 was four days old.

But that was a big question for her: Why had he come here, and why did he now want to move? He told her, "You don't understand. In our country, we travel, we change places—you don't understand." But she didn't trust him. Besides, Lee was not really to her taste. She liked men with bigger shoulders.

When he kissed her, he was not unpleasant—he was nice. But because Ella was not in love with him she was not excited. All the same, he never scared her as a man. In that aspect, he was perfect. He was so tender. She was never scared. Yet all those months she went with him, from May to January, she did not trust him. Some people told her that he was an American spy. And she thought, Maybe he wants to marry me so he can stay in this country. When he says he loves me, he doesn't love me at all.

She never thought to herself, Maybe I'll go to Prague and it'll work. Or, if it doesn't work, I'll get a divorce. For Ella, marriage was something you did for life. You loved a person and you trusted him. Because if you didn't, how could you go to a new world?

Finally, he became very pushy. He said, "You have to make up your mind if you're going to marry me," and when she asked for time to think it over he said, "No, I have to decide by January 4th." That made her feel more mistrustful. She told him, "I like you, too, but I need time to think." She was not a person to offend people who were nice to her.

They had a quarrel, however, concerning New Year's Eve. He had invited her to a party for that night, and so she turned down an invitation that came to her for another gathering. Then, at the very last moment, he told her that his evening was not going to take place. Now they were without anywhere to go that night for New Year's Eve.

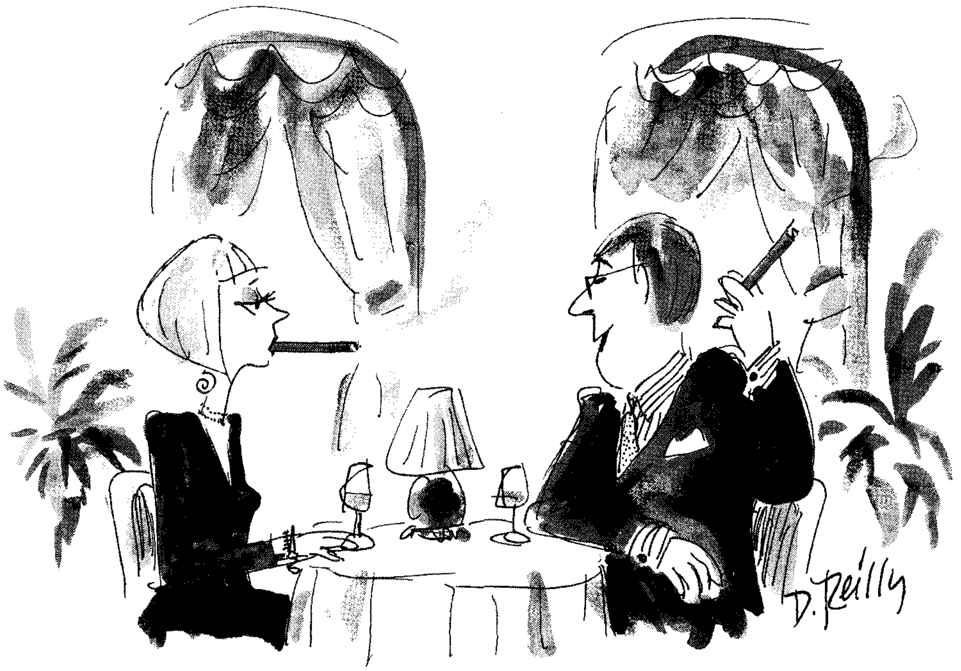
There was an expression, *razbitoye koryto*. It meant they were ready to eat but had only a broken plate. Ella got very angry that they didn't have a proper situation; she said, "You let me down." Now he, too, became agitated. Finally, he said, "You are playing a game with our situation. Oh, you are an actress!" It was equal to saying that her emotions were not sincere. They walked away from one another.

Since Ella wasn't going to any party now, she began to help her mother. Some of their family was coming over for a small New Year's Eve party, so they cleaned house and cooked, and then, as was common in Russia, they napped for a little while around 8 P.M. in order to be able to stay up all night. At 11 P.M., guests would begin to come, but on this night, at a little after nine, she heard their doorbell ring. She was sleepy when she opened her door. Lee was standing there wearing that Russian hat she had never liked, but he was proud of it, and was standing up straight with his hands behind his back. He said, "You know, Ella, Christmas is one of our dearest holidays in America, and your New Year's is like our Christmas. That's why I came to you. This is one day when I feel very lonely and I come to you." He added, "We have a tradition in America; we usually bring gifts," and he gave her a big box of chocolates decorated with a little candy statuette. She took his gift and said, "Wait a second. I want to put this away." She went in to her mother and said, "My boyfriend from America brought me this gift. Can we invite him?" Her mother said, "Yes, of course."

So she came back and said, "Listen, would you care to spend an evening with my family?" and he was happy about that.

When he came back, around eleven, he was wearing his gray suit with a tie and was very neatly dressed. Her mother's brothers soon followed, with their wives. They had served in the Navy and they came with guitars. It was a musical family. Not all had fine voices, but when they were in chorus it sounded good enough. Everybody sang songs, and they did a step dance up and down their outside stairs—a Western type of step, which was very popular in the Navy, a Western sort of dance, and her mother's brothers did it, dancing upstairs, then downstairs, difficult steps, but they were good at it, and so it made for a creative atmosphere. And her mother danced to Gypsy songs. Lee and Ella only watched. She was embarrassed to do anything in her own home because these others were so good.

Before Lee left, hours later, he told her of his impressions. He liked such an atmosphere, liked how everyone sat around eating and drinking and dancing, and then at midnight they had all taken champagne. They didn't kiss, because that was not a Russian tradition. But after midnight, through the early hours of morning, they would not only sit and eat but go outside, make snowballs, throw them at each other, run around a little, then go back in and eat again. Everyone got tipsy—in fact, she had never seen Lee Oswald as tipsy as he was this night. Friends came, and she introduced him to her friends and relatives, and they sat around the family table and proposed toasts to last year—



"No, really—it works for you."

"Goodbye, last year, you are leaving." Everybody talked to him, and he was treated as if he were a Russian person who had joined their family party. Her relatives were a little curious about him, but didn't reveal any special attitude, and her mother was also casual; of course, her attitude was, If Ella dates a man, it doesn't mean she's going to marry him.

Jan. 1

New Year's I spend at home of Ella Germann. I think I'm in love with her. She has refused my more dishonorable advances; we drink and eat in the presence of her family in a very hospitable atmosphere. Later I go home drunk and happy. Passing the river homeward, I decide to propose to Ella.

Next day, her mother, who had never interfered with her personal life, said to her, "Ella, it's up to you—you make your own choice. But I want to tell you something: In 1939 you could be taken to prison just because you were born in Poland." Those were her mother's words. It gave her pause.

Jan. 2

After a pleasant hand-in-hand walk to the local cinema, we come home. Standing on the doorstep, I propose. She hesitates, then refuses. My love is real but she has none for me. Her reason, besides lack of love—I'm an American and someday might be arrested simply because of that example of Polish intervention in the 1920s that led to the arrest of all people of Polish origin in the Soviet Union. "You understand the world situation, there is too much against you and you don't even know it." I am stunned. She snickers at my awkwardness in turning to go. (I'm too stunned to think!) I realize she was never serious with me but only exploited my being an American in order to get the envy of other girls, who consider me different from the Russian boys. I am miserable.

On the night when they had their final conversation about whether he should or should not apply for Soviet citizenship, she finally said, "Alik, you're probably wasting your time with me. At this point, I can't agree to marry you. So don't get Soviet citizenship. Maybe we should break up altogether because it might be harder afterward." He answered very nicely, "I understand that I should stop drinking. But the wine is tasty and I want to continue this pleasure for a while."

BEWARE OF DOG!

That, however, as she recalls it, was the last time they met. Ella agreed to see him once more, but he didn't show up. Afterward, he just ignored her in the shop.

IGOR would say that his service looked at this matter from a human point of view. "He didn't go out and slash anything because he was refused," said Igor, "and he didn't seem to bear grudges. Of course, for a certain period of time he was upset, but it didn't manifest itself in his behavior. He didn't quit work, for instance, or get sick; he didn't start carousing—none of that." If he had undertaken any risky errands at this point—say, asking one person to convey something to someone else—that would have put Counterintelligence on guard. But none of that.

Jan. 3

I am miserable about Ella. I love her, but what can I do? It is the state of fear which is always in the Soviet Union.

Jan. 4

One year after I receive the Residence document, I am called into the Passport Office and asked if I want citizenship (Russian). I say no—simply extend my residential passport, [they] agree, and my documents are extended until January 4, 1962.

IV-MARRIAGE

Their son, Lee assured Marina, would someday be President.

MARCH 17

Went to a trade union dance, boring, but the last hour I was introduced to a girl with a French hairdo and red dress with white slippers. I dance with her, and ask to show her home. I do, along with five other admirers . . . we like each other right away.

From testimony before the Warren Commission, February, 1964:

MR. RANKIN: Where did you meet him? . . .

MARINA OSWALD: In the Palace of Trade Unions.

MR. RANKIN: What kind of a place is that? . . .

MARINA OSWALD: Sometimes they do have meetings there. Sometimes it is also rented by some institutes who do not have their own halls for parties . . . I had gone there with my friends from the Medical Institute and one of them introduced me to Lee . . .

MR. RANKIN: Did you know that Lee Oswald was an American [and] did that make any difference?

MARINA OSWALD: It was more interesting, of course. You don't meet Americans very often.

From a narrative of her life prepared by Marina for the F.B.I.:

I liked Lee immediately. He was very polite and attentive, and I felt that he liked me too . . . I remember having on my favorite dress made of red Chinese brocade (Lee liked this dress afterwards), and my hair was done a la Brigitte Bardot. That evening I even liked myself. You see how I am boasting, but I am writing what I felt . . .

We were alone in the street for a few moments, when Lee asked when and where he could see me. I told him that perhaps I would come again to the dances at the place where we met but did not make any precise promise. But when, a week later, I went again with a friend to a dance—Lee was there. That evening he came home with me, and I introduced him to my Aunt. My Aunt liked his modesty and politeness, also the fact that he was very neat. She told me with a laugh that only an American was lacking in my collection.

"Daddy promises he'll be there the next time you kick butt, honey."

IN the months before she met Alik, she was having several romances at once, and she had been scared. Still, she was able to feel power over men. Of course, it was easy to fall in love, and she was looking for love. In love with love. When you're eighteen, hormones do your thinking. You are a proud young deer, and you meet and fall in love with different people because you are looking. One attracts you because he knows how to open the door, a gallant. Another, because he loves you dearly. She wanted a man to be romantic and a good provider, to be excellent, nice, and love her. But then there was always Anatoly. He made her head spin. With just one kiss. What you learn is that nobody is there to give you everything you need.

She didn't want to talk about her experiences. Catherine the Great had lots of lovers and was considered O.K.; that did not mean Marina had lots—she was not saying that. She just didn't want to talk about sex. Everybody was looking for bad; then they trash you. It wasn't that she'd done something she was ashamed of, nothing horribly wrong, but she knew when she first came to Minsk that maybe she needed advice. Because she was not that experienced. Maybe men thought she was something that she was not.

Alik had tried to be intimate with her when she saw him again at the Trade Union Palace eight days later, Saturday night. That night she took him back alone to meet her Aunt Valya, since Ilya, her uncle, was away.

He had wanted her to make a bed so he could sleep over. He pretended it was too late for buses, so maybe he could sleep somewhere there? He must have assumed she was a floozy. She sent him home. He could walk home, she told him. But she was not really angry. After all, on that first night, when she was wearing her red dress, she insisted on everybody going over to a bar to have champagne. Now, looking all that long way back, she would say that Lee had intrigued her. He looked deeper into life. If he had been a dumb Vanya, just another dumb worker, she would never have gone on a date with him. She would say she respects factory workers very much. "But you are not going to date Vanya. Because what are you going to talk about with such men? They pinch girls openly—nothing but vulgarity. So you stay away. No factory workers, thank you. You try to associate with a class ahead of yourself. Even if you come from the middle of nowhere." It wasn't her desire to go backward. Lee did work in a factory, but he also looked deeper into life. It certainly wasn't just his interest in politics. Her grandmother had told her about politics: Do not touch—then you won't stink. All the same, once you grow up, even if you don't want to belong to political groups, you do become interested in how things happen, and Lee was part of a group of her friends who were interested in how this world was working.

After the night when she made him walk home, he made a date for one week later. But a few days later Aunt Valya said, "Guess what? Your American called." He could not make it. He was sick, and stuck in some hospital way out at one end of Minsk. Marina was not too concerned. Even when he rang to tell Valya that he was ill, she had been out with Anatoly. She liked Lee, but she certainly didn't consider him a serious date. He was something maybe for one free evening.

Now his ear was infected badly enough for him to be in a hospital. He had had infected ears from childhood, he told her later, and a mastoid operation when a boy.

Valya said, "Why don't you visit him? He has nobody here from home and this is Russian Easter." Valya said, "I know for a fact that over in America they celebrate Easter. It'll be nice and touching." Valya put some cakes together on a plate and said to Marina, "Show him that Russians have some heart."

When she finally got to this hospital—such a long trip by streetcar—he was glad to see her. He hadn't expected a visit. What a low opinion he must have had of her! But he was so happy she had brought him canned apricots. He told her it was his favorite dessert. Intuition must have let her know.

It was sad, however. He did look ill and his smile was pale. Physically, she couldn't say she liked him now. A little later during that visit, he kissed her (after asking permission), and she didn't take to this first kiss, either. There was negative feeling. Like a warning to stop. Stop right there. She asked herself, "Do I want this to continue?" She had never thought of it before, but that first kiss could tell you a lot. Did she really want to know him more? Maybe no. Yet her mind remained curious. And he was so gentle. She remembers that his kiss wasn't just a peck, thank you for coming—no, it showed expectations. But he didn't smell like a Russian. He didn't even smell like he was in the hospital. His skin had some funny odor. There could be a lot of scents on top, but underneath was some basic scent. Kissing him gave her that negative response. He did not smell like fresh air and sunshine.

Later, she would come to accept this scent of his body. Still there, but she accepted it. If you love a man, you accept.

It was funny. After work, every day she would go to visit him. She could get in when no one else could. Visiting days were Sundays only, but she was wearing her white uniform from the pharmacy at Third Clinical Hospital, where she worked—so no problem.

She did not love him yet, but she certainly felt sorry for him. He was so alone. She could understand that. Loneliness is an everyday companion to a lot of people, but it is certainly not your good companion. And Valya was so sorry for him.

While he was still in the hospital, he told Marina that he wanted to be engaged to her and she should not see anyone else. "I promised, but I did not take this seriously." She did not love Lee—not yet. She just felt sorry for him. Still, he was an American. You weren't going to say no if an American said you should be engaged; not right away, in any case.

On the day he got out of Fourth Clinical Hospital, Valya had him over for dinner with Valya's husband, her Uncle Ilya, a lieutenant colonel in the Ministry of Internal Affairs—the M.V.D.

She liked how Alik could handle himself with her uncle. Very dignified. He told Ilya he had come to live forever in Russia. He intended to work hard. Ilya said, Well, if that was so, then he, Ilya, would be ready to help him organize his life. And Marina could see that Valya was thinking, yes, they could have a little guidance over him, because Alik didn't have anyone in Minsk, and they would treat him well.

He charmed Valya. He was very tender. He kissed Valya after dinner and said, "Thank you, this meal was great." Well, it was, but he also said it nicely.

After dinner, Ilya said, "Take care of this girl. She has plenty of breezes in her brain." Wasn't that awful? She was a serious person. She would have liked to have breezes in her brain—she certainly wanted to have fun—but she was always feeling responsible, or examining her conscience. She could never say, "Just wash it off!"—she never did. Maybe, from Ilya's point of view, it was because she liked one guy this week, another guy the following week; but Marina would have told him, "I'm still looking. I meet somebody, and he's an idiot. He takes me out to dinner and wants me to pay for it. Or, he's always clearing his throat because he's an opera singer. All evening long, that's what my opera singer did." Yes, she had known one; she had gone on a date with him. "He had a nice cashmere coat and scarf." When they went to a restaurant that he chose, she thought, Well, maybe he'll show some culture here. But he ate his dinner and said, "I forgot my wallet." Then he said, "Pay for it. I'll give you some tickets for my opera." When she got to that, he turned out to be Soldier 29, back somewhere in the chorus—a real Enrico Caruso! Of course, she had to drop him.

No, she did not want to talk about her courtship with Alik. It was not that remarkable. All courtships are the same: Put your best foot forward. The trouble with courtship is that you never know the other person until you get married and live the first twenty-four hours with him.

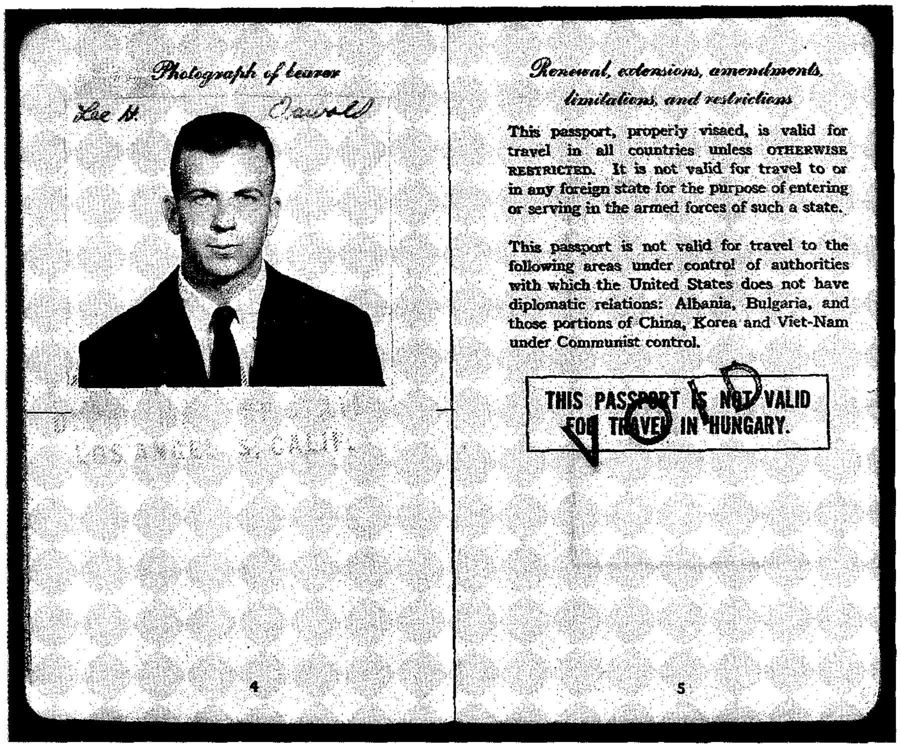
Still, she was ready to talk to others about this courtship with Alik. And her girlfriends, especially Larissa, encouraged Marina. As Larissa saw it, this American boyfriend would distinguish Marina from other girls. Besides, he had an apartment. When Alik invited Marina to visit his place on the night after his dinner at Ilya and Valya's, Marina came with some friends. Safety in numbers. But Larissa talked about him positively afterward. He had such good manners.

Sasha Piskalev, a medical student who was in love with Marina and wanted to marry her, recalls that night at Alik's place because it was so painful to him. The American lived in a grand building, but his apartment did not look cozy. It was what they call *kazyonno;* that is, bureaucratic, lacking in home atmosphere.

Alik spoke good Russian. An accent, and his pronunciation was off, but he could speak. He put on Tchaikovsky's First Symphony, and as they listened Alik told his life story. He'd been in his armed forces, served in Asia, didn't like war, didn't wish to be a part of war. So he had decided to come to the Soviet Union for residence, and Moscow had sent him to Minsk. Now he worked at Horizon radio factory, "as an engineer." They had a bottle of Russian champagne. Sasha liked him—thought he was cool, very balanced, no unneeded emotion. Oswald didn't smoke, but enjoyed others inhaling their cigarettes—or so it seemed to Sasha. However, his apartment did look poor. "Iron dirt," as they called it. And his table was *neotyosanny*, not polished properly. His chairs were ordinary, and his bookcase was put together out of a few boards.

NEITHER Igor nor Stepan would admit to more than some early concern about Lee and Marina. When that romance developed quickly into marriage, it could be said, Igor admitted, that they did lose some sleep, and felt somewhat at fault that no steps had been taken to keep this courtship of Oswald and Marina Prusakova from flourishing.

When Igor was asked what such steps might have entailed, his response was deliberative, even delicate. There were girls, he suggested, some of them attractive, certainly, certainly, who at one stage or another could be called upon by the Organs. Perhaps one of them might have diverted Oswald. They also could have attracted Marina perhaps to some other person, some very attractive man qualified for such activity. They didn't do that, however. It was a large move, after all. So that gave Lee and Marina a possibility to begin. Then came a wedding, with almost no warning. More problems to deal with. Would there now be any leak of information to Oswald through Marina? That was a possibility that could happen by way of her uncle, Lieutenant Colonel Prusakov of M.V.D. To insure themselves against such an outcome, they were obliged somewhat later to make personal contact with Ilya Prusakov. That period, therefore, offered considerable stress, and it was a fact—Stepan didn't always sleep too well. Nor Igor.



Photograph of bearer

Lee H. Oswald

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

4

Renewal, extensions, amendments, limitations, and restrictions

This passport, properly visaed, is valid for travel in all countries unless OTHERWISE RESTRICTED. It is not valid for travel to or in any foreign state for the purpose of entering or serving in the armed forces of such a state.

This passport is not valid for travel to the following areas under control of authorities with which the United States does not have diplomatic relations: Albania, Bulgaria, and those portions of China, Korea and Viet-Nam under Communist control.

THIS PASSPORT IS NOT VALID FOR TRAVEL IN HUNGARY.

5

The passport that Oswald handed over to the American consul on October 31, 1959.

THE NATIONAL ARCHIVES

Close to three years later, Marina wrote her account of these early days with Lee:

> Lee had a lot of classical records, and he loved to listen to them when we were alone. He did not like noisy company and rather preferred to be alone with me. I remember one of these evenings when we drank tea with pastry and kisses. Then (please excuse my vulgarity, due to youth) the tea was very tasty. I never again drank such tea or ate such pastry—ha ha! Lee told me that he wanted us to get married and stay here forever. He had a small darling one-room apartment . . . and a separate entrance—quite enough for two, especially if they were young. I told him that I would become his wife (since I had already fallen in love with him) but that we should wait several months since it was a little embarrassing in front of our friends to get married so quickly.

From Oswald's diary:

> *April 30*
>
> After a seven-day delay at the Marriage Bureau because of my unusual passport, they allow us to register as man and wife. Two of Marina's girlfriends act as bridesmaids. We are married. At her aunt's home we have a dinner reception for about twenty friends and neighbors, who wish us happiness (in spite of my origin), which was in general rather disquieting to any Russian since foreigners are very rare in the Soviet Union, even tourists. After an evening of eating and drinking in which Uncle Wooser started a fight and a fuse blew on an overloaded circuit, we take our leave and walk the fifteen minutes to our home.

Marina would say now that her main reason for getting married was to find someone to belong to, and to have a family. Marriage was holy. One entered it for life. So, of course, she wanted to come to her marriage with purity. Of course. In Russia, it was a tradition that a man married a virgin, but with Americans she didn't know how to read their feelings. Americans were a novelty. Maybe they wouldn't care as much.

She could say this much again: Lee did like to laugh about how barbaric it was in peasant villages. Showing bloody sheets!

She remembers that in Leningrad, when she was fourteen years old, she would dream of getting married. Some white prince would come. No dirt, nothing. So when she became—what would you call it?—a witness to life's reality, she was not prepared. Probably, she said, it's that way for every little girl.

After they were legally married at the license bureau, ZAGS, and a stamp was put on her passport, she happened to notice Alik's date of birth. It was 1939. She realized then that he had been lying when he told her he was twenty-four; he was only twenty-one. She said, "If I knew, I wouldn't have married you." It was only a joke, but he said to her that he had worried whether she would take him seriously. After all, she had said that Sasha was only twenty and she was not about to marry babies.

For their wedding, Valya had prepared a feast: crab salad, salami, black caviar, red caviar, pâté. And then she had stuffed a fish with its own cooked meat, kept the skin whole and put all the fish meat back inside, but now no bones. Not one. It looked like a real fish again. And yet you could slice it. Such a special effort.

Marina had already begged her aunt not to go through any Russian tradition of saying "*Gorko, gorko.*" But as they sat around their table eating, somebody pretended to be choking on too much pepper, and so everybody started crying out, "*Gorko*"—which means bitter—and Marina turned red. In obedience to such custom, they now made her kiss Lee over and over every time somebody said, "*Gorko.*" Later, she danced with everyone, and then Alik and a couple of friends sang "Chattanooga Choo Choo." That night, when they went back to his apartment, they discovered that Valya and Larissa had placed flowers all around their bed. Her nightgown was on a pillow. Next morning, Valya walked right

BRIEF BIO

Bearer of no news
Under the sun, except
The spring, I quicken
Time, drawing you to see
Earth's lightest pamphlet,
Reeling mosaic of rainbow dust,
Filament hinging a new set of wings,
Lord of no land, subject to flowers and wind,
Yesterday born in a palace that hangs by a thread.

—PHILLIS LEVIN

into their apartment and dropped a plate on the floor with enough noise to wake up ghosts. Then she said to Alik, "Russian custom."

They didn't have a honeymoon. They just spent two days in bed getting accustomed to each other—what would you want her to tell? They were new. They couldn't analyze everything. Talk a little, observe a little—bit by bit you go on; you don't make any big issue. Little by little. When you read romantic books, it's not enough; you want more. But sex was not romance. More like soiled clothes.

One thing: Lee was not bashful. He could walk around their apartment naked. As if it were nothing. That was surprising to her—that a man could be so comfortable before he got dressed. But she never said anything about it. For Minsk, however, he was some exhibitionist. She had just never experienced this American way. Lee was not even embarrassed to get up and go to the bathroom while leaving the door open. That was unusual. Marina was trying to find out what was expected of her. She did not know what her man wanted, so she had to learn.

Guys at Lee's factory, she soon found out, were always talking about sex. Quite a big topic over there. That was why Marina never wanted to date factory boys—their mentality. When Alik would laugh at what they said, she would say, "Don't tell them about our lovemaking. Don't you dare."

Alik's first experience with sex had not only been with a Japanese girl, but he also said that he'd never had an American girl. Just Japanese and Russian girls. Marina wondered whether he felt that he was missing something. Maybe he should have had a girl from his own country first? No, Marina didn't know what to expect during these first few days of marriage. She could say that she kind of lived in euphoria. Finally married, you know! And she had married an American. She had that stupid apartment she'd always dreamed about. God was smiling on her. Finally!

May 1, 1961

> Found us thinking about our future. Despite the fact I married Marina to hurt Ella, I found myself in love with Marina.

Maybe a week after their marriage, Aunt Valya said, "Let me see your pampered, manicured hand," and all Marina could show were Polish fingers: her nails were broken from cleaning stone walls on her balcony and washing their floor. For that one moment, she had said to herself, "Is this what married life is about? Broken nails? Oh my God!"

But for the first couple of days, since that was all they had off from their jobs and couldn't have a honeymoon, they would stay in bed and not get up until late afternoon. A honeymoon was sexual; you explored. Marina felt as if now she was free to do what she wanted to do. She didn't think about their problems in sex, and she didn't want to talk about that, really. You expected fireworks, and it didn't happen, and you thought maybe it's supposed to come later. It never did. That was all right. But she didn't know if what little was happening to her was all that was supposed to happen, and so in bed everything was a problem. She didn't know what to do, and Lee was always eager-beaver. Later on, when Marina was tired or in a bad mood, she didn't avoid him, just told him, "No, I don't want to make love to you, because I feel used one more time. What for? Something there for you, maybe, but nothing for me." Even if that was kind of insulting to him, he would try to handle it. "Come on," he would say, "you know I love you." He would play that he was a little boy and make jokes. Sometimes she would give in. She thinks he really liked sex, but she resents talking about it. "Nobody asks Jacqueline Kennedy what Jack Kennedy was like in bed." And here she has to discuss such private things as what it was like to have a person inside you. There is nothing dirty about sex unless you let people watch—then it's degrading. But she would say that no matter what their difficulties, people ask if Lee was a homosexual and she would say she never had any sense with Lee that he'd be partial to a man, never. Maybe he could be gay somewhere else, but not around her.

Lee liked to stand in front of his mirror and admire himself, that was true. "How unbashful he was," Marina said. "He would admire himself. He was not tall, but he was well proportioned. He had beautiful legs. And he knew I liked them, so he would flirt. 'Don't you think I have gorgeous legs?' he would say. Just begging for compliments. Kind of a joking relationship. Private, but of the sort people do have." Her understanding: he really liked women. That was her interpretation.

When Marina was told how Lee went for months without trying to seduce Ella, never forcing her, she asked if it was possible that Ella was embarrassed to talk. "You know, 'I'm holier right now than I was then,' know what I mean?" And then she thought, "Maybe he liked her so well that if she didn't want him that bad he wouldn't push."

Lee did tell her, and with a lot of admiration, about that beautiful Japanese girl who had been the first woman he knew. Marina was left with an image of a lovely Oriental blossom whom Lee still longed for. It made her jealous. Of course. There in his mind was a lovely woman. Was that to influence her? So that she would pay more attention to all kinds of sex? And learn new ways? She wanted to compete when Lee—always with great admiration—described all the sexual things this Japanese girl did to him, this unknown beauty.

They wanted her to be pregnant right away. For the first month, nothing happened, and Lee and Valya were equally disappointed. Valya even said, "We were hoping you would have a child, but you're probably going to be like your uncle, won't be able to." Said it after one month! Lee wanted to have a boy. He was going to call him David. Their boy, he assured Marina, would someday be President of the United States. And then, whenever Marina would go to the bathroom, at least when her period was approaching, he wouldn't let her shut that door. He wanted to know for sure whether she was having a period. When she asked him why he didn't trust her, Alik said, "Well, you work in a hospital. If you don't want to have a child, you could have an abortion. So I want to know." It didn't hurt her feelings; she wanted a child, too. She thought he was being stupid, but she brushed it off. She even said, "Well, leave the door open"—took it like a joke. She said, "Lee, I want a child as much as you. I'm not going to do anything foolish." So it was not such a big deal. It wasn't like he stood there and said, "You must peepee in front of me"—no, it was more gentle. After all, late spring had come, and her mood was "I'm going to have a child and I'm going to have a family right here," and she wanted them to be as young and happy as they could be.

During the first weeks of their marriage, Lee would meet her at the pharmacy entrance and walk her home, and when evening came he would go out on their balcony and look at sights far off with his binoculars. At night, he would wash the breakfast dishes, and on days when they had hot water he would do their laundry. When Marina would climb up their entryway from Kalinin Street, she could hear him singing "Volga Boatmen" from four flights down. He wouldn't be one for a choir, but he could sing with zest. A pleasant voice. And he was washing his own work clothes. He just didn't want her near his dirty things.

She soon learned that he didn't enjoy his job. He claimed that they resented him and his privileges. But she didn't know how true it might be. Lee played with people. That she soon learned. Maybe he even played with her.

A few weeks after they were married, some letters arrived from America and in one was a picture of Marguerite Oswald. She was in a white nursing outfit, just sitting in a chair. "That's my mother," he told Marina. He studied the picture and said, "She's gained some weight. As I remember her, she wasn't that plump." That was it. Marina said, "You told me your mother was dead." He said, "Well, I don't want to talk about my mother."

She did not know how to accept that. He had said he was an orphan. Now she thought to herself, "Stupid me! There I was believing late at night that it was a sign and God sent me an orphan like myself."

> *June*
>
> A continuance of May except that we draw closer and closer and I think very little now of Ella . . .

Sometimes she would get a glimpse—if only for a little while—of what was in him. Then he would lift his shield again. He was embarrassed to show vulnerability. Only in intimate moments could he be himself, this little boy who wanted attention. Then he would pretend that he didn't need anything. "He would isolate himself," Marina said, "and play games with people. Treat them like they were not people."

Once, on a day when everyone was supposed to vote for some Presidium or something, election workers started knocking on their door at 7 A.M. Lee told them to go away—it was too early. They came back again, and Lee wouldn't open up. He kept yelling, "This is a free country." He gave them lectures while they stood outside. She doesn't remember whether she went to vote, but Lee kept telling her that the Soviet constitution said it was a free country. They were not supposed to drag you out to vote. So she received a speech on politics early that day. Of course, she had never studied that stupid Soviet constitution. That is, she had studied, had even passed her exam, but now she couldn't recall any of it. So he had to teach her about her own system, and told her how they were not practicing their constitution properly.

He also liked her to be at home when he arrived. If she came in even ten minutes after him, he'd be upset. "Where were you?" he'd ask. "How come you're late?" She thinks maybe that's how his control over her began. Lee's factory hours were always the same, and hers, too, but sometimes she might stop by a store, so how could you know who would come home first?

Pregnant, she was now very sensitive to odor. Their walls seemed to smell; even her balcony seemed rank when she opened its door. She was always sniffing somebody else's cooking. Nor could she eat. And then there was Lee. If you boiled him in water, he would still have his special body odor. So by the second month of pregnancy, when he started being not

COMMITTEE FOR THE PRESERVATION OF CADS

so nice, she began to look for fights. And she had second thoughts—had she made a mistake? Maybe she didn't love this man.

V—QUARRELS

"Go find yourself a girl who knows how to cook!"

SOON enough, she learned that Lee not only had a mother but a brother, with a wife and children. All of a sudden, Lee was part of a family—he kept getting more correspondence. Since she didn't read English, she could not know what these letters were about, but then, one Sunday morning, she found out. Lee woke up and said, "If I have a chance to go to America, would you go with me?"

"You're joking," she said.

He said, "No, it's a possibility. I don't know for sure, but would you go with me?"

That gave her a feeling that he truly loved her. And she said, "I don't know. I'm kind of scared." She took a breath, and added, "O.K. I'll go."

It wasn't that short a conversation—maybe it took an hour, maybe it took three days—but by its end she said O.K. He said, "I told them at the American Embassy that I was giving up my passport. So maybe they won't allow me to go back. There might be complications. I'll have to write a lot of letters. And my mother will help. Will you go?" When she finally said yes, he said, "I don't want you to tell Aunt Valya or any of your relatives. And nobody at work. Not yet. Because maybe it won't go through."

Marina did not believe it could happen. Later, when she had to fill out her own applications, she still didn't believe it. Her dream of marrying a foreigner had not included leaving her country. It was just finding a man who had an apartment. She didn't want to huddle in somebody else's corner. That was the largest thing about marriage: your own apartment. To meet and marry a foreigner was, in addition, flattering to her, and adventurous. Sometimes she dreamed, Boy, wouldn't it be great to work in Czechoslovakia for a couple of years? Or East Germany? Buy a sporty coat, look nice. Having married an American, she could tell the girls at work, "See what I got? You just have your Russian nothing." They answered, "Isn't your husband a worker?" She told them, "It doesn't matter. He's still a foreigner. He's Oswald, not Vanya."

But now it was scary. Going to America! It gets scarier if you don't tell your relatives and keep it to yourself at work. Then in July, Alik said he might have to take an illegal trip to Moscow in order to visit the American Embassy. She wondered if the K.G.B. would come for her then, or would they call her in from work?—she didn't know how the K.G.B. got in touch with you.

WHAT Marina also did not know was that her husband had been in correspondence through half the winter with American officials in Moscow. More than a month before he even met her, back in early February, 1961, he had already sent a letter to the Embassy, requesting the return of that same passport he had left on Richard Snyder's desk in late October, 1959. Snyder had mailed an answer back to Minsk, suggesting that Oswald take a trip to Moscow so they could discuss the matter. They had been in communication since. Oswald was to tell his wife many a lie over their years together, but no single deceit may have been as large as his decision not to inform Marina or Valya or Ilya before the marriage that in his heart he was already on his way back to America.

FOREIGN SERVICE DESPATCH
DESP. NO. 29
FROM: Amembassy Moscow
TO: The Department of State, Washington
SUBJECT: Citizenship and Passports: Lee Harvey Oswald

Lee Harvey OSWALD appeared at the Embassy on July 8 on his own initiative in connection with his desire to return to the United States with his wife.

Oswald . . . was questioned at length concerning his activities since entering the Soviet Union. No evidence was revealed of any act on his part which might have caused loss of American citizenship. He exhibited Soviet internal "stateless" passport . . . No. 311479 . . . which is *prima facie* evidence that he is regarded by the Soviet authorities as not possessing Soviet citizenship. Oswald stated that despite the wording of the statement which he handed to the Embassy on October 31, 1959 . . . he never in fact actually applied for Soviet citizenship . . .

Oswald stated that he has never been called upon to make any statements for radio or press or to address audiences since his arrival in the Soviet Union and that he has made no statements at any time of any exploitable nature concerning his original decision to reside in the Soviet Union . . . When queried about a statement which he had made to the interviewing officer on October 31, 1959, to the effect that he would willingly make available to the Soviet Union such information as he had acquired as a radar operator in the Marine Corps, Oswald stated that he was never in fact subjected to any questioning or briefing by the Soviet authorities concerning his life or experiences prior to entering the Soviet Union, and never provided such information to any Soviet organ. He stated that he doubted in fact that he would have given such information if requested despite his statements made at the Embassy . . .

Oswald intends to institute an application for an exit visa immediately upon his return to Minsk within the next few days. His American passport was returned to him for this purpose after having been amended to be valid for direct return to the United States only . . . it was felt that there was little prospect that Oswald could accomplish anything with the Soviet officials concerned unless he displayed his American passport . . .

Twenty months of the realities of life in the Soviet Union have clearly had a maturing effect on Oswald. He stated frankly that he had learned a hard lesson the hard way and that he had been completely relieved of his illusions about the Soviet Union at the same time that he acquired a new understanding and appreciation of the United States and the meaning of freedom. Much of the arrogance and bravado which characterized him on his first visit to the Embassy appears to have left him . . .

From Oswald's diary:

July 9

Receive passport, call Marina to Moscow also.

July 14

I and Marina return to Minsk.

From K.G.B. Transcripts:

(In these transcripts, OLH [Oswald, Lee Harvey] has been changed to LHO. Marina was always referred to as Wife. Stepan underlined those speeches he considered pertinent to his needs, whereas any comments that appear in italics as stage directions were made by the K.G.B. transcriber. That worthy was making his [or her] observations through a peephole in a rented room adjacent to the Oswalds' apartment.)

FOR OBJECT: OLH-2658
FOR PERIOD: 17 JULY 1961

LHO: I can't tell you what to do. Do what you want to do. If you want, you can go with me.

WIFE: I don't want to.

LHO: Why?

WIFE: I'm simply afraid

LHO: Of course you're afraid . . .

WIFE: I don't know America, I only know Russia . . . You can go back to your own people . . . I don't know how things will be there. Where will you find work?

LHO: I'll find everything, everything. I'll do everything. That's my job.

Wife: How will they treat me there?

(*Radio drowns out conversation; impossible to get in entirety.*)

From K.G.B. Transcripts:

For Object: OLH-2658
For Period: 19 July 1961

Wife: All you know how to do is torture . . .

(*LHO goes out; yells something from the kitchen.*)

Wife: Go find yourself a girl who knows how to cook . . . I work, I don't have time to prepare cutlets for you. You don't want soup, you don't want kasha, just tasty tidbits, please!

LHO: I can go eat at a restaurant.

Wife: Go to hell! When are you ever going to leave me alone? I'll probably never live to see the day when you leave me alone.

LHO: But you don't know how to do anything.

Wife: Leave me alone!

SHE bumped into Misha Smolsky once on the street, and he asked her how she was doing with her man, and she answered, "Very difficult." Misha said, "If it is difficult, why did you jump into it?" She said, "No, he's not a bad guy, but food is very difficult." At that time, in shops there was a lot to buy, but what do people in Minsk eat, after all?—potatoes, pork fat, pickled cucumbers, pickled cabbage, beef, pork, mutton, turkey, goose. She wasn't able to buy food he would like. For instance, Alik would say, "I want to have corn," and any corn they grew around there was for livestock. So she said to Misha Smolsky, "Let's say we have cultural difficulties."

From K.G.B. Transcripts:

For Object: OLH-2658
For Period: 21 July 1961

LHO: Well, why are you crying? (*Pause.*) I told you crying won't do any good.

(*Wife cries.*)

You know, I never said that I was a very good person.

(*Wife cries and LHO calms her down.*)

Wife (*through tears*): Why did I get married? You tricked me.

LHO: . . . You shouldn't cry. I understand, you don't understand yourself why.

"Thanks, New York. You've been a wonderful audience."

• •

Wife (*through tears*): My friends don't recognize me.

LHO: Well? I've also lost weight, right?

Wife (*cries*): Why did I get married?

LHO: Well, what am I supposed to do? Is it my fault that you have a lot of work? I mean, you don't ever cook, but other women cook. And I don't say anything about it. I don't yell. You never do anything and you don't want to do the wash. What do you do? The only thing you ever talk about is how tired you are at work.

Wife: I didn't get any rest.

LHO: Well, what can I do? . . .

(*Pause.*)

Wife: Everything was so good, but lately everything has gotten bad, nothing's right. You can't please a man like you.

(*They are silent.*)

(*Later that night.*)

LHO: Well, what? This is ridiculous!

Wife: I want to sleep, don't bother me! . . . You're so crude! I'm tired, I swear, I'm tired.

LHO: And what did you do that you're so tired? You didn't do anything. You didn't cook anything.

Wife: The cafeteria's good enough for you.

LHO: And who's going to wash the shirts, the socks?

Wife: Everything's already washed, go and take a look. You'll leave and then

REMAINDERS
ZIEGLER

you'll be unhappy alone, you'll see . . . So get off my back. What is it you want from me, anyway, what? For God's sake, just don't torture me. Soon enough you won't have me, and that's all there is to it.

(*Pause.*)

Wife: . . . You're laughing, but you'll cry later. (*Pause.*) . . . I don't want to now. I'm tired.

LHO: What did you do that you're tired?

Wife: Don't throw things around . . .

LHO: What can I do? (*Mocks Wife.*) "I don't want to!" Well, what can I say! We're going to be here four or five months anyway.

Wife: I'll be here. Let the baby stay by itself.

LHO: Are you crazy!? (*Yells.*) You should be ashamed! A child without a father! You should be ashamed! (*Laughs.*) You're still my wife, you're going! And if I leave, I'll send you an invitation.

Wife: You'll leave on your own.

LHO: You should be ashamed! You don't believe yourself what you're saying . . .

Wife: I'm not going to promise. If I don't go then that's it . . .

LHO: You're my wife, you're going.

Wife: No.

LHO: Why?

Wife: I know why.

LHO: Well, why? You don't know yourself. There, you see. Do you know how many foreigners live there?

Wife: They won't take me there, and they won't create the conditions for me, they won't create them. The American Embassy won't look after me.

LHO: Why do you think that? I mean, I wrote that I was obligating myself. [Note in left margin: "Obviously, he is obligating himself to provide her with everything she needs in United States."] You understand that you're my wife and that you're going with me. When I arrived here it was difficult for me too.

Wife: That is an entirely different matter.

LHO: But I'm obligating myself! I'll do everything.

(*Pause.*)

Wife: You won't convince me.

(*Pause.*) . . .

LHO: You're just stubborn.

Wife: And you're always yelling.

(*Radio drowns out conversation.*)

When Marina's friend Inessa met Lee Oswald, he seemed not exactly unfriendly but very suspicious about things. They exchanged a few words and then he sat down in a chair and became completely occupied with some comic books his brother had sent him from America. Inessa spent her time chatting with Marina.

After a few more visits, however, Alik's suspicions began fading away. Before long, Inessa was eating with them in their kitchen. Indeed, she even liked it that he hadn't become open right away but had waited and observed. She thinks she probably wouldn't have believed him if, immediately, he had been too friendly. In fact, she liked him as a husband for Marina. He did all the man's work around their apartment without needing reminders. Which is not too often true of Russian men.

What she wasn't so comfortable with was that all of a sudden he would announce what he liked about the Soviet Union and what he didn't like, and he would do it in the open—never whispering. And there were other little things. She really couldn't say that she approved of him entirely, even if they were only small things. He would carry on if dinner wasn't cooked on time, and in her opinion Marina didn't fit his American standards of what a wife should be. When they had fights, Inessa saw them as children, one more stubborn than the other. She liked them both and was comfortable with both, and—maybe she was just lucky—in her presence they never had any really big arguments. She does remember that Marina would get irritated when Alik would read his American comic books and begin to laugh loudly. On the other hand, Marina thought he was too pedantic and told Inessa that she was dissatisfied with his mind.

He also had bad habits. Like a worker or a crude soldier. He was always spoiling the air with gases. That was shocking, and he did it as naturally as drinking water.

All the same, Inessa always felt that Alik was more calm than Marina. Outside of those gases, he was very organized. He liked perfection in everything, and Marina used to complain about this trait. Taken all together, Inessa never really thought that Marina was deeply in love with him. She thinks Alik loved her more.

From K.G.B. Transcripts:

For Object: OLH-2658
For Period: 24 July 1961
21:20

Wife: Alik! Look, I forgot to iron

the bedsheets—there's one lying over there. Alik! Look how warm my ears are.

(*They joke around; they laugh.*)

LHO: Not bad songs they're singing.

Wife: There's some festival going on. Everyone's going to Moscow and people can say what they want. Before, you couldn't say anything: not on the street, not on the streetcar, not on the trolley. When Stalin was alive there was a microphone in every house and you couldn't say anything. Nowadays it's a different matter.

LHO: Yes, yes, my sister.

From K.G.B. Transcripts:

For Object: OLH-2658
For Period: 29 July 1961

(*LHO kisses her.*)

LHO: Come here, lie down.

(*Quiet.*)

19:40

Wife: My God, your pants are so wrinkled.

LHO: It's been a while since you ironed them.

Wife: Four days ago.

LHO: A week.

Wife: So? You could wear them for a week [but] you lie around in them.

LHO: Take it easy . . .

21:45

Wife: You're so wicked! (*Squeals.*) It's true what they say about men not having any brains until they're thirty. (*Laughs.*) Ay! . . . (*Laughter.*) What did you do?

(*They go to bed.*)

LHO: Don't touch me, damn you.

Wife: No, damn you. In a minute I'm going to cut off a particular place. Oy, mama.

(*They laugh.*)

(*They talk about pregnancy; Wife tells about conversation with her doctor.*)

Wife: When the baby first starts moving, it'll be exactly half of my term. Give or take one or two days. Why does it seem to me that everything smells—my clothes, pillow, blanket? . . . I look so horrible. We all look horrible in last months [of pregnancy]. And if I'm dying, who will save me? I have narrow hipbones.

LHO: Me.

Wife: The medical profession won't help, but you will.

LHO: Be a composed lady. You're a lady. The very first day you became a lady. Good night. That's all.

(*They are silent.*)

23:00

Pavel always felt there was something in Marina's face that was calculating. But Pavel would rather say that he wasn't prepared for Marina. He didn't even meet her until the wedding, and then he didn't take to her at first.

Maybe Pavel saw her twenty times altogether, and he looked at her as a friend's wife, nothing more. Whatever she was as a woman did not interest him. He had no hate for her; he just looked at her as a sheet for his friend's bed. That was an expression he had learned at Horizon. His factory, maybe because there were so many Jews in it, was considered to be the most humorous plant in Minsk. Certainly tractor factories and military factories were nothing like that, but then Jews who wanted to work in such places couldn't get in.

Pavel never saw Lee become very angry with Marina, but Oswald didn't like it at all when his new wife lit a cigarette. So whenever Pavel and Marina were out on the balcony together, Pavel used to hold one in his hand for her. That was to make it look as if Pavel were smoking, not her. He could say she inhaled as lightly and delicately as a yogi.

Soon after Lee and Marina were married, Pavel was getting ready to visit his parents in Khabarovsk, and Stepan had a meeting with him. "Tell Oswald," Stepan said, "that your father works on big deals as Air Force general. See if he will be interested."

The next time, when Stepan asked for Oswald's response, Pavel said, "He just didn't react at all."

Oswald had, in fact, ignored Pavel's remark, but Marina said, "Oh! Why are you saying that to him?" And Pavel knew then that she understood a game was being played and that Pavel was a cog. He didn't know if she was very quick or whether this news about his father had just been more interesting to her than to Lee.

All the same, Pavel would say that he was not an active informant for the Or-

"I see you as a little bee, Kutner. Buzz, buzz, buzz, go make some honey."

gans. He never gave a written report, he never signed anything, and he did his best to be minimal with his Organ bosses when he did have to report. Pavel even told Lee not to talk too much with anyone. Then he added, "I'm telling you this, but other people might not." He couldn't allow himself to get more specific than that.

THE interviewers could not find out when Lee's apartment had first been wired. The earliest transcripts they would receive from the K.G.B. were dated mid-July, which was just after Oswald returned from his trip to the American Embassy. The question, however, remained open. Had Oswald's apartment been bugged in early March of 1960, prior to his moving in, or at some other period before July, 1961? It is also possible, since the daily labor consequent upon bugging was an expensive item in their budget, that the local K.G.B., having close human sources in place, did not install equipment until those four days in July when both Oswald and his wife were in Moscow.

In conversations with the interviewers, Igor did say that after Likhoi was married it became crucial to learn all they could about Marina's character. Was she a type of person to obtain secrets from her uncle and pass them on to Oswald?

When installing a bug, the Organs would often rent a room in an apartment above or next door to their target. That was usually not too difficult, since people always had rooms for rent in a larger apartment. In Oswald's case, conversations were transcribed from a chamber above his apartment, and, later, such equipment was moved to a room next door. If the Organs had been able to rent an entire apartment above Lee's rather than a single room, they would have bugged the bathroom, kitchen, and balcony—all three. But they did not have that kind of access.

As for being able to observe people visually, that was no longer difficult by 1961. An imperceptible hole was made and a special lens inserted, a most useful tool thirty years ago—an early use of fibre optics. At that time, it was their "greatest weapon," because it provided a good deal of information.

For example, knowledge started to come in to Igor and Stepan that Marina had a low opinion of Lee as a partner. Still, their relationship was interesting. They got married and now they were going to have a child. Was their reason love, or was it Oswald's desire for better cover? This was one question Counterintelligence had to determine. If, in the course of going back to his native country, Oswald all of a sudden divorced his family and left without them, that would put the Organs on guard. Was it that he had completed his work and was now running away? But no—this man wanted his wife to go with him. That caused many suppositions to fall away. Studying the character of Oswald's marriage reduced anxieties for Igor and Stepan.

From K.G.B. Transcripts:

FOR PERIOD: 26 JULY 1961
9:50 P.M. (*LHO goes into the kitchen; comes back.*)
10:10 P.M. (*They go to bed.*)
10:15 P.M. (*Intimate conversation.*)
10:30 P.M. (*Quiet; they are sleeping.*)
11:00 P.M. (*Surveillance ends.*)

Stepan was asked if it was K.G.B. policy to discontinue bugging at 11 P.M., since people usually went to bed then. He replied that this type of measure could be conducted around the clock or for only a few hours. A matter of operative expediency.

Nor was there a set policy about recording intimate moments. Usually, a K.G.B. transcriber would state that such an action had occurred, but would not give details. It goes without saying that each developer had the major responsibility for such decisions. It depended on what he was looking to analyze. Stepan, for one, preferred to avoid this sort of thing. "But assume I am C.I.A. or F.B.I. and I am trying to recruit a Soviet engineer. I would have to look for compromising materials on him, first and foremost sexual things. Working as an analyst on such a case, I give this order: 'Take down everything in the most detailed manner possible. All sexual processes. Take photographs. So on.' Everything depends on which goal is being pursued."

In Lee Harvey Oswald's case, sexual details were not necessary. "If he and Marina said something of interest, let our transcriber take it down; but if Oswald and Marina are just making love, a person listening or looking through our device would write no more than 'intimate, tender moments.' " In fact, Stepan did not relish these personal occasions. Why irritate higher-ups who have to read it? But if something said is significant, well, his transcribers wouldn't miss that—it goes without saying. If, for example, subjects start, during lovemaking, to speak about important matters, that would be mentioned. Stepan recalls nothing significant, however, being noted during Oswald's case.

ALIK and Marina were sure the Organs were bugging them. "Yeah," says Marina now, thinking about it. "We'd become like two kids. Nothing or nobody is going to stop us. I was his ally all the way through. Just for the damn principle of it." Once, when all lights were off in their apartment, they examined their electricity meter with a flashlight. The needle was still moving. That was when Lee said, "They bug our apartment." Maybe he was just playing some game with her, making it dramatic. But if they wanted to talk, they did go out to their balcony or turned on their radio. Especially so they wouldn't jeopardize any persons they were talking about. Still, it did not become part of her life. If she wanted to talk to Lee, she did not always go out on that balcony. Because, really, there was nothing to hide. The most horrible thing, you would expect, was that maybe somebody was recording them in bed. Yet, and it sounds stupid, they weren't all that concerned about it—isn't that funny? But if they wanted to discuss something about their upcoming trip to America, they would go out to the balcony. Maybe she was just blocking out everything about this "intimacy part," but as she remembers she didn't mind all that much if someone was listening. Maybe it was because they didn't make love as frequently in those months of pregnancy.

Pavel knew that Lee's apartment was wired. He couldn't say exactly how he knew; probably it was intuition reinforced by experience. Stepan, after all, knew certain things about Lee he could have learned only by such methods, and hints of such knowledge came out when he met with Pavel to give instructions on what questions to ask next. So Oswald's apartment had to be bugged.

Not his balcony, however. Pavel calculated that it would be difficult to disguise a microphone out on a naked balcony. Moreover, cars would be passing,

THE NATIONAL ARCHIVES

Lee and Marina leaving Minsk for America in May, 1962. "I don't think we're going to have any problems," Lee said.

and there would be wind and interference from birds. From detective stories, you would have believed that the Organs had enough technology to put a miniature microphone in a button on a shirt, but that is very expensive.

All the same, they were always there. Or so it felt. Pavel, when talking to Lee, would not allow himself to get curious. He didn't want to gain any information he would have to divulge or else not be serving his Motherland.

When speaking to the interviewers, Stepan always put his emphasis on the more efficient aspects of security activities. He did not dwell on lapses. Whatever impediments might hinder good transcription were not going to be discussed by him. After a review of those particular transcripts that the K.G.B. did provide, it is, however, hard to suppose that we are in the presence of advanced technology. As was often indicated by the transcriber, the sound was poor and Oswald's radio was usually on. Indeed, he often had to yell above it for Marina to hear. Since it was summer, there were frequent visits to their balcony, and from there nothing could be heard, while the sounds of running water are what is picked up most often from the kitchen.

Add to this that there might be unprofessional fatigue visiting that K.G.B. auditor in the next room—even periods, conceivably, of dozing off—and one is left for the most part with a portrait of two young married people who argue with each other so fiercely and (for all we can make out) so pointlessly that an impulse arises to compose a one-act play: "Newlyweds."

Interviewer: Did you ever fight over washing the floors?

Marina: No.

Interviewer: Would he ever complain about the floors?

Marina: I don't remember . . . but I don't think so.

Interviewer: Did you ever argue about cleaning the house?

Marina: We probably argued about even the cats scratching the roof.

From K.G.B. Transcripts

For Object: OLH-2658
For Period: 3 Aug. 1961
18:24 (*They enter room.*)

Wife (*yells*): I'm tired of everything! And what about you? Can't you wash? I suppose you want me to wash floors every day?

LHO: Yes, wash these floors every day . . .

Wife: You don't do anything and I'm supposed to spend all day cleaning up. A decent man would help. Remember you used to say: I'll help! You did wash once, and now you talk about it endlessly, and I wash our clothes every time and it doesn't count for anything . . .

LHO: You have to make something to eat!

Wife (*yells*): I can't. I'm not going to cook.

LHO: You could make cutlets, put on water for tea. I mean, I bought everything, everything.

Wife: I won't.

LHO: You haven't done anything.

Wife: Well, what have you done for me?

LHO: Silence!

Wife: I'm not going to live with you . . .

LHO: Thank God!

Wife: Take a look at yourself. A tidy man! You're twenty times dirtier than I am. Look at your pillow; you sleep on it once and it's already dirty.

LHO: You never do anything!

Wife: That's right, I just carouse. I carouse with my health.

LHO: You don't do anything.

Wife: You have cleaned up this apartment just once, and I've done it twenty-one times. You'll do it once and then talk about it all day.

LHO: This house has to be cleaned every day. There's dirt in our kitchen, dirt everywhere. What good is that? You sleep until ten in the morning and you don't do anything. You could be cleaning up during that time.

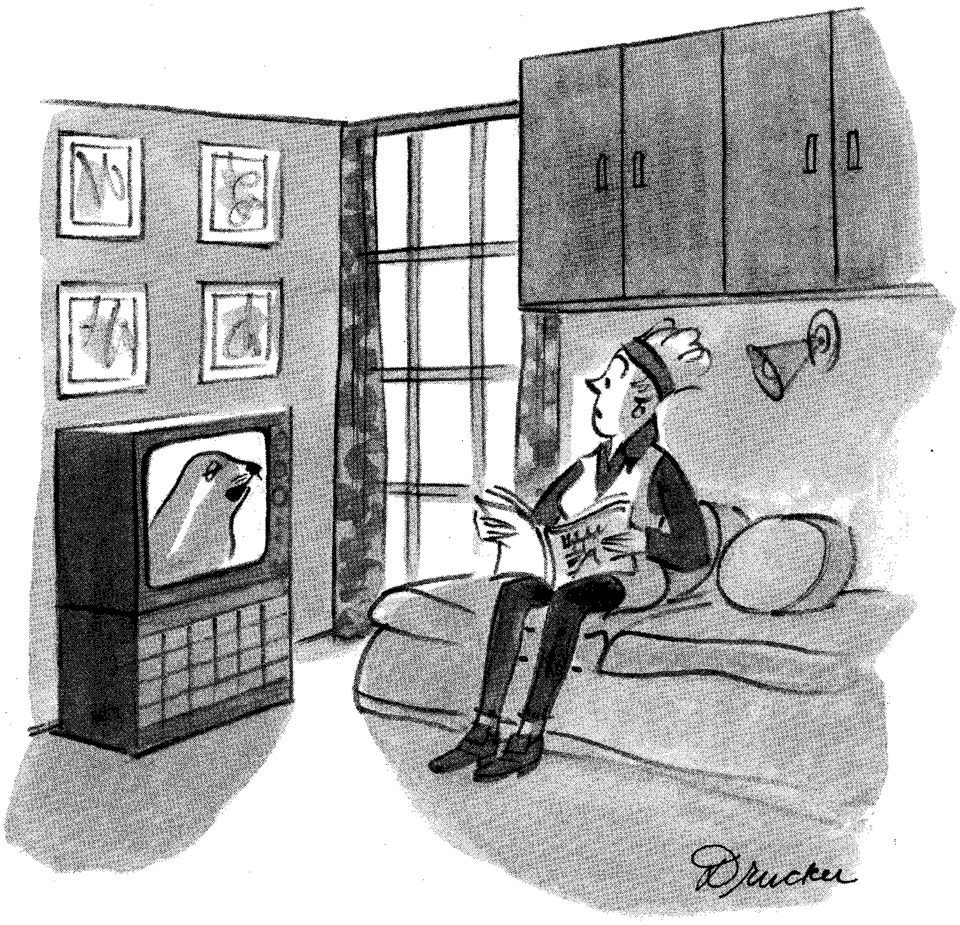
Wife: I need my sleep. If you don't like it, you can go to your America.

LHO (*calmly*): Please, thank you.

Wife: You're always finding fault . . .

LHO: You're ridiculous. Lazy and crude.

Wife: I want you to feel what it's like to be me for one day. (*After a silence, she begins to cry.*)



"And now a word for those of you with oily skin."

LHO: Well, what's the problem? . . .

Wife: Get out! I'm not your housekeeper. Give me proper conditions . . .

LHO: Don't cry. I'm just saying that you don't want to do anything.

Wife: So? I never washed our floors?

LHO: You're not a good housewife, no, not a good housewife.

Wife: You should have married a good one . . .

(*They're silent.*)

Wife: . . . If you don't like it, you can go to your America.

LHO: I've told you for a long time that you don't do anything.

Wife: I wash floors every day.

LHO: It's dirty.

Wife: What's dirty to you is clean to me. I washed floors yesterday and you walk around in shoes.

LHO: There's dirt and dust because you open our balcony doors.

Wife (*yells*): It was closed all day. You don't understand anything.

LHO: Don't cry . . .

Wife: Don't you see that I dust each morning?

LHO: You don't clean up over there on our table.

Wife: Yeah, yeah, I dirty it up. I washed it twice and you never even washed it once . . . Do you hate me when you yell at me?

21:55

LHO: Yes.

Wife: Yes?

LHO: Yes.

Wife: . . . Why are you afraid of people? What scared you?

LHO (*yells angrily*): Shut up, shut up . . . You stand there and blab.

Wife: You're afraid of everybody! . . .

LHO: Shut up!

Wife: Are you afraid that they'll steal everything from you, a pot of gold that you have? (*Laughing.*) At times like this you could kill me. You have to have some kind of strong will.

LHO: How about some potatoes?

Wife: They're not ready yet, what can I do?

22:37 (*They go into the kitchen.*)

22:40 (*Wife makes LHO wash his feet.*)

23:00 (*It's quiet in the room; no conversation.*)

From K.G.B. Transcripts:

For Object: OLH-2658
For Period: 11 August 1961

LHO: If you don't love me, then how can you live with me? I give and will give you every opportunity . . . What do you want? One minute you say you want to leave, next minute you don't want to leave.

Wife: Sometimes I'm just afraid of going with you . . .

LHO: This last month you've changed entirely. No tenderness, nothing. If it weren't for your being pregnant . . . (*Doesn't finish his sentence.*) I can't yell at you in the presence of other people, but you're always saying things about me around other people . . . And then you tell fairy tales about how I'm going away, how I'm leaving you, that everything's my fault. But even so I want you to be with me. I understand that you are the way you are and that you can't be any different than you are. (*Pause.*) Why do you make yourself out to be so wronged? The most wretched girl in the world! You're talking nonsense.

Wife: To hell with you . . .

LHO: Ah, you don't respect me.

Wife: Alik, we already fought enough. And now you're at it again.

LHO: You weren't this way before.

Wife: Neither were you.

23:35 (*Quiet; they're asleep.*)

VI—DEPARTURE

"Remember, I'm Marina. Don't let her get lost in history."

Sometimes Marina would wonder if Lee thought it would be harder for Americans to arrest him if he came home with a wife and a child. Maybe his mother had told him to bring his Russian along. Since his mother wrote letters to him in English, how could Marina know? She would apologize to Americans, but she did not really like their language. It was much less beautiful to her than Russian.

In the later months of her pregnancy, Lee became careful. The American baby book said, Don't make love once a certain month is reached—now she can't remember which month. And Lee was protective, very protective of their unborn baby, and tender, very tender; he measured her stomach and he petted it.

She wasn't showing anything for a long time. Just a little belly. Once, he asked, "Are you sure you're pregnant?" He was afraid their baby might be too small. But he was excited when he heard the heartbeat for the first time—a nice quiet moment. He loved to lay his ear on her stomach and listen.

All through their marriage, she would say, little by little, maybe their sex got better. Only one thing she would never allow: "What do you call it?—when people kiss feet—fetish?" She never heard about anything like that until she read of it. She would never allow men that, but Lee was not perverted in such a way. He was nice. When her feet felt wooden in the last months of pregnancy, Lee would massage them. And later he was very kind about a few stretch marks she had after June was born. He would look at their baby and say, "Your mama did all this for you," and he would stroke those stretch marks and kiss them. But, of course, they were never that bad. She never got that big.

Now, at night, in their small apartment, as winter came on, he would write in a notebook. Since they were going to America, he had started a new journal, and for a couple of nights he wrote so much that she finally asked him if he was a spy. Up to then, she had tried to respect his privacy. She didn't believe that marriage was a place where you have to smother each other. People must have their own lives. But she was curious. So she asked him what he was writing, and he told her it was his memories of Russian life. She said, "Are you sure you're not a spy?" He said, "What if I were?" He stared at her. He said, "What would you do if I am?" She really didn't know. She started thinking about it. When he saw how worried she looked, he said, "Don't worry. I was joking. I'm not a spy." So she trusted him. Still, she could see how he might be a spy. Who could love the Soviet Union? She didn't. No admiration there at all. Why, she even smoked Belomorkanal cigarettes. Her private protest. She could explain: Belomorski Canal had been built by political prisoners, whose bones were buried in the canal banks, and later, when they named a cigarette Belomor, people saw it as a symbolic memento of all the bones that were buried during Stalin's period. "A great economic achievement—so many bones were buried there. Our system was such that you have to read between the lines. People knew what was happening even if they could not tell. We felt solidarity with people

CIRCE'S POWER

I never turned anyone into a pig.
Some people are pigs; I make them
look like pigs.

I'm sick of your world
that lets the outside disguise the inside.

Your men weren't bad men;
undisciplined life
did that to them. As pigs,

under the care of
me and my ladies, they
sweetened right up.

Then I reversed the spell,
showing you my goodness
as well as my power. I saw

we could be happy here,
as men and women are
when their needs are simple. In the same breath,

I foresaw your departure,
your men with my help braving
the crying and pounding sea. You think

a few tears upset me? My friend,
every sorceress is
a pragmatist at heart; nobody
sees essence who can't
face limitation. If I wanted only to hold you

I could hold you prisoner.

—LOUISE GLÜCK

buried near Belomorski Canal. Even now, people won't switch, even now. Belomor is not just a cigarette. If you buy it, you're saying, 'Thank you, brother. You died. I'm with you.' So Russians laugh when they smoke Belomor. They say, 'My God, everything built in Russia is on the bones, you know?' "

She felt an outcast at work, however. When she walked into a room, others became quiet, like maybe they had been talking about her. She wasn't invited to have lunch with them anymore.

Nov.-Dec.

Now we are becoming annoyed about the delay. Marina is beginning to waver about going to the U.S. Probably from the strain and her being pregnant. Still, we quarrel and so things are not too bright, especially with the approach of the hard Russian winter.

SHE had not wanted to marry a Russian boy, because it was accepted that with ninety-nine per cent of them you would end up being beaten by your man—slapped or struck, anyway. Now, all of a sudden, here she was married to a foreigner who was beginning to control her physically.

In Russia, women would always tell you, "After your honeymoon, don't let your husband dominate. What goes on in the beginning is how it will be later." So she and Lee both stood their ground. They would argue and slam doors. But there came a day when he hit her. She was so ashamed. She left Lee and went to her aunt. She doesn't remember what their fight was about, but she thought, *I'm not going to take it.* She left. Lee had slapped her with an open hand on her cheek, and she went and knocked on Valya's door—it was late at night. Her aunt asked, "Who is it?" and when Marina said, "Can I come in?" Valya said, "Are you alone?" Then Marina heard Uncle Ilya say, "Tell Marina to go back home." Her aunt stood up then to Ilya. She let Marina in. Her uncle said, "This is the first and last time you are coming here after you have a fight with your husband. Come here together once you patch everything up, but don't come here alone. If you want a marriage, solve your own problems. Don't visit this place every time you have something wrong." At the time, Marina thought he was cold-blooded, but now she would say he was right. Ilya had been cruel but wise.

When she went home the next day, Lee said it would never happen again, he was sorry, but she remembered how, just before he got violent, he had turned very pale and his eyes had no expression, as if he were looking at her from very far away.

In Minsk, he hit her only three or four times. That is not what she found degrading in Russia. It was that K.G.B. was always bugging whatever they did, and then the F.B.I. got into their act in America. Now she was having to dissect her life for interviewers one more time. So who was worth it, and what for? Why did she have to explain herself to anybody? She didn't want to talk about Alik hitting her. Because that put him in a bad light. How could he defend himself from a crime she doesn't think he committed if people have mental pictures of him beating her?

From K.G.B. Report:

During meeting on November 20, 1961, Mr. Prusakov, I.V., clarified that twice during this recent period he spoke with his niece Marina and her husband, Oswald . . .

As a relative of Oswald's wife, Prusakov expressed an opinion that Oswald's decision to return to America may turn out to be a mistake. Prusakov spoke to him of complications in international situation, also to a possibility he would be recruited into American army, problems of finding work in America, as well as some possibility of his arrest there. Oswald explained to Prusakov that he hardly thinks he will be called for military service, since he has already served his term . . . and concerning his possible arrest—he doesn't think Embassy employees would lie to him. Nevertheless, Oswald promised to weigh all these obstacles concerning his return to America.

As Prusakov further explained, he also tried to convince his niece Marina that it was inexpedient to go to USA. A similar influence on Marina was undertaken by her Aunt Polina, living in Kharkov. As a result of these conversations, Prusakov decided that Marina didn't feel like going. However, she was very concerned how she would carry on her further life, having a baby from Oswald.

Prusakov promised to continue to work on convincing Oswald and his wife to change their opinion about going to America. Prusakov didn't recall any suspicious moments in Oswald's behavior.

PERHAPS the time had come for K.G.B. Counterintelligence, Byelorussia, to divest itself of a person who could easily create an international episode and was contributing very little at work, or so said a report on December 11, 1961, sent to the Minsk City Militia Department from the Plant Director and the Personnel Department Chief:

> Lee Harvey Oswald . . . hired as regulator in experimental shop of this plant on January 13, 1960.
>
> During his employment as regulator his performance was unsatisfactory. He does not display initiative for increasing his skill as a regulator.
>
> Citizen Lee Harvey Oswald reacts in an oversensitive manner to remarks from the foreman, and is careless in his work. Citizen L. H. Oswald takes no part in the social life of our shop and keeps very much to himself.

At Horizon, Katya, working down the aisle from Alik, had come to notice that he was becoming less and less of a worker. More and more often, he would sit with his feet on the table. When there was no table, he would put his feet on a chair. His fellow-workers decided it was American culture.

They would say to him, "Alik, why do you come here and go to sleep? It's still morning." He would answer, "I made love a lot. That's why I'm sleeping now."

"Maybe he said it in joking," Katya said. "But it was not important for me."

Step by step, people stopped being curious about him. Once or twice, after Alik was called into the office for a reprimand, he would come back to his worktable and say, "I am going to write my memoirs—'How I Remember the Soviet Union.' "

Nobody reacted. Everybody thought, What is he going to write if he can't even speak properly? It was best to keep some distance from him. How could you know what is in his mind?

AFTER Marina filled out every paper, every one of so many needed for her to go to America, and all those weeks went by, and then all those months from August to December, a phone call came to her at last, when she was at work. Marina was told to go over to the main government building on Lenin Street, where M.V.D. and K.G.B. were housed.

She came in from a side street and walked downstairs. There was only one man in the room; he "was gray-headed, he was authority." He was tall, but she doesn't remember his face. Just that he was in uniform. Nor does she recall whether he called her Marina or Mrs. Oswald; but he did say, "I'm here to talk to you about your papers. You're applying to go to the United States."

She told him that that was correct. He said, "You don't have to be afraid. This is not an interrogation. I just want to talk to you to find out what is your reason for leaving this country. I want to ask a few questions. You know," he said, "you are not going to be arrested or anything. It's just normal procedures." Then he asked, "Is there any political reason? Do you have anything against this country? Do you disagree with something?"

She said, "No. My reason is that I'm married to an American. He's going home and I'm his wife. That's my only reason for going. That's all there is to it."

He said, "Is there any way I can persuade you not to leave? Because such an act will jeopardize the reputations of people you work with, and your relatives."

She picked up on this. She said, "My uncle had nothing to do with it. He didn't approve of my marriage. He agreed only because my husband told him he was not able to go back to America. So it was my uncle's understanding that I would not go. Now my husband does have a chance to return, and," she added, "I'm not leaving for any political reason."

He chewed it over from this side and that; then he closed his file on all his papers and said, "If that's what you think, I guess it's what you do."

As he opened his door for her, he said—and she remembers that here he did call her by her first name—"I'm not talking to you right now as an official, Marina. Look at my hair—I've been through the war. You're young, you could be my granddaughter. I'm strictly

"They're from the new Gangsta line of sleepwear."

talking to you as a man. How do you know that your best circumstances are not right here? You cannot guarantee that your marriage will be all right. You're taking a large leap. If your marriage doesn't work, there's no easy way back. You'll be all alone. Think about that when you go home now. I'm talking to you like a grandfather, and this decision is yours."

She did think about it. As she walked home, she thought about it a lot. He had been a nice man. He had not switched to his mean side. He had talked to her as another human being. When she told Lee, word for word, what had happened, he said, "I don't think we're going to have any problems. The light looks green."

They had come a long way. Even when Lee had proposed, she hadn't thought that they would allow them to get married. So much had happened so quickly.

Dec. 25, Christmas Day

Marina is called to the Passport and Visa office. She is told we have been granted Soviet exit visas.

By now, Igor and Stepan had come to their assessment of Oswald: He was a person you could call emotional. That had manifested itself in fights that arose between him and his wife, although such fights tended to be short-lived. On the other hand, Oswald was never involved in acts of public violence. In fact, the head of M.V.D. militia delivered an official document to K.G.B. saying that Oswald had never been observed in any form of hooliganism.

In addition, Oswald's hunting trips now offered no problem for Counter-intelligence. He had gone on several occasions, and according to their sources he was a poor hunter and came back with nothing. He never made attempts to isolate himself from his group, never tried to approach industrial sites in the forest, and never made suspicious movements. K.G.B. questions on this matter, therefore, were put to rest; Oswald even went without his camera. If he had brought it along, they would have looked to determine whether he approached such installations in order to take pictures. But he didn't even bring it. Finally, he sold his gun on the second of January, 1962, approximately a year and a half after purchase, the gun bearing Serial Number 64621.

So the Organs concluded that they might as well allow Oswald to return to America.

From K.G.B. Transcripts:

FOR OBJECT: OLH-2983
FOR PERIOD: 19 MAY 1962

LHO: How could you! You were off from work somewhere for three hours.

(*Baby is crying.*)

WIFE: You idiot! I'm not going anywhere with you. You can take the baby and go. Take her and go.

LHO: Shut up. Take your baby.

(*Baby is crying.*)

WIFE: Leave me alone. Do whatever you want, I'm not going with you. You never do anything to help me out. Go, feed the baby. You can kill me, but I'm not going to get milk. I'm just going to sit here and watch. You'll create these scandals until two in the morning. I don't just take off from work somewhere—I have to sleep at that clinic. These doctors seem to make a point of not waiting for me.

(*Cries.*)

What, I have to run home [from my clinic]?

LHO: Exactly.

(*They go into kitchen.*)

12:50 (*They come back in.*)

WIFE (*sobbing*): Out of my sight, you dog! You scoundrel! Don't look at me that way—nobody is afraid of you. Go to hell, you bastard!

LHO: You're very good.

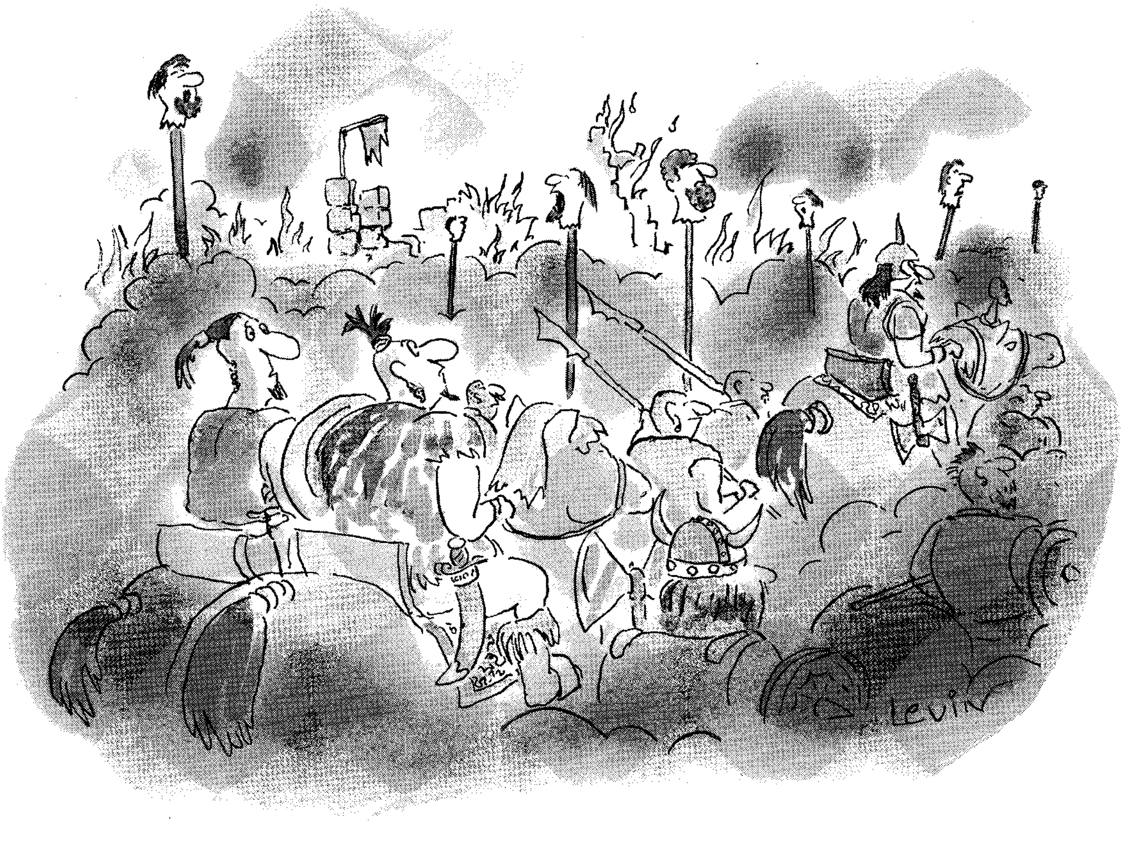
WIFE: You can go to your America without me, and I hope you die on the way.

(*LHO leaves.*)

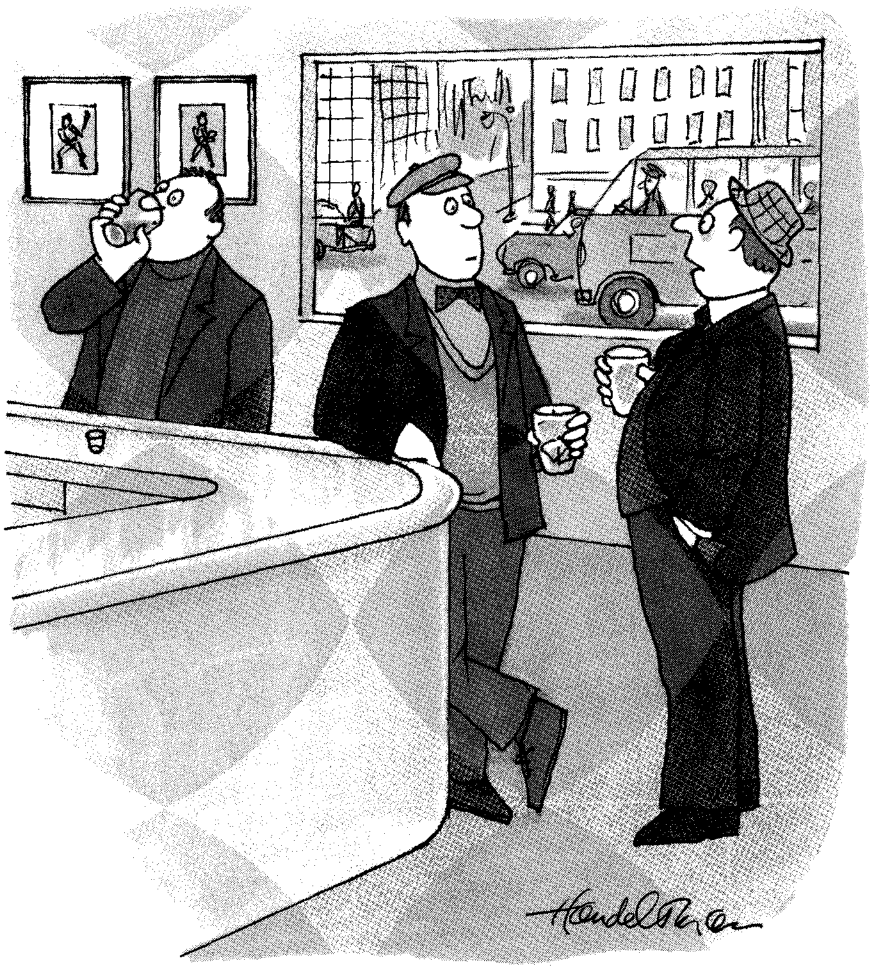
(*Quiet in the apartment.*)

They left by train and travelled through Poland, Germany, and Holland. In Holland, they boarded the Maasdam for the United States, and arrived on June 13, 1962.

Marina did not tell anyone, but Dallas and Fort Worth were disappointing. She was not



"He's mellowed quite a bit over the years. However, that's become a signature thing for him."



"When we have interactive books, the first thing I'm going to do is rush Little Nell to a hospital."

• •

impressed with Texas. She had thought it would be like the movie "Oklahoma!," which she had seen in Minsk, and had been full of cowboys and the West, but here it was not like that. The residential area was all right, because the grass was mowed, and, no matter how poor the house, it was at least big enough for a family—but she did not like the two cities Dallas and Fort Worth. They had no harmony. They were disorganized. One tall building and three short ones, then an empty lot. Never anything beautiful or old. She did not know if the city was dying or growing up. No, she was not impressed. The only thing she really liked was the smell of the mimosa trees.

She wrote a letter back to the girls at the pharmacy and said that the Russian language had been difficult for Alik and he had always been mispronouncing words, but now she was living in his shoes, mispronouncing American words. At her letter's end, she wrote, "Remember, I'm Marina. Don't let her get lost in history."

As Stepan would inform the interviewers in the fall of 1992, Likhoi's file was discontinued by the summer of 1962. In his actions, his behavior, in his way of life, there had been no indication that he was any kind of intelligence agent. Of course, the possibility still existed that he had been sent over to study U.S.S.R. living conditions intimately. That information could then be used by American special services. Such a possibility could not be excluded, although there was no way to find that out. A person could always walk around, meet people, study everything, make mental notes. Then, on his return home, a report could be written telling about everything. One cannot do much about that. But as far as Oswald being an active agent—all indications were negative.

They could ask their own overseas agents in the First Directorate who were stationed in America to watch Oswald now that he was back in his own country, but it would be very difficult, very expensive. To put surveillance on him in the United States would suggest that they considered him highly important, but by the time he left Minsk he was no longer looked upon as being in so serious a category. Nor would any Russian people who lived in Fort Worth be considered a potential source. Over there, K.G.B. officers avoided the Russian community and American Communists and sympathizers. If a K.G.B. agent working illegally in America sees an American Communist coming his way, he will go in the opposite direction. One does not want to stray into the F.B.I.'s field of surveillance. So while there might have been some interest in following Oswald's activities on his return to America, any estimates of risk and cost made it not worthwhile.

VII—SHOCK

"Did you attempt to recruit Oswald?"

Katya remembers shock. For everybody at Horizon. She couldn't believe it had happened. He was just a young boy with a running nose. When it was cold, you could always see his running nose. And suddenly he killed this American President? Other men in her factory were stronger than him, much stronger. He was like that, small.

At Horizon, people did speak about it a little, but it was something that happened far away, and in a few days representatives from the Organs came over and told them it was best not to talk about Oswald. Forget him. Best to forget him. Best for all.

Rimma had always known she could hurt his feelings, and so she never did. "I could paint a portrait of him as someone who thinks too much of himself but doesn't work to become the person he wants to be. You should know what kind of person you are. The most important thing for Alik was that he wanted to become famous. Idea Number One. He was fanatic about it, I think. Goal Number One. Show that he was different from others, and, you know, he achieved this goal."

The permanent effect of knowing Lee Harvey Oswald, she would say, is that ever since 1963 she has been afraid to visit the United States. No longer is her motto "*Ad astra per aspera*"—through adversity we reach the stars.

After the assassination, they were all worried at the pharmacy. "What will Marina do, being so lonely now with two children? How is she going to live financially—how will she manage?" They were certainly worried.

Pavel was offended when this Warren Commission presented Lee as an underdeveloped mentality. Very offended. Pavel didn't like the idea that somebody who was not stupid was being shown to the whole world as if he were.

What with the time difference between Dallas and Minsk—eight or nine hours!—Pavel happened to be out with young students at a large dancing party. He acted as the disk jockey. He had his tape recorder, and was putting on different kinds of music; then, suddenly, information came over their radio—Kennedy was killed. He listened to the Voice of America and it said that Lee Harvey Oswald, a person who lived in Dallas, was being arrested.

For years, Pavel kept collecting all kinds of different articles on this subject. He could never accept it as a fact. Reading more and more about it, however, he decided that one person could always make another do anything. You can break a person, and you can certainly change a person by force. In Pavel's opinion, Lee Harvey Oswald is not Kennedy's murderer but was somehow involved in a plot. Because, after all, Lee was no angel. He could be a part of somebody's plot.

After Lee was killed by Ruby, Pavel mailed a letter to Marina giving his condolences. Next morning, K.G.B. was at his door. That was November 26, 1963. He was taken to their office by trolleybus. He was not so important a criminal that they were going to send a car. He remembers that he had on a Chinese blue coat, a scarf and cap, and both men who came for him were dressed in regular street clothes, but then K.G.B. people only wear their uniforms when on parade, or in a coffin.

They went through a side entrance, up crazy stairs to the second floor, and from there he could look out a window and see a bookstore. He didn't know whether he'd ever get back to that street outside. Maybe it was the worst emotional moment in his life. His letter to Marina had sympathized with her feelings; now he was a criminal. Only later did he understand that by writing such a letter he had truly scared the Organs. His letter might influence international relationships: somebody in Russia was sorry for the wife of this man who had killed Kennedy.

They let him sit in a chair. They were very polite; they didn't beat him. They were K.G.B., after all. He was sitting in a room with a big table, and there were a lot of officers and bodyguards around, maybe seven people.

They started by telling him, "In our country, only representatives of the people can send sympathies. You are not a representative of our people. You have no right to express sympathy. That's one thing. You have lost your political vigilance. You have become politically shortsighted. If you don't want somebody to write the laws of our country on your back, if you want to see some sky again, then stop doing stupid things. Speaking of that, how are you related to Marina Oswald? Did you sleep with her?" They would ask him other questions, then go back to that: "Ever sleep with Marina?" For some reason, that interested them. They might accuse him once more of losing vigilance, but that was only an excursion. Then they would come right back with something like "Why did you write this kind of letter if you didn't sleep with her? Are you crazy?"

They went with him to the post office, and he had to fill out a document saying that he wanted his letter back. So Marina never received his last communication to her. In fact, he thinks K.G.B. already had it, but needed him to request it back in order to give formal proof that they were properly honoring the Geneva convention.

Before they let him go, they told him not to speak on this subject. That became Pavel's largest reason for leaving Minsk and going to study at Tbilisi, in Georgia. Half of the radio factory knew, after all, that Lee Oswald was his friend, so how was it possible that he wouldn't talk about it if he stayed? In fact, one or two people actually said, "We hope you didn't mention our names while you were interrogated."

Soon after, K.G.B. agents made that visit to Horizon when they told everybody to keep their mouths shut about Oswald. By then, Pavel was already in Tbilisi, but he heard that shop people were called in one by one and the Organs had private conversations with them about respecting silence.

When Kennedy was assassinated, Ella was waiting to be asked, "Come to our K.G.B. office. Sit down and give us your information." But she was never approached.

Ella remarked that she could invent stories now: "It's very fashionable to say, 'I was abused by the Organs. They ruined my life.' It's very high style to have been approached by them and suffer." She says she could invent a story, but she'd rather tell the truth. She was not approached.

After the assassination, she had worried that they would come, and she did live in fear—kept thinking they were going to ask her to come in—but nobody did. Now that she thinks about it, she would say she might have had friends who were approached. From what she's learned since, she believes Lee must have been watched constantly, and she thinks she must have been watched, too. But since there were only two of them, she thinks Pavel must have been more interesting, because Pavel brought people to meet Lee. She was always alone with him, so maybe she was of less interest.

As for whether Alik was guilty of assassination, she cannot believe that. "He was so gentle," she says.

Igor Ivanovich said, "Lee was the scum of society, a person spoiled from the cradle, so to say. Not serious. Inconstant. Something was probably wrong with his state of mind."

Igor Ivanovich was asked, "After the assassination, you must have felt bad?"

And he replied, "Bad? I felt horrible. In fact, it was the worst moment of my life."

When he was asked if K.G.B. had interrogated any of their prime sources after the assassination, Igor Ivanovich

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Marina and June at Lee's funeral. She didn't get up with him that last morning. He said, "Go back to sleep." And he left quietly.

suddenly became emotional. He looked as if he might burst into tears. He did not answer the question. Later, he cried out, “Everybody blames me for this! It was as if I knew he would shoot.” After a minute or two, he added, “We had no data. You could not find one single person from Minsk who would say, ‘Yes, Oswald had these intentions to go back to America and cause all this trouble.’ ”

He and Stepan had tried to consider where they could have failed. Their inner fear: “What if the preparation of this action commenced in Minsk?” They were considering everything.

Then he added, “Quite frankly, we were not worried about public opinion in America. We worried about what Moscow would say once we sent them Oswald’s file. Would they consider our job well done or poor? That was what we worried about.”

WHEN Stepan Vasilyevich heard the announcement on the radio, his second thoughts, after first saying to himself, “It’s impossible!,” were more complex. As more news arrived from various broadcasts, he came to a conclusion that Oswald could not have done it alone. Oswald had been sucked into it somehow. Because a single fact was being exploited—that Oswald had been in the Soviet Union. A convenient shield for certain people! “Their mass media started blaming everything on our Soviet Union. My opinion is that it was all sewn together with white threads. To cover their tracks in this crime.”

When Stepan was asked how long it took for word to come from Moscow that they wanted Oswald’s file, his reply was that Moscow Center’s request came late on that night of November 22nd. Igor Ivanovich was given an order, and he told Stepan to take Likhoi’s file to Moscow. Gather it together and leave.

No preparations were necessary. Both men knew Oswald’s materials well, and the file had been stored in the archives of their building. So all Stepan had to do was take it out, put it in a sack, sign for it, and leave. He used a gray mailbag, the kind used for sending quantities of mail, and the file was not large enough to fill it.

Then Stepan flew to Moscow on November 23rd, and arrived at Lyubertsy airport, accompanied by another K.G.B. man from Minsk, who was armed. It was not a regular flight, since Moscow wanted it quickly, but there were two seats open on a military plane.

When asked if he was very nervous, he said, “I don’t think so. I didn’t feel any guilt. I was pure as crystal. What could I be afraid of? Of course, it was a tragic situation. But being nervous, hands shaking, so forth—why? I was flying to our Center in Moscow with a clean conscience. I didn’t have any excessive emotions or anything like that. I just thought about what sort of questions they would ask. And I had only one answer: Oswald did not have any undisclosed relation to our agency. What worried me more was whether official people would be there to meet me at Lyubertsy airport because, otherwise, how would I get to Moscow on public transport?”

He did not have to worry. Official people greeted him right away, introduced themselves, showed their identification, and they all drove off. It was an overcast day, but no rain, no snow. Gray.

They went to the main building, to Lubyanka, drove directly into the edifice, and were received by higher-ups. Stepan thought it might be the assistant director of K.G.B. He didn’t know these high officers personally. It was his first visit to Moscow Center, and this legendary building, Lubyanka, was full of labyrinths. He had to follow closely behind whoever was walking in front of him, down endless narrow halls. A thin red carpet ran the entire length of each long hall.

When he finally was led to the appropriate office, several people were waiting for him in a reasonably large room, but there wasn’t anything on their table. He doesn’t know if it was in their American Division or some other department, but Stepan merely said, “According to your instructions, our file on Oswald is now delivered.” And they said, “Good, just leave it here.”

Their first question came: “Did you attempt to recruit Oswald?” He said, “You can cut off my head, but not only did we not try to, this very thought did not even enter our minds. Read these documents. It’s very clear in which di-

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rection we were working. In accordance with your instructions."

He looked at them and noticed that they practically sighed with relief. He wasn't worried about their believing him, because the documents made it clear what kind of work they had been doing. You couldn't falsify something like that. Of course, Stepan was somewhat disturbed, but he had no large fears. These documents made it clearly visible how they had been conducting their operation.

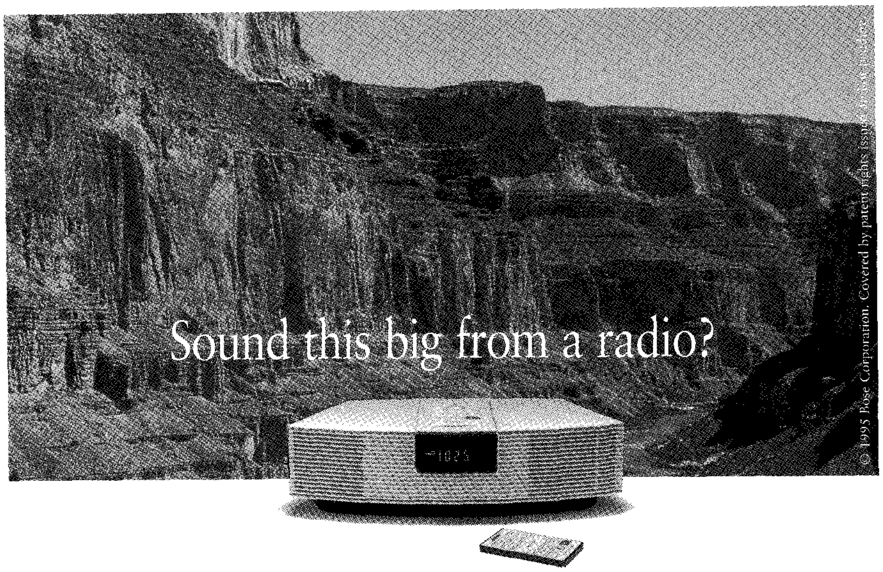
Afterward, when slanders concerning the Soviet Union kept circulating, he thought maybe Nikita Sergeyevich Khrushchev would give these files to the American government. All these American rumors would then burst like a soap bubble. But it didn't happen.

On this day, at this meeting on November 23, 1963, they invited him to sit down; they were polite. He remembers he even tried to stand up, and they said, "Sit down, sit down," but there was nothing on their table, no tea. He doesn't recall whose picture was on the wall, maybe it had been Dzerzhinski, but no flag—that he would have noticed. And the room was brightly lit. The last thing they said was "Leave this file. And thank you. Your mission is over. We'll organize a return ticket for you."

He took a regular night train back to Minsk with the same fellow he had taken off with. Before leaving, they strolled around Moscow and went shopping. He bought something for his children.

On his return trip, Stepan didn't have special thoughts. If Oswald had been C.I.A., he could not have done any more in Minsk than gather information in a contemplative way, not manifesting anything, not being an active agent. He could have studied Soviet life, and then disclosed such information later in America. Such a version could not be excluded. As much could be said of any foreigner who spent two years in the Soviet Union. "Besides, when Oswald came to Minsk, in January, 1960, Kennedy wasn't yet elected President. So Oswald could not have been sent with such a goal in mind."

If Stepan had any troubled thoughts on his return trip, therefore, it was not over his own performance. He explored various scenarios, thoughts came into his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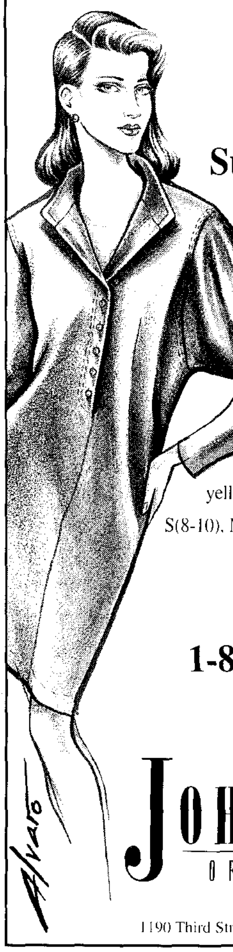

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head, various versions appeared, but in the end he said to himself, "Ach, it's time to go to bed. Americans cooked it up. Let them figure it out."

When he got home, which was Sunday morning, it was still Saturday night in Dallas, so Oswald would not be ambushed by Ruby for another eleven hours; about eight in the evening on Sunday in Minsk is when Stepan would receive that word. When he returned, therefore, on Sunday morning around eight o'clock, the first thing he did was go to his home to shave. Leaving in such a hurry for Moscow, he had not taken his toilet kit. He washed, then had something to eat and went straight to work, where he reported to his superiors. People, of course, were talking about it in the building. Everyone was listening to radios. Even then, a lot of his colleagues did not know he had worked on this case, but everyone's opinion was stirred up. After all, it was a shadow on Minsk.

People who knew Oswald said immediately that Alik couldn't have done it. So said people who knew him.

Even many people who didn't have contact with the fellow didn't believe it: We're getting along with America a little bit better, so now all this business?

They didn't do further analysis. Their file was in Moscow; they didn't have materials. Besides, what could they have analyzed any further? When the file came back from Moscow, some twenty-seven years later, nothing had been removed or commented upon; everything was there as he recalled it, certified and signed by him. Stepan was asked why, then, had Igor Ivanovich reacted so strongly as to say, "Everybody blames me," but Stepan indicated that Igor was a more sensitive person than he was.

VIII—EPILOGUE

The widow's elegy.

SHE can no longer know what it is she knows. She has passed through thirty years of interviews, more than a thousand hours of interviews, and the questions never cease. She may be the last living smoker to consume four packs a day. How can it be otherwise? The past is filled with guilt—the future is full of dread. Only the present is clear; she always suspects the motives of the new people to whom she speaks. How innocent can be their motive for approaching? These days she feels that the walls are coming closer. If she starts thinking about what has happened to her—not with pity, she will say, or sorrow for herself, but just hoping to lessen stress—she feels she is choking.

It is hard for her to remember details. After her Warren Commission testimony, everybody accused her of lying, but she was just a human being, and if she was lying it was honestly—because she was floating through a foggy world. Memories kept coming, going. Maybe it was some self-protective mechanism. To keep her psyche from collapsing. People were saying to her, "You're so strong"—but it was not heroic effort. "It is in every one of us—you just decide not to die, that's all. You dare not to die."

Now that she is fifty-three, Marina would agree that one doesn't need to approach her with such labels as good woman, bad woman, villainess, heroine, someone who's been treated unfairly, someone treated too well. "You can be all of that in one person," Marina said. "One can be a villain, and next time a hero.

"If we go through Lee's character, I myself would like to find out: Who is he? Was he really that mean of a person?—which I think he was. But it's a hard road for me to take, because I do not want to understand him. I have to tell you in advance that, as far as Lee is concerned, I don't like him. I'm mad at him. Very mad at him, yes. When a person dies, people have such anger. They loved their husband or wife for a long time so they say, 'How dare you die on me?' O.K., but that's not my reason. For me, it's 'How dare you abandon me? In circumstances like that? I mean, you die, but I'm still here licking my wounds.'

"All the same, I'm definitely sure he didn't do it, even if I'm still mad at him. Because he shouldn't involve a wife and family if he was playing those kinds of games. Yes, I do believe he was on a mission, maybe even when he went to Russia, but first I have to figure out what he was doing here. It wasn't just happening here all of a sudden in America. It was a continuation. In my mind, I'm not trying to convince you or the American public—I have to resolve it for myself.

But I think he was sent over to Russia, maybe. I think so. I have no proof. I have nothing. I do think he was more human than has been portrayed. I'm not trying to make an angel out of him, but I was interested in him because he was different, he would broaden my horizon, and all the other men I wanted had been taken or didn't want me."

Every time she watches a film and sees an actor playing Lee, the actor is nothing like him. He turns his head like Lee or waves his hair the same way, but, she says, your American public knows Lee only from a few photographs, and that is what this actor is copying. She sees another Lee, and she does not know the psyche of that fellow. She still has it to discover.

Her interviewers asked how she would have felt if a truck had hit Alik in Minsk—if she had been his widow then, would she have thought of him fondly? She said yes. She would have thought it was just a stormy beginning but they were breaking ground that they would later stand on in their marriage. After all, she took a chance. She had crossed the ocean for him. Of course, she was afraid of him already, even if little by little she had been learning that she did not know, never knew, where she stood. Not with him. But at least you could hope.

She will never forget that on their last night in Texas he had kept making advances to her until he went to bed, and she had refused. They had not been getting along.

Afterward, she had to think, What if he really wanted to be close to me? What if I put him in a bad mood? It torments her. What if they had made love that last night? But she is the wrong person to talk to about this, she would say, because she is not a sexual person. Sensuous but not sensual. She didn't like sex, she would say. She was not expert, nor could she tell you how grandiose something had been, because she had never experienced that. No Beethoven or Tchaikovsky for her, not in bed, no grand finale.

MARINA: In Texas, sun is very intense for me and very harsh, very bright. I love moon. It's cool and it's shiny and that's my melancholy period. And some people are shining and they are bright and they burn. You know what I mean? I'm not sun. I'm a moon . . . I look at America, it's all wonderful. But you go to the damn grocery store and it's two hundred varieties of cereal. And basically it's only oats, corn, how many things . . . Just so somebody going to make extra million off that. It's so unnecessary. If that's progress, if that's abundance, how stupid for us to want it. Three hundred bags of poison, maybe only two or three good . . . That kind of progress I don't think we should strive for . . . Do I make any sense to you? Or I'm just complaining?

INTERVIEWER: No, I agree with you.

The morning when Lee left, Friday morning, November 22, 1963, she did not get up with him when he arose very early. She tried to, but he said, "Don't worry. Go back to sleep." And he left quietly.

She had gone to bed after him the night before. He was already asleep or pretended to be. Then, when she woke up in the middle of the night to check on baby Rachel, she took a look at him. The only illumination was by nightlight, very low. But Lee scared her. She touched him with her foot, and he kicked it away. Then he lay so still that it was like he had died. He didn't move for the next hour. She said to herself, "Is he alive?" He looked so still. Absolutely gone. She couldn't hear his breath. She had to bend over very close to feel his breathing—she thought he had died on her. Isn't that funny? For all these years, she remembered saying, "Thank goodness he's alive." And he made no sound all night and never moved again.

In the morning, he made himself instant coffee, drank it in a plastic cup, and went off to work.

SHE sits in a chair, a tiny woman in her early fifties, her thin shoulders hunched forward in such pain of spirit under such a mass of guilt that one would comfort her as one would hug a child. What is left of what was once her beauty are her extraordinary eyes, blue as diamonds, and they blaze with light as if, in divine compensation for the dead weight of all that will not cease to haunt her, she has been granted a spark from the hour of an apocalypse others have not seen. Perhaps it is the light offered to victims who have suffered like the gods. ♦

This account was adapted from "Oswald's Tale: An American Mystery," to be published by Random House in May.

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BOOKS

SOUL MAN

The short life and long shadow of Sam Cooke.

BY TERRENCE RAFFERTY

At the end of 1956, Sam Cooke, who for six years had been the lead singer of the great gospel quintet the Soul Stirrers, turned his angelic voice to what the gospel community referred to as "the Devil's music." The record that less than a year later made him a pop-music star was a sweet, yearning teen-age-love ballad called "You Send Me," which was, as messages from Satan go, pretty benign—more like a friendship card than like an engraved invitation to sin. If you listen to "You Send Me" now, it still goes down easily, like the tasty piece of candy it is, but the subsequent history of black music has coated it with cultural significance. Cooke's crossover success inspired (or tempted) other young church-trained singers—Jerry Butler, Wilson Pickett, Aretha Franklin, and many more—to stray from the gospel highway and follow him down the secular path, which, we now know, ultimately led to the promised land of soul music: gospel-derived pop that, in its sixties heyday, sold like crazy.

Even if you don't hear the Devil in the glorious sounds made by Sam Cooke and his disciples, the honey-tongued serpent often rears its head when critics try to define the essence of his art: they're seduced into the error of reducing his music to a set of theses about the assimilation of black musical traditions by mainstream (read "white") pop. "You Send Me: The Life and Times of Sam Cooke," by Daniel Wolff (with supporting-author credits to S. R. Crain and Clifton White, who were friends and musical associates of the singer's, and G. David Tenenbaum, a researcher; Morrow, $23), is a solid, smoothly written account of Cooke's career, but the book's authority is undermined by Wolff's tendency to analyze his subject's music in simplistic racial terms. Wolff is determined to turn Sam Cooke's erratic explorations of wildly diverse musical styles—from passionate gospel to perky, danceable rock and roll and jazzy Sinatra-style crooning designed to put supper-club swingers in the mood for love—into a parable of the black experience in the fifties and early sixties.

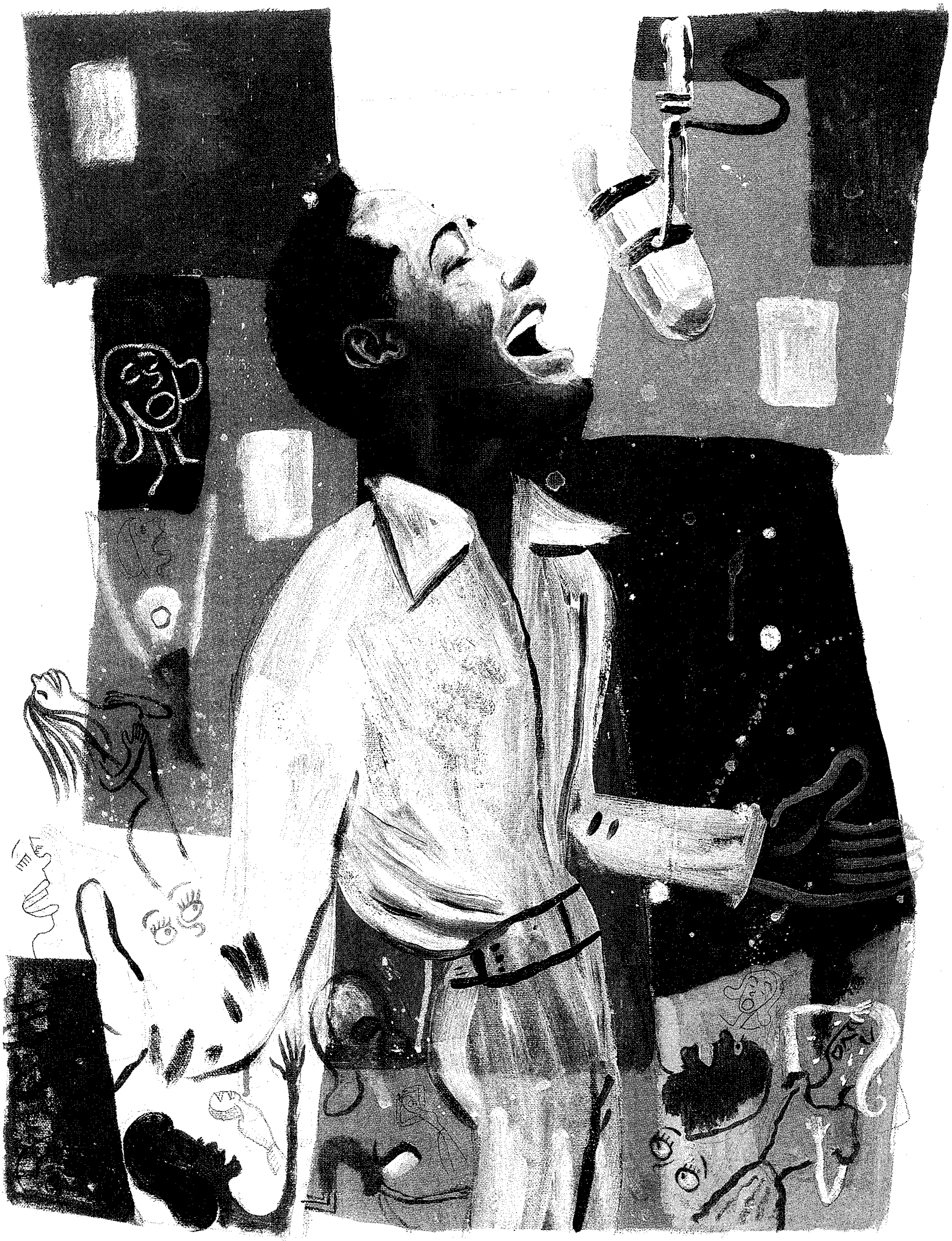
It's not hard to understand why a biographer would adopt this sort of approach. Cooke's relatively brief career—he was shot to death in suspicious circumstances in 1964—breaks neatly into a gospel half and a pop half, and it coincides with the most eventful years of the civil-rights movement. While Jim Crow laws were being challenged and finally struck down, musical barriers were falling, too; as a young man who started out in the separate, commercially unequal world of gospel music and eventually played a key role in blurring the distinctions between black music and white music, Cooke seems an ideal hero for a "Pilgrim's Progress" of the integration era.

In this case, though, appearances are deceiving. Cooke's music is just too idiosyncratic to serve as a reliable map of social history. Analyzing Cooke's work in terms of established styles doesn't really get you very far, because he had a mysteriously compelling voice that transformed everything he sang into something not quite itself. Not even his gospel recordings would pass a stylistic-purity test. His singing on Soul Stirrers classics like "Touch the Hem of His Garment" and "Pilgrim of Sorrow" and "Mean Old World" is light, high, and silky. He's the most lyrical of the great gospel-group leads—the least dependent on raw vocal power, the subtlest, the most seductive. His sound, unlike that of many of his peers, was ready-made for pop. (It's tough to imagine, say, Archie Brownlee—the gritty, electrifying lead singer of the Five Blind Boys of Mississippi—recording dreamy ballads and cheerful dance tunes.) But Cooke's Soul Stirrers performances are still undeniably gospel music: his vocals swoop and glide like birds, and end up in the clouds.

Cooke's best secular records have the same effect, and it's no easier to account for in "A Change Is Gonna Come" than it is in "Touch the Hem of His Garment." Certainly "Change" (which was one of Cooke's last records) is a beautiful fusion of gospel fervor and lush mainstream-pop production values, and the song's optimistic civil-rights message obligingly mirrors its integrated form. For a writer with a thesis, "A Change Is Gonna Come" is the equivalent of a hanging curveball, sitting up and waiting to be knocked out of the park. Wolff digs in, takes a mighty swing, and hits a long foul. Having interpreted Cooke's entire career as the story of a black man's attempt to express his true racial identity without offending a white audience, Wolff feels obliged to assert (with no attribution) that Cooke was "scared by the song's emotional and artistic leap." Wolff describes the song and Cooke's ethereal performance so eloquently that you can almost accept the notion of an artist frightened by the power of his own work. On the very next page, though, Wolff reports, deadpan, that Cooke sang "A Change Is Gonna Come" on the "Tonight Show" soon after recording it. If Cooke was scared, he got over it in a hurry.

The strongest whiffs of fear in the book come not from the subject but from the author. Wolff seems terrified that, as a white man writing about a black artist, he could be accused of appropriating cultural traditions that don't belong to him. He characterizes everything bland and soft in the music of the period as "white," and bemoans it loudly, in bursts of Albert Goldman-like snideness: "Now Sam stood alone on the sixth floor of a famously white institution"—RCA—"facing two Italian-American producers who were even then handing him an incredibly pale pop tune." Cooke himself wrote more than a few tunes that might qualify as "pale pop" ("Cupid" and "When a Boy Falls in Love" spring to mind), but such songs, we're told, were calculated crossover attempts "aimed right at those white girls"—Wolff's words, not Cooke's. Wolff's shrill racial posturing doesn't enhance his credibility: it's not as bad as Pat Boone singing Little Richard, but it's close. And the writer is so keen to establish his solidarity with black culture that he sometimes, perversely, portrays Cooke's desire to appeal to both black and white audiences as a poignant, quixotic folly. De-

JOSH GOSFIELD



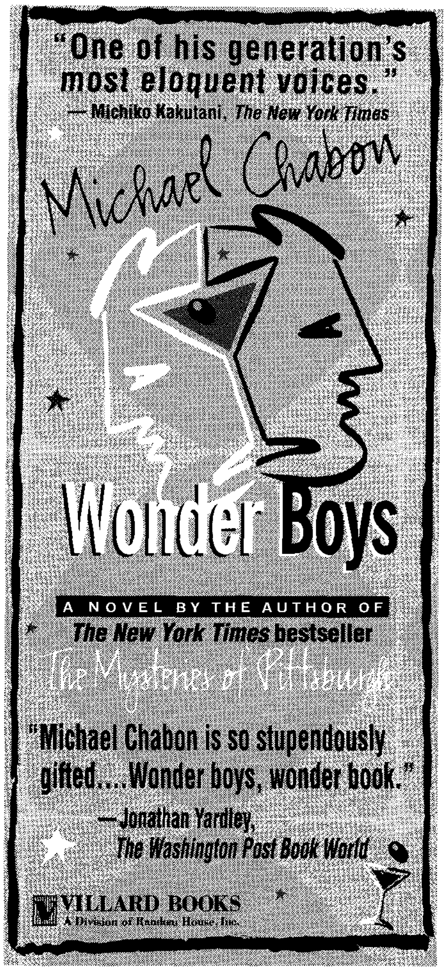
Sam Cooke—like Elvis, Aretha, and very few others—could make almost any song sound good.

scribing a 1964 appearance on the rock-and-roll TV show "Shindig," Wolff finds a rueful sense of failure in Cooke's demeanor: "Yes, you can reach everybody—you can be all things to all people—but where exactly does that leave you?"

ACTUALLY, it left Sam Cooke right at the center of an extraordinarily exciting time in the history of American music. The joy of popular culture is, in large part, its shamelessness, its willingness to try anything for the sake of a buck, and the most fertile periods in pop music (and in Hollywood movies) are often those in which the artists and the businessmen are most confused about the public's taste. The demons unleashed by the mix-and-match styles of Elvis and of Ray Charles (whose music had more gospel in it than Cooke's did) produced an exhilarating chaos in the music industry as everyone tried to figure out what previously unthinkable combination of sounds might prove to be the next big thing. Pop culture—especially at times like those—is no place for purists. It's painful to hear Sam Cooke singing "Bali Ha'i" and "They Call the Wind Maria," but in the context of the times it's not all that weird for him to have recorded them: if you can get a piece of Nat King Cole's audience, why not? For that matter, these dull standards were no more unlikely material for him than Willie Dixon's "Little Red Rooster," a blues number originally recorded by the overpowering, gravel-voiced Howlin' Wolf, yet Cooke's languid, insinuating rendition is startlingly effective: like so much of the good music of its era, it's a triumph born of a desperate, bizarre idea.

The real problem with Wolff's book is that, despite its scrupulous attention to Cooke's musical and social background and some intelligent appreciations of the records, its perspective on both the life and the times of its subject is essentially academic. Wolff claims to be examining Cooke's "complexities and contradictions," but, unfortunately, he doesn't appear to be *enjoying* them. In this book, the shrewdest assessment of Sam Cooke's talent comes from another singer, Jerry Butler: "Sam was a very classical kind of singer. And because of that beautiful voice of his and the ability to be as sweet or as funky as he wanted to be, he really didn't have to be overly gymnastic or emotional." Cooke—like Elvis, Aretha, and very few others—had a voice that could make almost any song, in any style, sound good; singers like him tend to leave untidier bodies of work than those who, because of vocal limitations or lack of imagination, stick to a single genre. Cooke's music is full of surprises, of beauty that seems to come out of nowhere. Songs like "Wonderful World" and "I'll Come Running Back to You" and "Having a Party" have a fragile grace that transcends their pop construction; it's nearly impossible to explain why they're so moving. Wolff prefers explicable beauties. The most assured critical writing here is his description of Cooke's live performance at the Harlem Square Club, in which, playing to a black audience, the singer let his hair down and allowed his gospel roots to show.

Near the end of the book, Wolff bunches together some awestruck testimonials from musicians who worked with Cooke: one describes the singer as "musically . . . in a category by himself"; another calls him "unique . . . more than special"; another raves about "the genius of his talent." Wolff immediately douses these comments with the cold water of sociology: "But to go back over his life is also to see how Cooke was *not* special. He came of age in post-Depression America, and his family was part of the great migration into the cities," and so on. Throughout, the book suggests that its subject's mainstream success was the product of compromise—of keeping the "black" elements of his music safely contained. The irony of "You Send Me: The Life and Times of Sam Cooke" is that by bringing racial style to the fore, Wolff puts his subject in a different kind of box. In this account, Cooke, the wayward black pilgrim in search of his identity, is emphatically not special: he's just a cultural emblem. Wolff may know plenty about history, but he doesn't appear to know why he loves Sam Cooke: you sense that he's drawn to the music despite, rather than because of, its variety, its unclassifiability, its unearthly combination of soothing textures and profound emotional urgency. The demon that frightens the writer of this biography is the sheer ambiguity of its subject's popular art, the soulfulness that can't be reduced to black and white. Sam Cooke crossed over; Daniel Wolff sends him back. ♦



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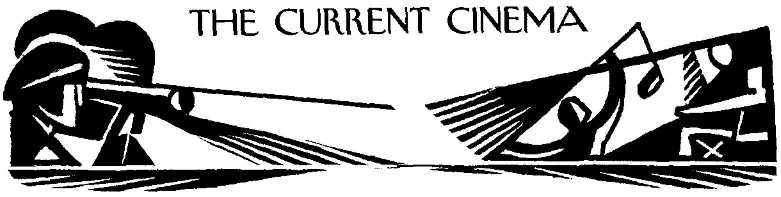
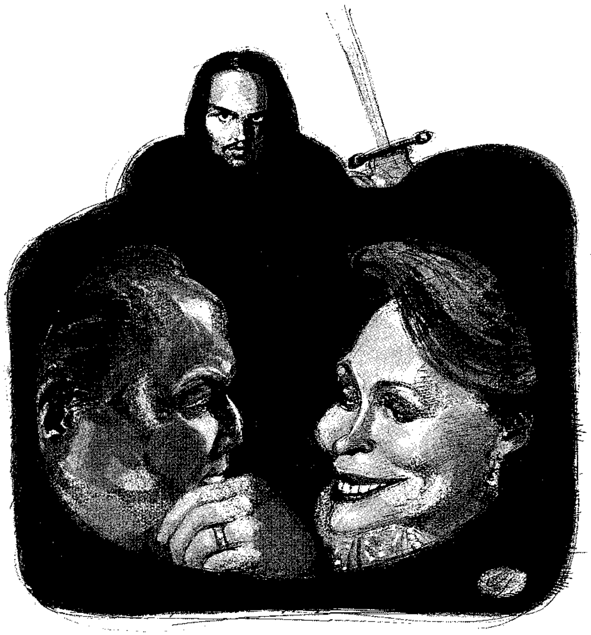


THE VAST SEDUCTION

A fresh romantic comedy brings Byron's hero up to date.

BY ANTHONY LANE

"DON JUAN DEMARCO" begins with a ritual that reeks of vanity and gallantry. Perfume is sprayed on male wrists, hands are eased into thick leather gauntlets, impossibly fine features are hidden away behind a black mask. We seem to have stumbled into the world of Rudolph Valentino and Douglas Fairbanks, that lost age when a masked man meant seduction rather than stalk-and-slash; but, just as we're adjusting ourselves to the climate of a costume picture, our man wanders out into the streets of modern New York, where a long, flowing cape counts as dressing down. People barely give him a second look. So who is he? Is he a jerk or a superhero? Neither, in fact, and that's the load-bearing joke of the movie: he is exactly what he seems to be—Don Juan. Entering a hotel dining room, he sits down opposite a lone woman, schmoozes her, whisks her upstairs and into paradise, returns her to the table before her date arrives, and quits the scene. The date finally makes it, saying, "I hope you started without me."


Psychodrama and bedroom heroics: Johnny Depp (top), Marlon Brando, and Faye Dunaway.

VICTOR JUHASZ

Surveying this opening gambit, you wonder how long the fun can last; maybe the whole film will be a repeat performance, trekking doggedly from one sated body to the next until the audience dozes off under the influence of Warholian gross-out. But no, all this was a swan song. "Now I must die," Juan declares, and he climbs to the top of a billboard. He is calmed and brought down by a psychiatrist, Dr. Mickler, who has him committed to a mental hospital for temporary observation. Here, you think, the delusion should unravel at the seams: the Latin Lover will lose his touch, the boy wonder will dwindle back into a boy. It doesn't happen. Asked why he believes himself to be Don Juan, the patient, in turn, asks the shrink why *he* persists in "this fantasy that you are some Dr. Mickler." And that is the nub of the movie, the source of its charm: you can be perfectly aware of the difference between real and imagined lives and still find the imagined irresistible—not just liberating but actually more coherent. Juan is the least disturbed person on the premises; he is wholly confident of his powers, and quickly turns the female staff into jitterbugs of desire. The hospital chief is soon complaining that "there are more nurses on Valium than patients."

The writer and director of "Don Juan DeMarco" is Jeremy Leven, who, together with the producer Francis Ford Coppola, has taken the flimsiest of

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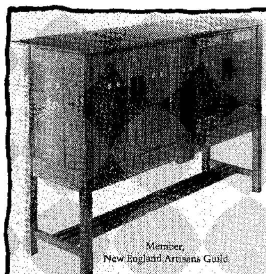
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ideas—no more than a skit, really—and somehow stretched it out to full length. The movie is sweet and simple, yet the simplicity is not so much retarded as unfussy, and that's quite an achievement these days. The plot requires, needless to say, that the psychiatrist be rejuvenated by the example of the lively spirit in his care; but Leven handles the transfusion of joie de vivre cleanly and—most important of all—treats it as a basically comic exchange. This is a blessed relief; remember the high-school portentousness with which "Equus" nagged us about the enviable energy of the mad? And "Awakenings," in its snuffling way, wasn't much better; movies have a terrible habit of assuming that the only purpose of affliction is to juice up the souls of those deputed to cure it. "Don Juan DeMarco" has no time for such loftiness; it just wants everyone to have a good time.

That demand is met in full, thanks to the presence of Marlon Brando. The movie is mostly kind enough to frame him in half length; when you eventually catch him in full figure, you can't help gasping—it's a long shot, but even at a distance Brando bulges outward like a man seen through a spyhole. He plays Dr. Mickler to Johnny Depp's Juan, and between them they toy with the rather placid script—there aren't that many big laughs in the picture—and flick it up to a level of grave playfulness that Leven can scarcely have envisaged. His film wasn't written with either star in mind, but it makes perfect sense as an extended riff on the fact that at least half the human race already finds Johnny Depp completely adorable. Once his hand has slipped into Juan's glove, he's snug in the role, and too smart to try and squeeze us for extra sympathy. If anything, he holds back, calmly taking Mickler through an erotic inventory of Juan's dream world as though he were running through a list of the week's groceries: in flashback we see the Don's idyllic boyhood in Mexico, the loss of his virginity at the bosom of a tutor (Talisa Soto, no actress but almost illegally gorgeous), his two-year stopover in an Arab harem, and so on. And all the while Brando sits there, nodding along, permitting himself the odd smile of fellow feeling, as if to say: Great story, kid, but you should have seen *me* in the old days.

One of the hazards of being Brando is that his deep-running talent for intro-

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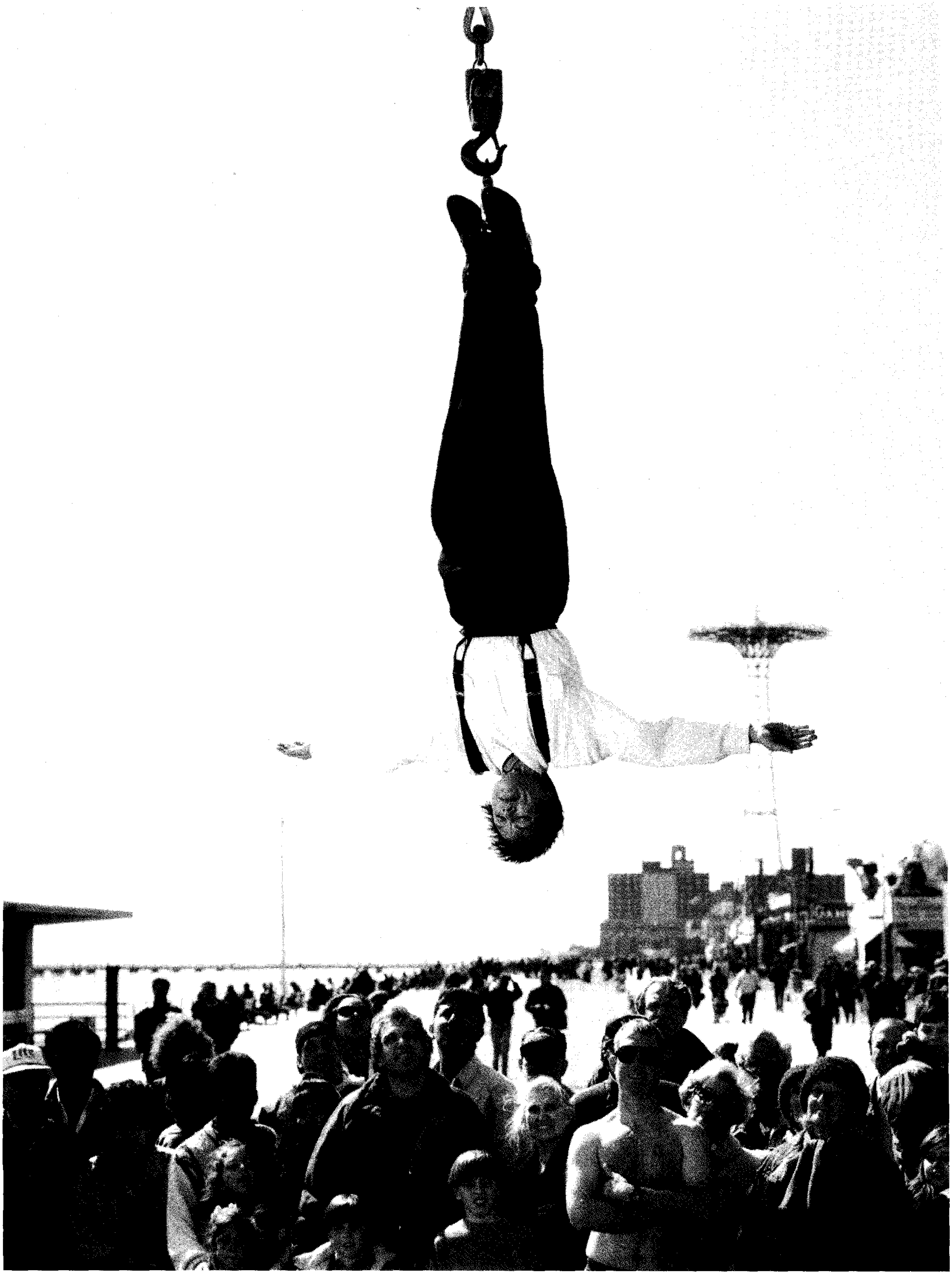
SHOWCASE • BY ANNIE LEIBOVITZ

LAURIE ANDERSON

ANYONE who associates Laurie Anderson with unvaryingly futuristic experiments might be surprised by her latest career move: she's appearing live in theatres nationwide. "This is a very old-fashioned way of doing things," says the woman who presided throughout the eighties as the avatar of high-tech performance art but has spent much of this decade in the studio. "It would be a lot easier to sit around New York." Operating from her Manhattan perch, which the forty-seven-year-old Anderson shares with her boyfriend, the singer Lou Reed, she has recently come up with "Bright Red," a music-filled album that she co-produced with Brian Eno; "Puppet Motel," a CD-ROM of extraordinary complexity; and "The Ugly One with the Jewels," a CD containing spoken and sung pieces from her book "Stories from the Nerve Bible." Since February, she has been combining elements from all of these in what has been billed as her "Nerve Bible" show, whose nearly forty tons of equipment arrive this week at Broadway's Neil Simon Theatre.

If live performance is old-fashioned, why did Anderson undertake a ten-week tour? She wanted to discover if there was any "underground" left in America. "Over the last few years, I've been dismayed to see how corporate our culture has become," she says. In addition, Anderson still craves audience feedback; she even enjoys the glitches that her electronic extravaganza produces nightly. "Like any tech-head, I'm always asking myself the Houdini question: How can I get out of *this* one?"

—BRENDAN LEMON



CONEY ISLAND *Laurie Anderson with Lou Reed (opposite) and hanging out, Houdini style, on the boardwalk.*

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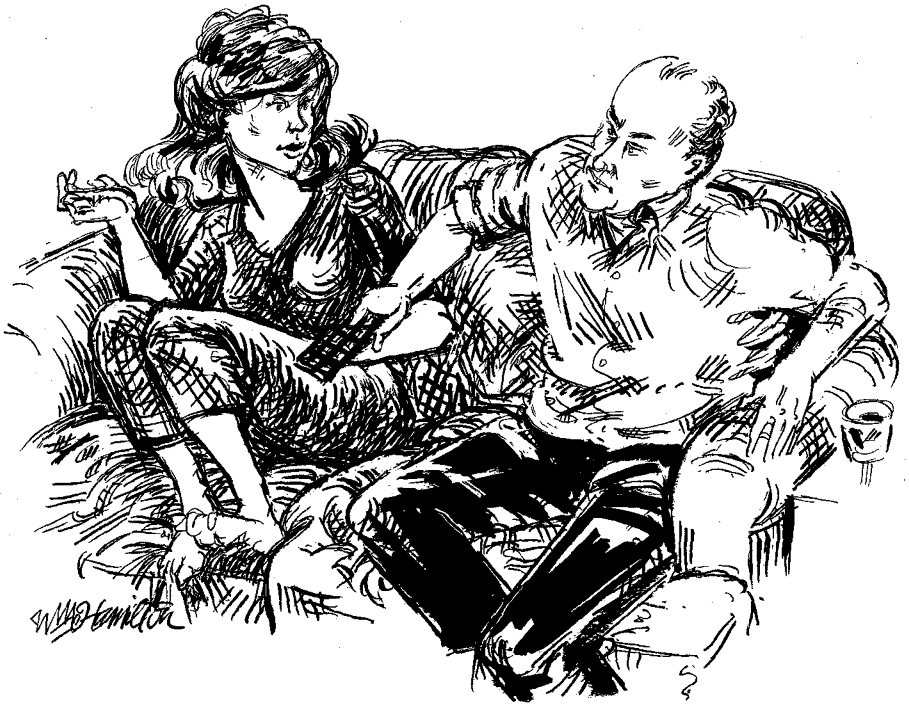
spection, not to mention his capacity for stealing scenes even when he doesn't especially covet them, tends to pin him to the spotlight and elbow other performers into the wings. We think of "The Godfather" as a miracle of ensemble playing, but the fever of suspicion within it is so high that the men turn into monads, suits full of solitude, each of them desperate not to intrude upon the loneliness of the patriarch. Don Corleone was a cautionary triumph for Brando, reminding us how anti-social his genius can be, how he resists the democratic pairings which grace the skills of his peers. Bogart was a loner, too, but he reached out for Bacall and also, in passing, for Claude Rains and Walter Huston; no one, however, came out of "The Missouri Breaks" and thought, What a team—Brando and Nicholson. Brando took charge of that venture and made it sing to the tune of his lethal, self-entertaining jester. This was nothing new; he had been centrifugal from the start, even before he arrived in pictures—maybe even before he studied with Stella Adler. There is real madness in his Method, and the movies that respect that and lend it scope will be his legacy. His greatest and most frightening achievement remains "Last Tango in Paris," an anti-love story which proved that the only sort of *amour* Brando could manage was *propre*. The whole career needs redefining; his work with Kazan has already begun to fade, for nothing dates more quickly or corrosively than strenuous lunges at realism. I saw "A Streetcar Named Desire" again last year, outdoors in Bryant Park, and around me people were giggling at its sweaty contrivance; the movie didn't need a giant screen—it was overblown to begin with.

Mild fantasy, on the other hand, appears to have a quite unwarranted staying power. (This may tell us something not altogether flattering about the nature of movies.) Nobody could mistake "Don Juan DeMarco" for a distinguished picture: the tanned and toasted look that Leven summons for his romantic sequences seems painfully obvious; the climax is badly flunked; and the Bryan Adams song during the closing credits drives you whimpering from the theatre. Yet the film does have something, a kind of weightless grace. When Mickler, starting to feel the effects of Juan's good will, wanders into the hospital with a bunch of tulips, presents a flower to his grouchy boss, and strolls down the corridor murmuring *"Fantástico,"* you sense Brando himself beginning to bloom. Maybe this is what he needs—not the hothouse of melodrama but the fresh air of light comedy. There's a touch of affectionate jousting in his scenes with Depp and with Faye Dunaway, who



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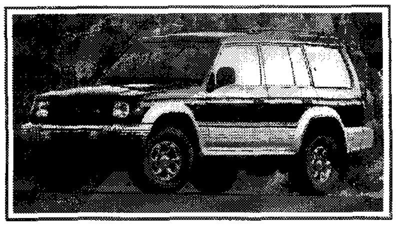

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plays Mickler's wife. As the movie proceeds, Mickler borrows some of Juan's glory and seduces her afresh; they even share a bedroom scene, which is pretty heroic of them. It's the only movie I've ever seen in which the man pulls the sheets farther over his chest than the woman does; Dunaway has the kind of excited, awed look on her face that Ahab must have had when he drew alongside the white whale. At such moments, the film does what more ponderous projects have never quite been able to bring off: it lights up Brando and makes him take an interest in other people. Finally, in the dusk of his career, he becomes a credible hulk.

At the end of the credits, Leven has the nerve to claim that the character of his hero "is based in part on 'Don Juan' by Lord Byron." This is pushing it; "Don Juan DeMarco" has no satirical bite to speak of, and Leven never dares, as Byron does, to mock the very exploits that he honors. When the movie tells us that Juan has taken to metaphysics, he is seen perched by a stream, struggling to look pensive. In a voice-over, he even quotes a scrap of the Byron poem, although he stops short of the poet's own proviso:

> If you think 'twas philosophy that this did,
> I can't help thinking puberty assisted.

If any of that worldliness finds its way into the movie, it does so via Brando, who has long cultivated a Byronic knack for cutting fantasy down to size. The delivery of his lines—lisping, chewy, privately amused—has some of the casual scorn with which "Don Juan" cracks the whip of its final couplets. Byron never took the poem to the end of Juan's life: "I had not quite fixed whether to make him end in Hell, or in an unhappy marriage, not knowing which would be the severest," he wrote in a letter. In its silly way, "Don Juan DeMarco" suggests a third option, less severe, but still in keeping with Byron's cheerful disillusion. How about this? Don Juan grows old and eccentric, swells into a butter mountain, has a troublesome protégé, and, every now and then, tries his hand at his old skills. He discovers, to his delight, that he still has the fire in his belly—more smolder than flare, true, but better than ash. And that, in turn, ignites a steady sadness, casting Don Juan back to a time when he, like Don Corleone—like Marlon Brando—was the best and most beautiful of all. ◆

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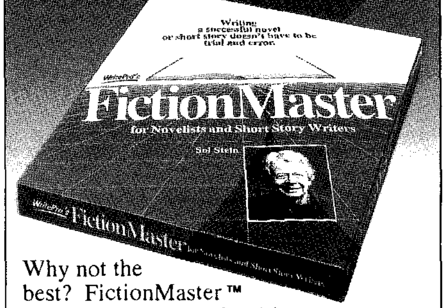
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SHOUTS & MURMURS

WHY I'M RUNNING

BY CHRISTOPHER BUCKLEY

My very fellow Americans: Today, here, on the steps of this historic building, I am announcing my candidacy for President of the United States.

Yes, there are a lot of other people running for President, but I firmly believe I am uniquely qualified for this, the highest office in this great nation of ours, and I intend to explain why.

First, however, let me address a more urgent question, and that is the future facing our children's children's children's children. And their children. When their time comes, our time will have passed. But they will look back and say, "What was all that about?" Someone will have to answer. And that someone is why I am running. My friends, today I say to you, I want to be that someone.

There is a wise saying where I come from. It has been handed down over the ages, and it goes something like this: "Do not give away your socks unless you like going barefoot."

Well, today I am taking off my socks and giving them to the American people.

I do not particularly like going barefoot. But if that is the price of democracy, then I say, "So be it."

I know that people will look at me, in that wonderful American way of ours, and say, "It is cold out, and your toes are turning blue." But I know also that there are larger things at stake than blue, or even brittle, toes.

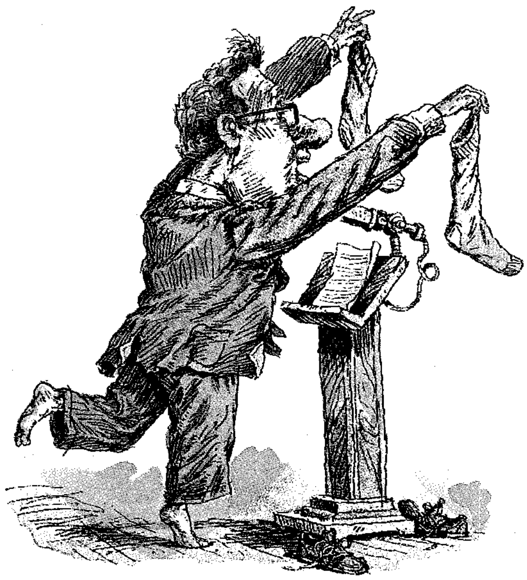
But that is only part of the reason I stand before you barefoot, ready to run many miles in order to earn your trust. Sure, there will be times when I take an airplane or a car or a train, or even a bus. I will do what I must, just as I must what I will do. And that, my friends, is my pledge to you today.

We live in a time of great challenge. All right, perhaps that is putting it strongly. Perhaps it is old-fashioned to speak bluntly, without vacillation or verbal varnish. So be it. Some have urged me, "Don't be blunt." But if this election is about anything, it is about not hiding one's light of conviction under a bushel of demurral. So to speak. It is about standing up and saying, "Here I am."

Well, friends, *here I am.*

I would not be truthful if I said to you that our problems can be fixed overnight. But, my fellow-Americans, today I say to you, if we do not start to fix them, they will fix us. And a fine fix we will be in then.

If I sound urgent, it is not because my feet are cold. Yes, it is early April and I am standing on marble, which gets pretty cold in early April in this great state of ours. But I do not shrink from this numbing sensation in my toes, because I know that it is still warm in America. America is the warmest nation on the face of the earth. To those who say our warmest days are behind us, I say, I have been to many warm countries. And there is no country warmer than the United States of America.



Often, as I have travelled the breadth and depth and width of this great, great land, I have been asked, "Who are you? What do you want?"

Today, I have an answer. Today, I say to you, I want to be that person.

They ask, "Do you have it in you to lead this country?"

The answer must be "I think so."

For today I come not to divide but to multiply. Not to criticize but to cauterize. Not to annoy but to alloy. I come, finally, not to naysay but, to quote that great American Willie Mays, to say, "Hey."

Friends—and even if you don't like me, I like you—the time is not yesterday, or even tomorrow. For, as the Founding Parents so wisely said, "the past lies behind, the future lies ahead." The time is now.

Yes, it is true that a stopped watch is right twice a day. But it is also true that it is wrong the rest of the day.

My fellow-Americans, with your help—and, yes, with your money, for I will need that, lots of it—I will wind the watch of democracy so that it will be right most of the day.

So, as I stand here on the steps of the County Lying-In Hospital for Women, this historic building where I was born, in the days when "illegal aliens" meant little green men from outer space, let the word go forth. And then let it come back. And take a load off, as we Americans say. So that future generations will say, "They ran the good race, fought the good fight. And they knew what time it was, for they kept the watch wound."

Thank you and God bless you. ♦

JOHN CUNEO

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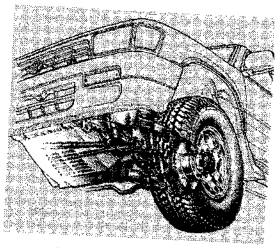

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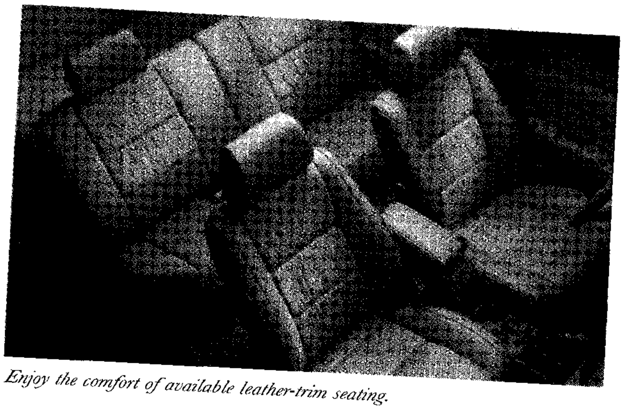

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